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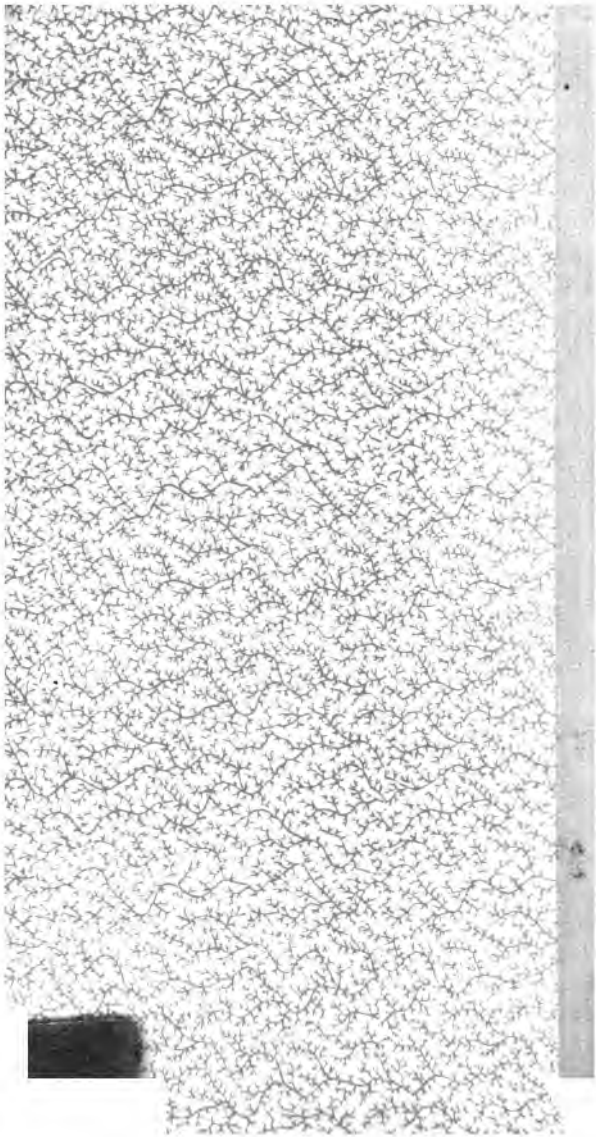

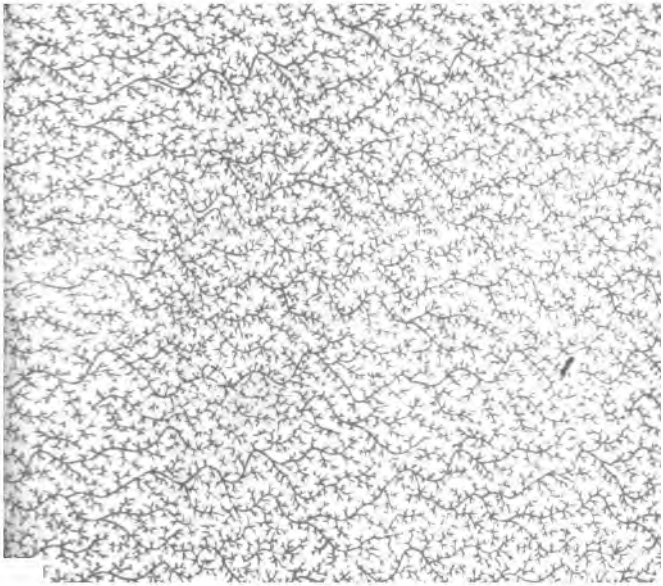

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THE

FALL of ADAM, &c.

HOW very difficult muſt it be for an unbeliever to give any tolerable account of the firſt making of the world.

We find ourſelves living on this globe of earth, but we none of us know (except ſo far as the Scriptures teach us) how it was formed, nor at what period of time. Has the earth been from everlaſting? That ſeems impoſſible, for it cannot have made itſelf. Who made it then? The Scriptures tell us it was God. But at what time? About ſix thouſand years ago, as we may gather from the Bible; and there are many reaſons for thinking (though we will not here dwell on that point) that it is not unlikely to have exiſted about ſome ſuch ſpace.

We will now ſpeak briefly of the manner in which the world was made, and then proceed to our main ſubject, which is, the formation of Adam *and his fall.*

"In the beginning," ſays the Scripture, is, in the beginning of the hiſtory of our "God created the heavens and the earth, the earth was without form, and void, (th it was without regular ſhape or order) darkneſs was on the face of the deep, an Spirit of God moved on the face of the w And God ſaid, Let there be light, and was light; and God ſaw the light that it good: and God called the light, day, anc darkneſs called he night: and the evening the morning were the firſt day."

The world having been thus made and brc into order on the firſt day, God proceede the ſecond to make the firmament, that is air or atmoſphere, by which "he divide waters, which were on the earth, from watry clouds which were above it."

On the third day, (the earth having be yet covered over with one univerſal ſea waters were commanded to "gather themſ together into one place, ſo that the dry might appear;" and at the ſame time the and herbs were created.

On the fourth day, God made thoſe ' great lights; the ſun, or the greater ligh rule the day, and the moon, or the leſſer to rule the night. He made the ſtars alſo.

On the fifth, all thoſe living creatures, v either ſwim in the ſea, or fly in the air, *called* into exiſtence.

And on the ſixth, the cattle and living things which walk or creep on the earth.

And now, laſt of all, was made man, the lord of this wonderful creation.

There was evidently a plan in this procedure of the Almighty. The earth was firſt made, and next the animals, and then man; juſt as a houſe is firſt built and ſet in order, and then the inhabitant walks into it.

But let us here take notice of the manner in which the making of man is ſpoken of. When God made the light, he ſaid merely, "Let there be light, and there was light." When he made the beaſts, he ſaid only, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind;" but when man was about to be created, the Almighty is repreſented as ſaying, "Let us make man in our image, and after our likeneſs;" and it is added, "Let him have dominion over the fiſh of the ſea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth. So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

What a being of dignity then is man! he was created in the very image of his Maker, and after his likeneſs! The powers of thought, of reaſon, of imagination, and of memory, are wonderful powers; they are poſſeſſed by the Creator in their full perfection, and they have been *communicated in* a ſuitable degree to man *the creature alſo*, though not in like manner to

the brutes. Let it then be remembered, that all theſe beſpeak the divine original of man. But that remarkable expreſſion, of his being "made in the image of God," ſeems alſo evidently to imply, that man was at firſt made like to God, in reſpect to purity and holineſs. The devils, no doubt, poſſeſs much of thoſe powers of reaſon and thought, and imagination and memory, which were ſpoken of; and if man, while he was endowed with theſe, had been created in a ſtate of wickedneſs, he might then more properly have been ſaid to be made in the likeneſs of the devil, than in the holy likeneſs of his Creator. God then made man upright. When our firſt forefather came out of his Creator's hands, he was pure and holy like Him that made him. "He was created," as the apoſtle expreſſes it, "after the image of God in righteouſneſs and true holineſs."

Here let my readers ſtop to contemplate the pleaſing ſubject of this fair creation of God. We read that God now "looked down on every thing which he had made, and behold it was very good;" that is, every thing anſwered the end for which it was created, and every thing was perfect in its kind. The earth was not that diſordered place, which ſince the fall it has become. The herbs and the trees yielded freely their increaſe. Blight, and mildew, and famine, *and ſcarcity*, and poverty, and want, were as *yet unknown*. Death had not yet entered with *its attendant* train of ſorrows, ſickneſſes and

pains. Adam and his partner Eve dwelt peacefully in the garden of Eden, which they were employed to cultivate. All nature ſmiled around them, and was dreſt, no doubt, in its moſt beautiful attire. Every thing was exactly ſuited to afford them happineſs; and this favored pair, without angry paſſions, without undue ſelfiſhneſs, without anxiety or diſtruſt, and without murmur or complaint, enjoyed the good which God had given them, and lived in favour with their Maker.

But we have now to deſcribe a moſt melancholy change in their condition. It had pleaſed the all-wiſe Creator, when he made man, to appoint a certain trial for him, which was meant to ſerve, no doubt, as a teſt of his love and obedience. His trial conſiſted in his being forbidden to eat of one tree ſtanding in the middle of the garden of Eden, which was called, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, while the fruit of all the reſt of the trees might be freely eaten.

We have all of us our trials ſomewhat in the ſame manner now; thus, for inſtance, we may eat the food which is our own, and which is wholeſome for us; we may take the reſt which is neceſſary to refreſh the body; we may indulge our natural affections and inclinations in the manner which God has ordained; but then we muſt not carry any thing to exceſs; and there are a number of things which we muſt in no caſe *do*. *Oh! let* us remember when we

ſee ſome forbidden pleaſure within our reach, that we are not to touch it; but that it is placed there for the trial of our faith, juſt as the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was placed within the ſight of Adam's eye, and within the reach of his arm,

"And God ſaid to Adam, In the day that thou eateſt thereof thou ſhalt ſurely die."

The Scriptures proceed to tell us, that Eve was firſt tempted by the ſerpent, (namely, by the devil, as is commonly ſuppoſed) who ſaid to her, in direct contradiction to God, that if ſhe and her huſband ſhould eat of the forbidden fruit, "they ſhould not die, but ſhould become as gods, knowing good and evil."—She then ſeeing that the fruit was fair, and much to be deſired to make one wiſe, gathered ſome of it, and gave it to her huſband, which he did eat."

Oh! wretched Adam, how art thou now fallen! thou haſt believed the enemy of God, inſtead of God himſelf, being tempted to this crime by her who was made to be a help-meet for thee! how is thy gold become droſs, and thine honor laid in the duſt, and thy glory departed from thee!

Adam, by this act, renounced his allegiance to God, and broke the condition on which the favor of his Maker had been ſuſpended; and, therefore, the curſe which had been threatened remained now to be executed—"In the day that thou eateſt thereof, it has been ſaid, thou ſhalt *ſurely die.*" Thoſe words muſt neceſſarily be

underſtood to imply, that he ſhould forfeit his natural life, and be deprived of that happy ſtate of exiſtence, which, while obedient, he was entitled to enjoy; and that, inſtead of this, he ſhould come under the curſe of God. Here alſo the New Teſtament comes in aid, and teaches us that "ſin having thus entered the world, and death by ſin, death in this manner paſſed upon all men, for that all have ſinned; and that through this one man, judgment came upon all men to condemnation."

Thus did Adam fall; by aiming to be as God, he loſt even his former rank as man, and by wickedly liſtening to the temptation of the devil, he appears to have become a ſharer in his guilt, and conſequently alſo in his condemnation.

Soon after this event, our firſt parents are deſcribed as aſhamed to meet the eye of God when he appeared to them, as he was wont to do, in the garden; they hid themſelves among the trees, and ſaid that they had felt aſhamed, becauſe they were naked. Sin and ſhame, it may be remarked, entered into the world together.

"And the Lord God ſaid, Haſt thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou ſhouldſt not eat? And the man ſaid, the woman whom thou gaveſt to be with me, ſhe gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

It ſeems as if Adam, by this expreſſion, meant partly to caſt the blame on God who had given him the woman that had proved his tempter, and he *certainly caſts the* blame partly on Eve, while

ſhe in the ſame ſelf-juſtifying ſpirit, replies to God, when he charges her with the guilt. "The ſerpent beguiled me and I did eat."

Our firſt parents, as we may plainly ſee, were now become poor guilty ſinners; they were diſpoſed to palliate and juſtify their crime, and thus to add ſin to ſin, juſt as is the way with all wicked people now. They alſo became, after this time, full of the dread of God, inſtead of the love of Him, and diſpoſed to ſay to him, as Peter did to our Saviour when firſt called to by Him, "Depart from me, for I am a ſinful man O Lord."

God immediately proceeds to pronounce the following curſe on them: "Unto the woman he ſaid, I will greatly multiply thy ſorrow, and thy conception; in ſorrow ſhalt thou bring forth children, and thy deſire ſhalt be to thy huſband, and he ſhall rule over thee."—And unto Adam he ſaid, "Becauſe thou haſt hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and haſt eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou ſhouldſt not eat, curſed is the ground for thy ſake; in ſorrow ſhalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns alſo and thiſtles ſhall it bring forth to thee, and thou ſhalt eat the herb of the field. In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground, for out of it waſt thou taken, for duſt thou art, and unto duſt ſhalt thou return." "And the Lord ſent him forth from the land of Eden to till the ground from whence he was *taken.* So he drove out the man, and he placed

at the eaſt of the garden of Eden, cherubims and a flaming ſword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life."

Such is the hiſtory of the fall; and O how has iniquity ever ſince prevailed in the world. Cain, the firſt born ſon of Adam, became the murderer of his brother. The whole earth is ſaid, preſently after, to have been "filled with violence." "God looked down on the children of men, to ſee if there were any that were righteous, but all fleſh had corrupted his way before the Lord, and every imagination of man's heart was only evil continually, inſomuch that the Almighty is ſaid (ſpeaking after the manner of men) to have grieved him at his heart, and to have repented that he had made man."

After bearing with the rebellious offſpring of Adam for about two thouſand years, it pleaſed God to drown the world with a flood, the family of Noah alone being excepted, who was found righteous. The great cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were, after this, deſtroyed for their wickedneſs; and ſo were Tyre and Sidon in ſtill later times.

In order that true religion might be maintained, at leaſt among one people, God ſeparated to himſelf the ſingle nation of the Jews, and made a covenant with them, and gave them his laws, and wrought many miracles among them. But ſo corrupt is every where the nature of man, that *even the Jews* provoked him to wrath, and *proved rebellious* and unbelieving.

At length it pleaſed God, in his infinite mercy, to ſend into this loſt and ruined world, his Son Jeſus Chriſt, as he had foretold he would do, even at the very time of the fall of Adam; for when that curſe, which has been already ſpoken of, was denounced, God, who, in the midſt of judgment, remembers mercy, was pleaſed to declare, that "the ſeed of the woman ſhould bruiſe the ſerpent's head;" a promiſe which implied, that one ſprung from the woman ſhould come to deſtroy the power of the ſerpent, or evil ſpirit, and to triumph over him.

The Jews had become ſo wicked, at the time of Chriſt, that, inſtead of welcoming him as their Saviour, they even put him to death. Having thus filled up the meaſure of their iniquities, their city was taken, and trodden down of the Gentiles, their people were led captive, or deſtroyed, and they have become a by-word and a proverb among the nations unto this day, as had been foretold.

But have then the other nations of the world been better than the Jews? No, the heathens around them were ſo wicked and abominable, that the Jews were ordered to cut them off. And even ſince the publiſhing of Chriſtianity in the world, how has wickedneſs prevailed! Read whatever hiſtory you will, you will read an account of little elſe than the vices and follies of *our race.* What a wicked world is it that we *live in at this hour!* How different from that *peaceful, happy* paradiſe, which was juſt now

eſcribed! Well may it be ſaid, that "the horn and the thiſtle have grown up in it." Every where, alas! we ſee proofs of the fall; or what are all the preſent wars among nations, together with the bloody revolutions which take place in ſtates; what are all the conflicts for power among the great, and all the complaining and repining among perſons of low degree; what are the feuds and quarrels in private families; what the malice and evil ſpeaking, the fraud and lying, the impurity and the drunkenneſs, the irreligion and profaneneſs, as well as the corruption even to Chriſtianity itſelf—what are all theſe but ſo many conſequences of the fall of Adam, and ſo many proofs of that corrupt nature has deſcended to all his children.

And as the world has become ſinful, no wonder that it has become miſerable alſo. It is diſtreſſed, at this day, with ſo many evils, becauſe it has ſo much that is offenſive to God in it. It is one part of his appointment, that men's own evil paſſions ſhall be a plague both to themſelves and to each other. Death alſo has been ſent into the world; for ever ſince the days of Adam, that ſentence has been executing, "Duſt thou art, and unto duſt ſhalt thou return." And what ſorrows and diſeaſes have been brought in together with death! What pangs of the dying, what affliction for the ſurviving friends! And above all, what terrors of conſcience, and what a melancholly foreboding of a day of future judgment *afflict our guilty* race!

The ſtory we have now told of the fall
and of the corruption which has followe
it, ſtands in the firſt pages of our Bible;
the way to all Chriſtian truth, and witho
our other religious knowledge will be
uſe. But how ſhall we ever learn the n
of any change in our character and cor
unleſs we firſt know, that the natural
which we find ourſelves, as children of A
altogether fallen and corrupt. "They t
whole," ſays our Saviour, "need not a
cian; but they that are ſick."—"I came
call the righteous, (that is them that think
ſelves righteous,) but ſinners to repen
We muſt know that we are ſinners, or w
never repent and receive the goſpel; ju
man muſt know that he is ſick, or he wil
go to the phyſician for his cure. "We n
born again;"—we have "an old man"
us, which muſt be put off; and we muſt
that "new man, which, after God, is
in righteouſneſs and true holineſs."

I know that many are not aware, that t
this natural corruption in them; but the re
it is, that they have not examined carefu
ſcriptures, nor obſerved ſufficiently the e
is in the world, whoſe faſhions, probabl
follow, nor looked ſtrictly into their own
Such perſons, in ſhort, have no juſt diſcer
of right and wrong, and are far from ju
every thing to be evil which God judges
ſo. *I ſay*, therefore, let theſe people ſtu

ſcriptures. Other books varniſh over the ſins of men, and flatter the world that it is better than it is; for the writers of them partake in the common blindneſs and corruption: But the ſcriptures, which are the word of God, and which were written by men who were moved by the Holy Ghoſt alone, ſpeak the truth. The ſcriptures give the true picture.—They relate the hiſtory of the world, and the hiſtory they give, is little elſe than the hiſtory of that controverſy, which God has had with man ever ſince the fall of our firſt parent. Nay, the Bible, even in deſcribing the beſt of men, deſcribes them as acknowledging their own natural corruption, and as ſaying, with one voice, that they were "born in ſin, and ſhapen in iniquity," and that they "were by nature children of wrath, even as others."

But above all, let thoſe, who are not aware of the corruption of their own nature, ſtudy the law of God. Let them examine themſelves by each of the ten commandments, explained as our Saviour has taught us to explain them, and as will be made to appear in ſome of the following tracts. The ſtudy of the law of God will not fail, unleſs we are wilfully blind, to teach us the ſame leſſon which the fall of Adam, and which the hiſtory of the world, both ancient and modern, unite to teach us; I mean the ſinfulneſs of our preſent nature, and the neceſſity which hence ariſes for that redemption, which has been *provided for us by* Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. For

let no one complain, that the doctrine of the fall is gloomy and uncomfortable; Chriſt has taken away the gloom of it through the lively hopes, and through all the means of grace which he ſets before us in his goſpel; for Chriſt is the ſecond Adam. As Adam brought upon us the curſe, ſo Chriſt has come down to us with the bleſſing; and "as in Adam all die, even ſo in Chriſt ſhall all be made alive."—"The firſt man was from the earth earthy, the ſecond was the Lord from heaven;" and, therefore, if we are Chriſtians, we may joyfully ſay, that "as we have borne the image of the earthy, ſo alſo ſhall we bear the image of the heavenly."

In all our religious enquiries, let us, therefore, be ſure that we take this knowledge of the fall for our foundation, and then we ſhall proceed ſafely, and build ſecurely; whereas, they who ſet out in religion with the vain notion of the natural goodneſs of their hearts, do but deceive themſelves with a falſe philoſophy, and indulge their own pleaſing dreams in defiance both of ſcripture and of experience.

NOAH's FLOOD.

NOAH was an inſtance of a righteous man living in the midſt of a very wicked generation.

Though the world, which is now about ſix *thouſand years* old, had been created only about

one thouſand years at the time of Noah's birth, it was probably then very full of inhabitants, for as the life of the ſame man laſted often for eight or nine hundred years, many generations may be ſuppoſed to have flouriſhed together. Adam himſelf was alive at the ſame time with Noah's father, and he died only a ſhort time before the birth of Noah, ſo that our firſt foreſather muſt have ſeen a very numerous, and (what was extremely diſtreſſing) a very depraved poſterity. He muſt have beheld his children's children corrupting one another, and making a rapid progreſs in iniquity. It pleaſed God, however, to preſerve a choſen ſeed in the family of Seth, from whom alſo the Saviour was to come, of which line of deſcendants it is ſaid, that "a bleſſing was in it."

But did this peculiar ſeed all walk uprightly in the ſight of God? Ah! how difficult it is to live unſpotted from the world! Even theſe were infected with the general corruption; and it ſeems as if the want of ſeparation between the profeſſors of religion, and the open ſinners, had haſtened the deſtruction of the earth; for we read that "the ſons of God," (by which thoſe who ſeemed to be of the true religion are very naturally ſuppoſed by many to have been intended) "ſaw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took to them wives of all which they choſe." A general careleſſneſs about the religious character of thoſe with whom the profeſſors of religion intermarried, ariſing from an unreſtrained

affection for their perſons, appears to be given as a reaſon why matters ſo ſoon came to that dreadful paſs in which we are now to deſcribe them. The few who retained the knowledge of God, probably diſcovered little zeal, and were ſcarcely to be diſtinguiſhed from others, or at leaſt men were ſtrangely drawn aſide into worldly compliances.

But while ſin was thus advancing with rapid ſtrides, did not God notice, or behold it? Yes; he often made himſelf known in thoſe days by ſigns and judgments; "My Spirit," he alſo ſays, "ſhall not always ſtrive with man." It appears then, that the Spirit of God ſtrives even with the moſt profligate ſinners; and, in another place, the "patience of God" is repreſented as "well nigh wearied out in the days of Noah." Yet behold his long-ſuffering! Still he allows men a reſpite of an hundred and twenty years, during which period he waits upon them with offers of mercy. He warns before he ſtrikes, and thus proves that he "willeth not the death of the ſinner," and that his deſtruction is of himſelf.

It is now ſaid, that "God ſaw that the wickedneſs of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Is not this deſcription too ſtrong? Ought not ſome further evidence of it be given? My anſwer is, "God ſaw it." The men themſelves, no doubt, did *not ſee it, and if* we could ſuppoſe them to have

had hiſtorians of their own, theſe, no doubt, would not have mentioned it, but God's teſtimony is better than that of a thouſand witneſſes.

Such then being the ſtate of mankind, who can wonder to hear the determination of a holy God to deſtroy the earth with its inhabitants, and to leave a monument of his awful juſtice for the warning and inſtruction of every age that was to follow.

But are none exempted from this general charge of iniquity? Yes, here is an individual ſelected for our notice. It is ſaid that "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." The moſt honorable teſtimony is given of him in ſcripture; he is ſaid to have been "a juſt man, and perfect in his generations;" which does not mean that he was without fault, for we read in another place of his being actually overtaken by ſin, but it means that he was a ſincere or complete and conſiſtent character, uncorrupted by the wickedneſs that prevailed in his own time. It is alſo ſaid in another place, that "he walked with God," he was mindful of him, accuſtomed to pray to him, regarding God in all he did; he was alſo zealous in his cauſe, for he was "a preacher," as well as an example "of righteouſneſs;" and while the "long-ſuffering of God" waited on the ſinners around him, Noah was raiſed up for the ſpecial purpoſe of inſtructing and rebuking them, and warning them of their approaching deſtruction.

But while we admire his undaunted courage,

let us aſk ourſelves whether we are equally courageous in the ſame cauſe, and while we commend Noah for renouncing and reproving the works of darkneſs, though licenſed by general cuſtom, whether we equally renounce and reprove the evils which are now commonly practiſed. If the faſhion of the times will juſtify us, ſurely it might have juſtified Noah alſo.

But let us next ſpeak of the period of the deluge, and of the favor ſhewn to this eminent perſon. God condeſcended to reveal to him the tremendous purpoſe of deſtroying all fleſh by a flood of water; "ſaying unto Noah, the end of all fleſh is before me;" yet he enters into covenant with him, to ſave him and his little family from the general ruin.

The method of deliverance, with all the circumſtances of it, was of divine appointment. The Lord himſelf directed Noah to prepare an ark of immenſe ſize, which might contain his houſehold, and a ſmall remnant of all other creatures, for the preſervation of their different ſpecies. In this building the various animals, with ſufficient proviſion for their ſupport, were to ride in ſafety, while one common deſolation ſwept away the inhabitants of the earth, with all its furniture.

Behold then the faith and obedience of Noah, for which he is mentioned as a bright example to all ſucceeding ages! An inſpired writer has told us, that "he believed God." "By faith, *Noah being* warned of God, of things not ſeen

as yet, prepared an ark to the ſaving of his houſe, by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteouſneſs which is by faith."

Methinks I ſee him with ſtedfaſt countenance and determined ſtep, proceeding amidſt the profane ridicule of ſurrounding multitudes; to prepare materials for the ark, and to engage workmen in this ſtrange and arduous employment, while at the ſame time he reproves that wicked generation, warns them of their danger, and denounces, if they repent not, the approaching judgments of God upon them. Inſtead of reſpecting his faith, they ſmile at his credulity, and ſcornfully turn away from this venerable man of God. Year after year, however, he purſues his work. Year after year they taunt him with his folly, and amuſe themſelves with overlooking the vaſt building as it proceeds. "Surely," ſay they, "he is a man of a ſtrange fancy, or of a gloomy imagination, or of a diſturbed brain; he is forward, troubleſome and cenſorious, always repreſenting our conduct in the moſt wicked and abominable light." The world, they inſiſt, is not ſo wicked as he pretends. Fathers and children join in deriding him. High and low, rich and poor, men and maidens, equally forgetful of God, and worldly and unbelieving, comfort each other that they are in the right, and that ſuch a goodly multitude as they ſeem to make, cannot be altogether wicked, and expoſed to one *general* judgment.

It is here worthy of obſervation, that the c
mon order of the world does not ſeem to l
been overthrown at the time of which we
ſpeaking, for it is very poſſible, for the fi
of ſociety to be held together, even whei
irreligion and corruption of man is extre
great. It is true, indeed, we read "that
earth was filled with violence;" for when
paſſions of men are not reſtrained by reli
much violence," both in their language and
duct, is apt to follow of courſe. One
feature in their character, appears, howeve
be their being quite ſwallowed up by the
ſures and concerns of this life; for the ſcrip
ſpeaks of them at that time, as eating and d
ing, and marrying, and being given in marri
evidently implying, that their whole time
thoughts were engaged in thoſe things, and
by the means of theſe they were led to f
God, and to neglect the warnings which
ſent unto them.

Let us next view Noah entering into the
according to the commandment which God
given him: "He, and his ſons, and his
wives, becauſe of the waters of the flood
beaſts alſo, and of fowls, and of creeping th
there went in two and two, male and femal
God commanded Noah. And it came to
after ſeven days, that the waters of the f
were upon the earth, and all the fountains o
great deep were broken up, and the wind
of heaven were opened."

But while we accompany Noah into the ark, let us turn our eyes to the multitudes who remained without, of whom no doubt he took his leave, with many painful ſenſations.

What a wonderful and tremendous ſcene! Oh! the lamentations and bitter cries of thouſands now periſhing by that very calamity, the kind notices of which, they had refuſed to attend to, or had preſumptuouſly derided. Many of Noah's dear relations were included in this number. What anguiſh muſt he have felt for them; but in vain! they had deſpiſed his warning, their day of grace was paſt, and he could afford them no relief.

And now the rain overflows the meadows, and the whole multitude, ſeek, no doubt, the riſing ground; but the waters increaſe upon them. A few, probably, reach the mountains, and they truſt that, at leaſt, the higheſt rocks on the mountain-tops ſhall ſave them. "But the waters prevail exceedingly, and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered. And all fleſh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beaſt, and of every creeping thing that creepeth on the earth, and every man; and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark."

It is no unimportant remark, that the truth of this ſtory, of which we have thus given the plain ſcriptural *account, is* confirmed by a variety of

ſtriking circumſtances, not neceſſary here to mentioned; and alſo by the ſeveral traditions various and diſtant nations, differing, indeed, their religion, but agreeing in their account an ancient general deluge.

And ſhould we not feel terror for ourſelv while we contemplate theſe effects of the divi vengeance? Who can ſtand before this hc Lord God? We ſee here, that the God w threatens, will alſo execute his threatenings, a that though hand join in hand, the wicked ſh not go unpuniſhed.

But a pleaſing proſpect opens itſelf to righteo Noah, "for God remembered Noah, and eve living thing with him in the ark, and made wind to paſs over the earth, and the waters we aſſuaged, and the ark reſted on the mountai of Ararat; and in the tenth month, the firſt d of the month, were the tops of the mountai ſeen." Noah now ſends forth a raven, and terwards a dove, from the window of the ar but "the dove," as yet, "could find no r for the ſole of her foot, and returned into t ark;" and again, "after other ſeven days, ſends forth the dove" again. "And the do came into him in the evening, and lo, in h mouth was an olive leaf plucked off, ſo th Noah knew that the waters were abated fro off the earth." What a pleaſing confiden would he now feel of his deliverance! Wher ever indeed he turned his eyes, he would ſ *the devaſtation* which ſin had made; nor ca

e be ſuppoſed to have reflected, without unterable anguiſh, on the multitudes that had eriſhed in their iniquities; yet a ſenſe of gratude for his own wonderful eſcape, ſeems to ave overpowered him, and to have ſwallowed ıp, for the time, every other concern. He ›egins the new duties of the life which had been preſerved to him, by an act of ſolemn worſhip to his preſerver.

"Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beaſt, and offered burnt offerings on the altar."

Sacrifices, no doubt, had been originally appointed by God, for the ſake of ſhewing forth that great atonement, which, in due time, was to be made through the ſacrifice of Jeſus Chriſt, "that lamb of God, which taketh away the ſins of the world," by whoſe blood, and not by the blood of bulls and goats, the iniquities of men were to be pardoned, and the true worſhippers were to be brought nigh to God.

And the Lord ſaid, "I will not again curſe the ground any more for man's ſake, for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth, neither will I again ſmite any more every living thing as I have done. While the earth remaineth, ſeed time and harveſt, and cold and heat, and ſummer and winter, and day and night ſhall not ceaſe.

"And God ſaid, I do ſet my bow in the cloud, and it ſhall be for a token of a covenant between me *and the earth.* And it ſhall come to paſs,

that when I bring a cloud over the earth, th
the bow ſhall be ſeen in the cloud; and I w
look upon it, that I may remember the eve
laſting covenant between God and every livi
creature of all fleſh that is on the earth."

Thus were the tokens of God's mercy giv
immediately after He had been diſplaying h
moſt awful vengeance, and if we are walking
he ſteps of Noah, we may look on the rainbo
even to this day, with confidence and joy, b
cauſe it is a ſign of ſecurity, not from a flood
waters only, but from all the effects of t
wrath of God. It is ſpoken of in the book
Revelations, as the peculiar emblem which ſu
rounds our Saviour; for when he is deſcribe
as "ſitting on his throne," it is ſaid, "there w
a rainbow round about the throne," implyin
that as God was true to his promiſe made
Noah, both delivering him from a flood of w
ters, and no more drowning the world for t
ſins of men, ſo alſo would he be true to th
everlaſting covenant, made through Jeſus Chri
who is indeed the Saviour as is promiſed in t
Scripture, of thoſe who put their truſt in hi

And it is ſaid in like manner in Iſaiah, for t
comfort of each individual, who ſhall be fou
among God's faithful people; "for this is
the waters of Noah unto me: for as I ha
ſworn that the waters of Noah ſhould no mo
go over the earth, ſo have I ſworn that I wou
not be wroth with thee. For the mountains ſha
depart, and the hills be removed; but my kin

neſs ſhall not depart from thee, neither ſhall the covenant of thy peace be removed, ſaith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

I think we may reduce the whole inſtruction to be gained from this awful affecting ſtory, to theſe two heads; I mean we may learn the "ſeverity" of God, on the one hand, and his "goodneſs" on the other.

Men are not apt to believe, that God will be true to his word, eſpecially in reſpect to his threatenings againſt the wicked. They chooſe to conceive of him, as ſome eaſy being who, becauſe he is merciful, will either not puniſh at all, or will not puniſh ſeverely; or at leaſt, will not extend his puniſhment to any great number of his creatures; and when the preachers of righteouſneſs ſtand up like Noah, and declare, in the very words of Scripture, his eternal judgments on all the wicked, multitudes are apt to think they will never come to paſs, and they treat the preachers much as this wicked and unbelieving world treated Noah before them. But the hiſtory which has now been given, ſhews that God is not the ſort of being he is ſuppoſed to be, and affords a full anſwer to this dangerous deluſion. "For if God ſpared not the old world, but ſaved Noah, the eighth perſon, a preacher of righteouſneſs, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly; and burning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into aſhes,

condemned them with an overthrow, making them an example unto thoſe, that after ſhould live ungodly. The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and to reſerve the unjuſt unto the day of judgment, to be puniſhed."

Such is the argument drawn by the apoſtle Peter, from theſe ancient judgments, and it is very remarkable that our Saviour himſelf makes nearly the ſame uſe, though in a ſtill ſtronger way, of theſe well known and famous events, explaining by the means of them, the ſurpriſe and conſternation which will overtake not the few profligate and more abandoned only, but the worldly-minded and careleſs, and unbelieving in the day of judgment. And is it not then important, as well as truly charitable, to warn men plainly of theſe ſayings of that Saviour, whoſe name we all profeſs to reverence, and in the truth of whoſe words, how ſhall we refuſe to truſt! For are not many perſons apt to live at their eaſe up to the hour of their death, who are by no means religious, and who are no more afraid that a day of wrath is coming, than the world of unbelievers were on the day before the flood. I ſay again, therefore, let ſuch attend to our Saviour's deſcription of the ſurpriſe which will one day overtake perſons of this deſcription.

"As were the days of Noah, ſo alſo," ſays Chriſt, "ſhall the coming of the Son of Man *be. For* as in the days that were before the *flood, they* were eating and drinking, marrying

and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not, until the flood came and took them all away; ſo ſhall alſo the coming of the Son of Man be. Likewiſe, alſo as it was in the days of Lot, they did eat, they drank, they bought, they ſold, they planted, they builded. But the ſame day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimſtone from heaven, and deſtroyed them all. Even thus ſhall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed."

But on the other hand, let the humble and fearful Chriſtian learn from another part of the ſame ſtory, to truſt in the Almighty grace and goodneſs; for as the threatenings of God are ſure to the wicked, ſo alſo are his promiſes ſure to them that unfeignedly repent, and believe in Jeſus Chriſt. They ſhall be ſafe amidſt all dangers. When "that great and terrible day of the Lord" ſhall come, "in which the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat, and the earth, with all her works thereof, ſhall be burnt up," they having committed their ſouls into the hands of Chriſt, having believed his teſtimony, and walked, though in the midſt of an evil generation, according to his holy word, ſhall then be like Noah in the ark ſafe, amidſt the ſurrounding ſtorm. And it may be added, that even in this world, when times grow dark and threatening; and calamity, either public or private, ſeems to break in upon them like a flood, when the tempeſt lowers, and the clouds ſeem to

gather over all the ſurrounding countries—eve then, I ſay, God's promiſes of mercy ſha be ſeen by them, ſhining like the rainbow ov the cloud, for even their troubles and affli tions ſhall remind them of their intereſt in th Saviour, and in the everlaſting covenant their God.

THE STORY OF

JOSEPH and his BRETHREN.

THE firſt part of Joſeph's ſtory, though bo inſtructive and entertaining to all, is partic larly ſo to children. I propoſe to tell the ſto nearly in the words of the Old Teſtament, b to make now and then a few remarks upon it.

Joſeph was the ſon of good old Jaco "Now Jacob," ſays the Scripture, "loved J ſeph more than all his children, becauſe he w the ſon of his old age: and he made him a co of many colours. And when his Brethren ſa that their father loved him more than all h Brethren, they hated him and could not ſpea peaceably unto him."

But was not this hatred of Joſeph's Brethr againſt Joſeph very wicked? It is true Jac might be faulty in ſhewing ſo much partiality one ſon above another, yet this was no excu *for the* hatred which was felt by Joſeph's Br

thren. Methinks this hatred, though as yet it is only concealed in their breaſts, will, by-and-by, break out into ſome very wicked act or other. But let us go on with the ſtory.

"And Joſeph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren; and they hated him yet the more."

This is doing worſe and worſe, and it ſhews that when hatred once begins, we know not where it will end.

"And Joſeph ſaid unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: for behold we were binding ſheaves in the field, and my ſheaf aroſe and alſo ſtood upright, and behold your ſheaves ſtood round about and made obeiſance (or bowed down) to my ſheaf."

Joſeph ſeems to me to have told this dream thus publicly, through his openneſs of heart and ſimplicity; it was a dream moreover which God ſent, and God cauſed afterwards the thing ſignified by it to be fulfilled, as in due time we ſhall ſee.

"And his Brethren ſaid to him, ſhalt thou indeed reign over us? And they hated him yet the more, for his dream and now for his words.—And Joſeph dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and ſaid, behold I have dreamed a dream more, and behold the Sun, and the Moon, and the Eleven Stars made obeiſance to me. And he told it to his Father and to his Brethren, and his Father rebuked him, *and ſaid to him,* What is this dream that thou

haſt dreamed? Shall I, and thy Mother, and thy Brethren, indeed come to bow down ourſelves to thee to the earth."

Poor honeſt, ſimple old man, he little knew how his own interpretation of the dream was by-and-by to be exactly fulfilled, for ſo God had ordained.

"And his Brethren envied him, but his Father obſerved the ſaying."

After this we read, that "Joſeph's Brethren went to feed their Father's flock in Shechem, and Jacob ſent Joſeph to them, ſaying, Go, I pray thee, ſee whether it be well with thy Brethren, and well with the flocks, and bring me word again. So he ſent him; and Joſeph came to Shechem; but it happened that they and the flocks were gone forward beyond Shechem, even to Dothan. So Joſeph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And when they ſaw him afar off, they ſaid one to another, Behold, this Dreamer cometh! come now therefore, and let us ſlay him, and caſt him into ſome pit, and we will ſay ſome evil beaſt hath devoured him, and we will ſee what will become of his dream."

What a dreadful propoſal! what! kill their own brother! if they could agree to do this, I do not wonder at their agreeing alſo to tell a lie, in order to hide their crime; thus not one ſin, but two ſins were to be committed. But is it *poſſible* that all theſe eleven Brethren ſhould join *in putting* Joſeph to death? Even among bad

men, ſome are apt to be leſs wicked than others: ſurely therefore, we may hope, that one or other of Joſeph's Brethren will be for ſtopping ſhort of the crime of Murder.

It proved, as I think might very naturally be expected, that one of Joſeph's Brethren, named Reuben, though he ſeems before to have joined in envying Joſeph, was afraid of joining in this moſt horrid crime.

When, therefore, "Reuben heard it, he delivered him out of their hands; and ſaid, ſhed no blood, but caſt him into this pit that is in the wilderneſs, and lay no hand on him: this he ſaid, that he might rid him out of their hands, and deliver him to his Father's houſe. And it came to paſs, that when Joſeph," who was at a diſtance while this converſation paſſed, was come unto his Brethren, they ſtripped Joſeph of his coat, it being his coat of many colours.

What ſatisfaction would they feel while they were thus ſtripping him! This was the coat which Joſeph's father had given him, becauſe he was a favorite, and which reminded Joſeph's Brethren of his advantage over them. They now thought themſelves revenged upon him; and revenge, as they would ſay, is ſweet. Many a joke, many a bitter and ſevere expreſſion was uttered, no doubt, while they were ſtripping him; they had got him into their power, and they were reſolved to ſhew that they were greater than he, inſtead of his being greater than they, *as he pretended.*

Now this ſort of ſpirit in them was a moſt wicked thing: it was coupled with envy, and malice, and hatred; and was not far from carrying them on to an act of murder. And here let me warn all my young readers againſt indulging this ſame evil temper. Thus, for inſtance, if you ſhould hear your Teacher praiſe your ſchool-fellow who ſtands near you, while he ſays not a word of praiſe to you; do not hate and envy your ſchool-fellow on this account; or if you ſhould ſee your parent give a reward to your brother or ſiſter, for ſuppoſed good behaviour, do not be eager to think that you equally deſerve a reward, and then hate or envy your brother or ſiſter for being more favored than yourſelf, for this is to act in the ſame ſpirit with the Brethren of Joſeph. So alſo if ſome other child ſhould be dreſt as fine again as you are, and even as fine as Joſeph himſelf, in his coat of many colours, yet do not do as Joſeph's brethren did. Do not feel any ill-will towards your brother, your ſiſter, or play-fellow for this reaſon. Do not long to ſtrip the fine coat off of him, as Joſeph's brethren ſtripped the fine coat off of Joſeph, but endeavor to look upon his fine dreſs contentedly, and without envy, and without any deſire to take it from him, and to put it on your own backs. This is one of the leſſons that you ought to learn from the preſent ſtory, which was not written in the Bible in order *to entertain* you only, and in order to teach you *how to read*, but in order to inſtruct you in your

duty alſo. This paſſion of hatred and envy, if indulged when you are young, may lead to dreadful conſequences when you are old. We ſhall preſently ſhew you very plainly how in the caſe of Joſeph's Brethren it led on to lying, and to cruelty, and almoſt even to murder.

For, "after they had ſtripped Joſeph of his coat they took him and caſt him into a pit, and the pit was empty, and there was no water in it. And they ſat down to eat bread."

How very hardened muſt theſe brethren of Joſeph have been! They went to their dinner after they had thrown Joſeph into the pit, juſt as if nothing had happened. Men who thus give way to their evil paſſions, are apt to be very cruel and hard-hearted alſo.

"And behold a company of Iſhmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing ſpicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt."

Now a new thought comes acroſs one of Joſeph's brethren, who was named Judah, and who, though more blameable than Reuben, yet ſeems rather leſs ſo than ſome of the others.

"And Judah ſaid unto his brethren, what profit is it if we ſlay our brother and conceal his blood. Come and let us ſell him to the Iſhmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him, for he is our brother and our fleſh.

O Judah! Judah! if he is your brother and your fleſh, why do you not deliver him altogether? you ſhould ſend him back to his father's

houſe, as Reuben wiſhed to do; indeed, yo ſhould never have thrown him into the pit, nc have joined in taking his coat of many colou from him. Nay, I will ſay further, you ſhoul never even have hated him and envied him, fc by having once indulged that wicked hatred an envy againſt him in your hearts, you have all (you been led on, from one thing to another, unt you hardly know how to ſtop. You dare nc now ſend Joſeph back to his father, leſt he ſhoul tell his father of your having torn from him h coat of many colours, and of your having all ill treated him by throwing him into a pit. Hav ing ill treated him thus far, you are tempted t ill treat him ſtill further, leſt you ſhould be foun out. Joſeph, therefore, now muſt, at any rat be got rid of, and not ſuffered to get hom To kill him indeed is too bad, and yet if th only choice left you was either to kill him or t ſend him home, methinks there are ſome amon you who would not ſcruple to kill him out right; for you had already agreed to leave hir in the pit, where he would ſoon have periſhe with hunger: ſo that what you had reſolved t do was little ſhort of murder, though you ma not have choſen to conſider it as ſuch.

It was owing then to the good providence o God, and not to any good deſign in his brother that Joſeph eſcaped being put to death. It pleaſe God, who orders all human events, to bring it t paſs, that the merchants of Median ſhould dra *near juſt* at the time when Joſeph's brethren wer

in doubt what to do with him. This is what ſome might conſider as chance, and a moſt lucky chance they might call it. Such kind of chances now and then happen to us all, but in fact they are Providences. There is many a narrow eſcape for our lives experienced by us, which is entirely owing to God's goodneſs, though at the time we do not ſo conſider it. How many have tumbled down when they have been children, and would have been kiled if ſome arm had not been ſtretched out to ſave them? How many have fallen ſick and would have died, if at the critical moment ſome particular medicine had not been given them? and how many have been caſt away, and would have been drowned in the ſea, if the ſame God who ſent the Midianites to the relief of Joſeph, had not ſent ſome ſtrange and unexpected ſhip or boat to the place where they were floating. It may here be remarked alſo, that many matters of importance turn on the ſmalleſt points. If theſe Midianites had not gone by on the very day, and the very hour of the day on which they did, Joſeph, (ſpeaking after the manner of men) would probably have ſuffered death, and not one of thoſe great events in his life, which are ſoon to be ſpoken of, could have happened. One of the chief things, which I wiſh my readers to learn from this hiſtory of Joſeph, is the doctrine of a particular Providence.

Judah having propoſed to ſell his brother to the *Midianites, inſtead of* killing him or leaving *him in the pit, as had* been wickedly intended,

" his brethren were content. Then they drei and lifted up Joſeph out of the pit, and ſold Jo ſeph to the Iſhmaelites for twenty pieces of ſilve and the Iſhmaelites brought Joſeph into Egypt. Now Egypt was a far country, to which whe Joſeph was carried, his brethren concluded thi they ſhould hear no more of him.

" And Reuben returned unto the pit, and be hold Joſeph was not in the pit, and he rent h clothes, and he went to his brethren, and ſaic the child is not to be found, and I, whither ſha I go."

Reuben had himſelf propoſed the meaſure o putting Joſeph into the pit, as a contrivance b which he meant to ſave his life, for he ſecretl intended to go afterwards to the pit, and to del ver him, but he was too late in executing h purpoſe.

" And they took Joſeph's coat, and killed kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in th blood; and they brought the coat of many co lours to their father, and ſaid, this have w found, know now whether it be thy ſon's coa or no."

What a bare-faced lie! but thus does one ſi lead on to another. It is eaſy to ſee from th ſtory of Joſeph's Brethren, that when people re ſolve upon committing one ſin, they are immed ately tempted to commit another ſin: and eſpec ally to commit the ſin of lying, in order to hid what they have been doing: they are alſo plun ed from this time into a thouſand ſtraits and d

ulties, and it is by adding ſin to ſin that they mmonly try to get out. Reader did you never ſomething wrong, and then find yourſelf npted to tell ſome lie, or to play ſome artful ck to conceal it? Joſeph's brethren killed a l, and then dipped Joſeph's coat in the blood it, and ſaid to old Jacob, "this have we nd." This is the very picture of what wicked ildren ſometimes do. Having ſome ſin to nceal, they invent a fine artful tale, which they to their maſters and miſtreſſes, or to their od old parents, who too readily believe it, and is, perhaps, like Joſeph's brethren, they come for the preſent unpuniſhed. But ſoon, as in caſe of Joſeph's brethren, their lie will be nd out. For already God knows it. God them do the wicked deed, and God now ars them tell the lie by which they hide it. od waits, indeed, to ſee if they will repent, t by-and-by, perhaps, their ſin ſhall be known all the world, and ſhall not go unpuniſhed. od ſaw from the very firſt the ſecret envy riſe in the hearts of the brethren of Joſeph. God ard them when they ſneered at Joſeph, ſaying, ehold this dreamer cometh," and when they vately talked together of killing him. God them throw him into the pit, and cruelly ve him there. God ſaw them alſo when they re ſelling him to the Midianites: He had his upon them while they were bargaining by pit's ſide, and while they were counting over *twenty pieces* of ſilver, which they after-

wards put in their pockets. And God's p
ſence alſo was in the midſt of them, while t
were killing the kid, and dipping Joſeph's c
in the blood of it, and while they were ſay
to themſelves, ſurely now no one will ever kn
the thing we have been doing. That ſtr
which theſe fooliſh men thought would nevei
known by any body, is now publiſhed in
book of ſcripture, that you and I, and all
world may be acquainted with it, and that
may draw the right inſtruction from it.

"When poor old Jacob ſaw the coat, he
mediately knew it, and ſaid, it is my ſon's c
an evil beaſt hath devoured him: Joſeph is w
out doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent
clothes and put ſackcloth upon his loins,
mourned for his ſon many days. And all his
and all his daughters roſe up to comfort him

What a ſet of hypocritical comforters n
theſe ſons have been, and how many freſh
muſt they have told when they were talking
their father.

"But Jacob refuſed to be comforted. An
ſaid, for I will go down into the grave t
my ſon mourning. Thus did his father w
for him."

PART II.

JOSEPH IN PRISON.

HOW little do we know whether the th
which befal us will turn out for our happ

or miſery! If I was to be made a king to-morrow, I am not ſure that it would not prove to my hurt; and if, on the contrary, I was to be ſold to-morrow for a ſlave, it is far from being clear that it might not be for my good; for God has all events under his direction; and he can bring ſtrange things to paſs juſt as he pleaſes.

Joſeph (as we have already told you) was ſold by his brethren as a ſlave, to a company of Midianitiſh merchants. Now "the Midianites brought Joſeph down to Egypt, and ſold him to Potiphar, who was an officer, or captain of the guard, to king Pharoah." Joſeph fell, as it ſeems, into good hands; but the Scriptures take care to inform us to what cauſe this was to be attributed; for there we read, that "the Lord was with Joſeph:" hence it was, that "he became a proſperous man; and he was taken into the houſe of his maſter the Egyptian. And his maſter ſaw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that Joſeph did to proſper in his hand."

What a great thing is it to have God's bleſſing with us in every thing we do! Some people are always talking of their good or bad luck; and, according to ſuch perſons, Joſeph was merely a lucky perſon; he was lucky firſt, they would ſay, in getting ſo good a maſter, and ſtill more lucky in finding every thing go well to which he ſet his hand: In fact, however, there *is no ſuch thing* as luck, as we have ob-

ſerved before; and as we ſhall have occaſio
again and again, to obſerve in telling this ſtor
Let us learn therefore to thank God, and not
thank our ſtars, or to thank fortune, whenev
we ſucceed in any thing; for whatever it b
we ſucceed only becauſe the Lord is with us
that thing.

Joſeph, by degrees, found ſuch favor in l
maſter's ſight, that "he was made overſeer
the houſe, and all that Potiphar had was put in
his hands." Such was the confidence placed
him, that at laſt Potiphar ſeems to have do
nothing for himſelf, but to have left it all
Joſeph; for we read, that "he knew not ou
that he had, ſave the bread that he did eat
which is as much as to ſay, that he knew inde
what food was ſet before him at his own tab
in order that he might eat it; but as to all t
reſt of his affairs, he knew nothing about them.

Now though Potiphar might be wrong
doing ſo little for himſelf, yet what an hon
was it to Joſeph to be thus completely truſte
I have known ſome common ſervants indeed
my days, who, by being very remarkable f
their faithfulneſs, have riſen firſt to be up
ſervants, and then even to be ſtewards to th
maſters. Like Joſeph, they have ſet out w
doing firſt one little thing well, and then anoth
and ſo they have gone on till they have h
very large ſums truſted to them, and have g
into places of prodigious confidence; and if
were not for the number of ſervants who p

tend to be very truſty when they are not ſo, the ſort of caſe I am ſpeaking of would probably happen much oftener than it does.

"And it came to paſs," ſays the Scripture, "from the time that Potiphar had made Joſeph overſeer in his houſe, that the Lord bleſſed the Egyptian's houſe for Joſeph's ſake; and the bleſſing of the Lord was upon all that he had, both in the houſe, and in the field."

What an encouragement is this to take good people into our family; for God, perhaps, may bleſs us for their ſakes. Such a good man as Joſeph is a bleſſing wherever he goes.

But now comes a new ſcene in the life of Joſeph. His proſperity was great; but the greateſt proſperity is ſometimes ſuddenly interrupted. Potiphar had a very wicked wife, and "ſhe caſt her eyes" very criminally on Joſeph. Joſeph indeed was "a goodly perſon, and well-favored;" and this very goodlineſs, or beauty of his, proved a misfortune to him. How fooliſh then are thoſe perſons (whether young men or young women) who think, that to be handſome and well-looking, is one of the greateſt of bleſſings. It may turn out, perhaps, to be the greateſt ſnare; it may prove the worſt calamity that ever yet befel you, as happened in Joſeph's caſe.

It appears, that Potiphar's wife, the wicked woman juſt now mentioned, "ſpake to Joſeph day by day," and tryed repeatedly to ſeduce him; "*but Joſeph* refuſed, and ſaid unto his

maſter's wife, Behold, my maſter obſerveth no what is with me in the houſe, and he hath com mitted all that he hath to my hand. There none greater in this houſe than I; neither hat he kept back any thing from me, but thee, b cauſe thou art his wife. How then can I d this great wickedneſs, and ſin againſt God?"

Here let us ſtop, in order to conſider one o the moſt ſtriking parts of the character o Joſeph. He is, in the ſtrongeſt manner, tempte to ſin by a wicked woman: he might alſo hop for her favor, if he conſented: he had to drea her wrath if he refuſed: every thing united t make the temptation ſtrong; he was invited b her, not once only, but again and again; no publicly, ſo as to endanger a diſcovery, bu quite ſecretly. By what means then did Joſep reſiſt the temptation? He reſiſted it, partly b reflecting how ungenerous a thing towards h maſter it would be to yield, and partly alſo b ſaying to himſelf, as he alſo ſaid to the woma "How can I do this great wickedneſs, and ſi againſt God?"

Joſeph knew that the eye of God was upo him at all times, and in all places; and I hav no doubt that he had long acted under the in fluence of this knowledge. What was it tha had made him ſuch a faithful ſteward of h maſter's goods? It was his being aware that Go could ſee the ſmalleſt diſhoneſty in him, an that God's eye was upon him even when h *maſter's back* was turned. And what was

: made him now reſiſt another kind of temp-
on? It was the ſame principle of regard to
nighty God. This principle ſeems to have
n always at hand. Joſeph (I warrant you)
not uſed to paſs days and hours together
iout thinking of God, as ſome people do.
l this been the caſe, I queſtion whether he
ild not have yielded to one or other of his
ptations.

ınd now let me requeſt my readers to take a
from Joſeph, and to try themſelves in the
)wing manner. Say to yourſelves, what am
ſecret? What am I when no eye but that of
l is upon me? When on the one hand ſome
)w-creature invites me to ſin, when my own
inations are on the ſame ſide, when a preſent
ortunity offers, when there is alſo no danger
liſcovery, ſo that my reputation may be
, and when my worldly intereſt will not be
by the indulgence, but will rather be pro-
ed by it; when, in ſhort, againſt all theſe
)tations which beſet me, there is nothing to
)ſe but the fear of God in the heart, how-
then act? Is the fear of God ſo ſtrong in

derſtand it; but, ſurely, that fear of God whic
has been ſpoken of, is very eaſy to be unde
ſtood. I only wiſh it was as eaſy to be tru
felt. Some there are who fancy themſelves re
ligious, becauſe they attend at religious place
of worſhip; becauſe they underſtand well ſom
religious doctrines; becauſe they remember t
have once experienced certain religious feeling
or becauſe they have now a number of religiou
phraſes always in their mouth. Let ſuch pe
ſons alſo try their religion by the ſame teſ
Does it enable you to conquer your ſins? Whe
all things ſeem to unite on the ſide of ſin, doe
your religion in any meaſure enable you to ge
the victory? Secret ſelf-denial, ſecret conque
over ourſelves, ſecret preference to God abov
all the world, ſecret conſciouſneſs of having bee
enabled, by God's grace, to overcome ou
temptations, and of having, like Joſeph, ſtoo
firm to God and duty, in times of peculiar an
repeated trial, theſe are ſome of the proofs o
true religion; theſe are ſome of the beſt evi
dences of our being in a ſtate of grace. I woul
value theſe evidences above any comfortabl
frames and feelings; and they are more, in m
opinion, than a thouſand fancies, or impreſſion
that our ſalvation is ſure. Reader, if you hop
to ſtand undiſmayed before God on the grea
day of judgment, try yourſelf by this teſt. W
read but little in Scripture of Joſeph's religiou
opinions; (not that theſe are unimportant) w
read nothing about the particular time and man

ner of his firſt becoming religious; we read not a word about the religious form of worſhip which he preferred, nor about the religious party that he followed, nor the religious name he bore; but we read, that he reſiſted hard temptations; and that both in his proſperity and in his adverſity he was faithful to his God: and we find alſo, as I ſhall preſently ſhew you, that although his brethren had uſed him very cruelly, yet he behaved very kindly and charitably towards them, and forgave them freely, and rejoiced over them to do them good. May my religion be like his; and may the clearer knowledge, which God has given me, both of himſelf and of a Saviour, make me the more earneſt to do his will, and to walk worthy of that "vocation wherewith I am called."

But to return to the ſtory.—"And it came to paſs about this time, that Joſeph went into the houſe to do his buſineſs, and there was none of the men of the houſe there within. And Potiphar's wife caught him by his garment, and he left his garment in her hand, and fled, and got him out. And it came to paſs, when ſhe ſaw that he had left his garment in her hand, and was fled forth, that ſhe called unto the men of her houſe, and ſpake unto them, ſaying, "See, he hath brought in an Hebrew unto us to mock us; (or to offer an inſult to us) and I cried with a loud voice, and it came to paſs, when he heard that I lifted up my voice, and cried, *that he left his* garment with me, and

fled, and got him out." And ſhe laid up his garment by her until his lord came home; and they ſpake unto him according to the ſame words; and it came to paſs when his maſter heard the words of his wife, that his wrath was kindled. And Joſeph's maſter took him, and put him into the priſon, a place where the king's priſoners were bound; and he was there in priſon."

What a change! inſtead of having the command of every thing in Potiphar's houſe, where he was looked up to, and reſpected, he is ſhut up in priſon among thieves, and other wicked or ſuſpected perſons. And why was he thus ſhut up? For doing wrong? No! but for doing right. It now and then happens in this world, that a man ſuffers for fulfilling his duty. It is a miſtake to ſuppoſe, that virtue here below is always its own reward. Reader, if you act ever ſo right, I cannot promiſe you that in this uncertain world you will be rewarded for it. Your conduct may chance to be miſrepreſented, or not ſufficiently underſtood. Some enemy may injure you; ſome falſe and hollow friend, or lover, who is become offended, may turn againſt you. Some one, whoſe feelings, or whoſe intereſt you may have wounded, through your unbending virtue and integrity, may ſet himſelf up as your enemy, and may come and give falſe evidence againſt you, and may charge you, poſſibly, with the very ſin to which that *perſon himſelf* has tried in vain to ſeduce you.

id from which, of all the ſins in the world, ou are happily the moſt clear. Let us learn om this part of the ſtory of Joſeph to look to od for his favour, and not to care ſo much, as e are apt to do, about our character with our llow-creatures. It is better to go to priſon, ke Joſeph, for the ſake of a good conſcience, an to live in ſin with Potiphar's wife, in the idſt of a palace, even though we ſhould con- ive to live in credit alſo.

We before remarked, that when Joſeph was old as a ſlave to Potiphar, and when his affairs eemed at the worſt, yet "the Lord was with im, and bleſſed him, and gave him favor in he ſight of Potiphar his maſter." The ſame od, who ſhewed favor to him in his former iſtreſs, ſhewed him the ſame favor now; for hen he had got into priſon, we again read, hat "the Lord was with Joſeph, and ſhewed im mercy, and gave him favor in ſight of the eeper of the priſon. And the keeper of the riſon committed to Joſeph's hand all the pri- oners that were in the priſon, and whatever ey did there, he was the doer of it. The eeper of the priſon looked not to any thing hat was under his hand, becauſe the Lord was ith him, and that which he did the Lord made to proſper."

"And it came to paſs, after theſe things, hat the butler of the king of Egypt, and his aker, had *offended* their lord the king of *gypt, and Pharaoh* was wroth againſt them,

and put them into the priſon where Joſeph bound; and the captain of the guard char Joſeph with them; and they dreamed a dre both of them, each on one night; and Joſ came in unto them in the morning, and loo upon them, and behold they were ſad; and aſked them, Wherefore look ye ſo ſadly day? And they ſaid unto him, We h dreamed a dream, and there is no interprete it. And Joſeph ſaid unto them, Do not in pretations belong to God? Tell me them I p you."

In ancient times it pleaſed God occaſion to ſend dreams, in order to make known fut events; but let not any one therefore ſupp that by the help of dreams he can dive i futurity now. In the days of Joſeph, men w in much darkneſs and ignorance concerning true God. Jeſus Chriſt had not appeared, New Teſtament had not been written, nor yet even the Old. Signs and wonders w therefore uſed, in order to prove that the G of Joſeph was the true God. But now no longer need ſigns and wonders, for the h Scriptures plainly declare him to us; and if man ſhould now follow his dreams, it is m than probable that in doing ſo he would obliged to diſregard Scripture, and his o common ſenſe alſo. It is worthy of rem indeed, that ſoon after the law of Moſes *given,* (which fell far ſhort of the revelat *made* to us by Jeſus Chriſt) people w

expreſsly warned to beware, leſt by following ſome dreamer of dreams, they ſhould forſake that God who was now made known to them; for it is written, in the 13th chapter of Deuteronomy, "If there ariſe among you a dreamer of dreams, ſaying, Let us go after other Gods, and ſerve them, even though the ſign or the wonder ſhall come to paſs, yet thou ſhalt not go after the dreamer of dreams, for the Lord your God hereby proveth you to know whether you love the Lord your God," and will "ſerve him and cleave to him."

But to return to the hiſtory of Joſeph. God, it ſeems, having ſpecial mercy for him, and having great deſigns in view, and having firſt ſent two remarkable dreams to Joſeph, now ſends two other dreams to the chief butler and baker of king Pharaoh, who were in priſon with him, and enables him to interpret them.

"And the chief butler told his dream to Joſeph, and ſaid to him, In my dream, behold a vine was before me, and in the vine were three branches, and it was as though it budded, and her bloſſoms ſhot forth, and the cluſters thereof brought forth ripe grapes; and Pharaoh's cup was in my hand, and I took the grapes and preſſed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

"And Joſeph ſaid unto him, This is the interpretation of it: the three branches are three days; yet within three days ſhall Pharaoh lift up *thy head, and* reſtore thee unto thy place;

and thou ſhalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand after the former manner when thou waſt butler. But think on me when it ſhall be well with thee; and ſhew kindneſs, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this houſe. For indeed, (added Joſeph) I was ſtolen away out of the land of the Hebrews, and here alſo I have done nothing that they ſhould put me into this dungeon."

"Now when the chief baker ſaw that the interpretation was good, he ſaid unto Joſeph, I alſo was in my dream, and behold I had three white baſkets on my head, and in the uppermoſt baſket there was of all manner of baked meats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the baſket on my head." And Joſeph anſwered and ſaid, "This is the interpretation thereof: theſe three baſkets are three days; yet within three days ſhall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and ſhall hang thee on a tree, and the birds ſhall eat thy fleſh from off thee."

"And it came to paſs on the third day, which was Pharaoh's birth-day, that he made a feaſt unto all his ſervants, and he reſtored the chief butler unto his butlerſhip again, and he gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand; but he hanged the chief baker as Joſeph had interpreted to them, yet did not the chief butler remember Joſeph."

PART III.

JOSEPH DELIVERED, &c.

POOR unhappy Joſeph! we left him in priſon, where I think he muſt have had a very anxious time, for who could tell whether it might not be his own turn next to be taken out and hanged as the chief baker was! and yet perhaps there might be ſome ray of hope that he might, like the chief butler, get out and go back to his office. All ſuch hopes, however, ſoon vaniſhed, for though Pharaoh's birth-day came, "on which he made a feaſt to all his ſervants," yet it proved no holiday to Joſeph; and though "the chief butler" got ſettled in his chief butlerſhip again, and was giving the cup every day into king Pharaoh's hand, "yet did not the chief butler remember Joſeph."

Two whole years paſſed without any improvement in this poor priſoner's condition: now, in all this time, it ſeems very ſtrange that the chief butler ſhould not have contrived to drop a word in his favour; for how wonderfully had Joſeph foretold to the chief butler his reſtoration to office! how affectingly too had he intreated to be remembered by him when the day of his proſperity ſhould come! I cannot help here repeating the parting words of Joſeph, for they are very remarkable. "But think of me," ſaid he, "when it ſhall be well with thee, and ſhew kindneſs, *I pray thee*, unto me, and make mention

of me to Pharaoh, and bring me out of th houſe; for, indeed I was ſtolen away out of t land of the Hebrews, and here alſo I have do nothing that they ſhould put me into the du geon.—Yet did not the chief butler rememb Joſeph."

Ah! how juſt a picture is this of a great p of mankind! We are many of us apt, while are faring well ourſelves, to take no thought abc thoſe who are poor, and ſick, and in priſon. pleaſes God now and then to let one or other us riſe up in the world, upon which we go aw and forget all our old companions, ſome of wh perhaps, moſt exceedingly need a helping ha from us: we are grown gay and merry, or buſ engaged among our new friends, ſo that we qu forget our old ones; and then as to any inter which we have got with the great, we feel much in awe of thoſe above us, we are ſo ſc and ſmooth, and civil, when we are in their p ſence, and ſo unwilling to ſay any thing wh may poſſibly give offence, or which may chai to hurt our own intereſt, that we dare not ſpe a word in favor, even of the moſt injured cl racter, but we diſmiſs him from our thougl juſt as the chief butler diſmiſſed Joſeph fr his remembrance.

"It came to paſs, however, at the end of t full years, that king Pharaoh dreamed a dre —and behold there came up out of the ri *ſeven* well favored kine, and fat fleſhed, a *they fed* in a meadow. And behold ſeven o

kine came up after them, ill favored and lean fleſhed, and did eat up the ſeven well favored and fat kine. And Pharaoh dreamed the ſecond time, and behold ſeven ears of corn came up upon one ſtalk ſtrong and good. And ſeven thin ears ſprung up after them. And the ſeven thin ears devoured the ſeven ſtrong and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke and behold it was a dream."

And now what is to be done! the king himſelf is troubled with a dream. "And it came to paſs," ſays the Scripture, "that in the morning the king's ſpirit was troubled; and he ſent and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wiſe men thereof, and Pharaoh told them his dreams; but there was none that could interpret them to Pharaoh." And no wonder, for it was the purpoſe of God to confound by this dream all the magicians of Egypt, in order that the king might be driven to aſk an interpretation of it from Joſeph.

"And then came the chief butler and ſpake unto Pharaoh, ſaying, I do remember my faults this day; for Pharaoh was wroth with his ſervants, and put me in ward in the captain of the guard's houſe, both me and the chief baker; and we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he. And there was there with us a young Hebrew, ſervant of the captain of the guard, and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams. "And it came to paſs as he interpreted ſo it was: me he reſtored unto mine office, and him he hanged."

What *joyful intelligence* was this to Pharaoh.

Methinks I ſee his countenance brighten up at once upon it.

"Then Pharaoh ſent and called Joſeph, and they brought him haſtily out of the dungeon. And he ſhaved himſelf and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh."

When this great eaſtern king commands, not a moment is to be loſt in obeying him. For two long years had Joſeph been made to wait in priſon for his deliverance, but Pharaoh would hardly wait two minutes before Joſeph, whoſe appearance had become quite forlorn and wretched, muſt be brought before him ſhaved and dreſſed, and fit for the royal preſence.

"And immediately Pharaoh ſaid unto Joſeph, I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it, and I have heard ſay of thee, that thou canſt underſtand a dream to interpret it."

Pharaoh ſeems not yet to have underſtood by whoſe help it was that Joſeph was enabled to interpret dreams. Joſeph had no more ſkill in theſe matters than any other man, but he was the ſervant of God, and it pleaſed God, for his own purpoſes, to give to Joſeph by miracle the power of interpreting the dream of Pharaoh. Accordingly Joſeph anſwers Pharaoh by ſaying, "it is not in me, God ſhall give to Pharaoh an anſwer of peace." Thus Joſeph takes none of the glory to himſelf, as a proud perſon would have been glad to do, but he gives it all to God, to whom alone it was due. Pharaoh then, in a very exact manner, relates his two dreams to Joſeph.

"And Joſeph ſaid unto Pharaoh, the dream is one," that is to ſay, the two dreams ſignify one and the ſame thing, "and God hath ſhewed Pharaoh, by means of them, what he is about to do." "The ſeven good kine are ſeven years, and ſo alſo the ſeven good ears of corn are ſeven years, the dream is one. And the ſeven thin and ill-favored kine that came up after them are ſeven years, and the ſeven empty ears of corn are alſo ſeven years, and theſe laſt ſignify ſeven years of famine. This, therefore, is the thing which God is about to do; behold there come ſeven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt, and there ſhall ariſe after them ſeven years of famine. Now, therefore, continued Joſeph, let Pharaoh look out a man diſcreet and wiſe, and ſet him over the land of Egypt, and let him appoint officers, and let them gather together the food of the good years and lay it up in the cities, and it ſhall be for ſtore againſt the ſeven years of famine, in order that the land may not periſh. And the thing which Joſeph ſaid ſeemed good in the eyes of Pharaoh and of his ſervants, and Pharaoh ſaid unto his ſervants, can we find any one equal to this Joſeph, a man in whom the Spirit of God is? And Pharaoh ſaid unto Joſeph, foraſmuch as God hath ſhewed thee all this, thou ſhalt therefore be over my houſe, and according to thy word ſhall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou; and Pharaoh took off the ring from his hand, and put it on *Joſeph's hand*, and arrayed him in veſt-

ments of fine linen, and put a gold chain abo
his neck, and made him to ride in the ſeco
chariot that he had, and they cried before hi
bow the knee! And he made him ruler over
the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh ſaid un
Joſeph, I am Pharaoh, and without me ſhall
man lift up his hand or foot in all the land
Egypt."

How wonderful was this exultation of Joſep
he is now greater than ever he was. He had b
fore been the firſt man in the houſe of Pharaol
chief captain, but he is now the firſt man in t
houſe of Pharaoh himſelf; he is greater than P
tiphar, his own former maſter; he is the firſt p
ſon next to Pharaoh in all the kingdom of Egy

But let us not forget to admire the good p
vidence of God in all this. It was God that rai
him from being a ſlave to be the chief ſervant
Potiphar, and it was God that lifted him up fro
being a priſoner, to be ruler of all Egypt. "F
it is the Lord (as the Pſalmiſt ſays) that mak
rich, and maketh poor, that lifteth up, and ca
eth down. He taketh the ſimple out of the du
and lifteth the poor out of the mire, that he m
ſet him with the princes, even with the princes
the people." It is true, he ſometimes afflicts ev
his moſt favored people; "He brings down, a
is ſaid, their heart through heavineſs, they f
down and there is none to help them:" "He al
ſuffers them to be evil entreated through tyrant
But at length he "brings them out of darkne
and out of the ſhadow of death, and breaks th

in ſunder." He leads them by a way
they know not, he makes darkneſs light
them, and crooked things ſtraight;" and
'though heavineſs may endure for a night,
y cometh in the morning."
praiſe the Lord then ye ſervants of his!
ſe the name of the Lord! bleſſed be the
of the Lord, from this time forth for ever-
" for he preſerveth the way of his ſaints,
ath been ever mindful of his covenant."
ed Noah from the waters of the flood, he
t forth righteous Lot out of Sodom, he
ed Shadrach and his companions in the
rnace, and Daniel in the lion's den. "He
ed David his ſervant from the peril of the
" He ſhewed alſo his ways unto Moſes,
s works unto the children of Iſrael." It
He alſo that cauſed a dearth in the land of
, and deſtroyed the proviſion of bread.
ſent a man before, even Joſeph, who was
r a ſervant, whoſe feet they hurt in the
; the iron entered into his ſoul—until the
ame that his cauſe was heard. Then the
ent and delivered him; the prince of the
let him go free, he made him Lord alſo
houſe, and ruler of all his ſubſtance."
let not any of my readers ſuppoſe, that
is now to be admired merely for his great-
nd that the ring on his finger, and the fine
nt on his back, and the grand chariot in
he rode, were the chief things he was
with. *Joſeph* was a great man undoubt-

edly, but he was as good as he was great, an
indeed, what is all earthly greatneſs unleſs goo
neſs is joined with it? It is a great ſin, in n
opinion, to wiſh to be a prime miniſter or a kin
for the mere honor of it, and I would rather l
a poor laborer that is of ſome uſe in the worl
than be the greateſt monarch in Europe, unl
I could do ſome ſpecial ſervice by my greatne
Joſeph proceeds directly to make himſelf ve
uſeful in his new ſtation; "for he immediate
went out from the preſence of Pharaoh and tr
velled throughout the land, and, in the ſev
plenteous years, the earth brought forth by han
fulls, and he gathered up all the food of the ſev
years, and the food of the field which was rou
about every city laid he up in the ſame, and l
gathered corn as the ſand of the ſea, very muc
until he left numbering. And after the ſev
years of plenteouſneſs were ended, then the ſev
years of dearth began to come, according as J
ſeph had ſaid. And the people of Egypt cri
unto Pharaoh for bread; and Pharaoh ſaid un
them, Go unto Joſeph, and Joſeph opened th
ſtore-houſes and ſold unto the Egyptians."

I am afraid that my readers have by this tim
almoſt forgot old Jacob, the father of Joſeph, ar
his eleven ſons, who were living with him in th
land of Canaan, at ſome diſtance from Egy
The famine of the laſt ſeven years was ſuch as
be ſeverely felt even in their country. "Th
Jacob ſaid unto his ſons, whoſe countenanc
were all caſt down on the occaſion, "Why do

look one upon another; behold I have heard that there is corn in Egypt. Get you down thither, and buy for us from thence, that we may live and not die. And Joſeph's ten Brethren went down accordingly to Egypt." But Benjamin, being now the father's favorite, was not ſuffered to go with them, for old Jacob ſaid, "Peradventure ſome miſchief will befall him."

"And when the ſons of Jacob arrived, Joſeph was the governor of the land, and he it was that ſold to all the people. And Joſeph's Brethren came and bowed themſelves down before him with their faces towards the earth."

Oh! what a change of ſcene! Theſe are the men, who, the laſt time they ſaw Joſeph, had ſaid of him, "Behold this dreamer cometh." They had then put him into the pit, and had ſold him for a ſlave, becauſe he had foretold that theſe his brethren, and his parents (who were ſignified by the ſun, moon and ſtars,) ſhould one day bow down before him. How wonderfully does God accompliſh his own purpoſes! The very means which we take to defeat them are ſometimes made uſe of by God, in order to bring them about. Joſeph's brethren thought, that by ſelling him for a ſlave, they ſhould prevent their ever having to bow down before him; and yet by this act of theirs, that very prophecy was brought to paſs.

Let no one then preſume to think that he can direct events in his own way; or that he can, either *by art or power,* prevail againſt God, for

"the counſel of the Lord, it ſhall ſtand, an will bring it to paſs." "The Lord taketh wiſe in his own craftineſs;' "he orderetl things in heaven above, and in the earth neath." "Go to now, ye that ſay, to-da to-morrow we will go into ſuch a city, and tinue there a year, and buy and ſell, and gain: whereas ye know not what ſhall be or morrow; for that ye ought to ſay, If the I will, we ſhall live, and do this or that."

Joſeph's brethren, while they were bo down, did not know Joſeph, for he made ſelf ſtrange unto them, and ſpake roughly, ing,—"Ye are ſpies! to ſee the nakedne the land you are come. And they ſaid, I my Lord, but to buy food are we come. are twelve brethren from the land of Car and behold the youngeſt is this day with father, and one is not. And Joſeph ſaid a Ye are ſpies!" and then added he, "but he ſhall ye be proved, whether there be tru you. One of you ſhall go and fetch his bro while the reſt ſhall be kept in priſon. An kept them all in ward three days. Joſeph, ever, after this lets them all depart, one excepted; and he gives them corn in their to carry home, bidding them all to come a and redeem the brother they had left behinc bringing the next time, their youngeſt br Benjamin. Now all this ſeems to have *done by* Joſeph, for the purpoſe of colle *every one* of his brethren round him, beſo

would diſcover himſelf to them; and perhaps he was led to practice rather too much art, by his anxiety to ſee them gathered together.

Then ſaid Joſeph's brethren one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we ſaw the anguiſh of his ſoul, when he beſought us, and we would not hear; therefore, behold alſo, his blood is required of us."

Oh! how dreadful is a guilty conſcience! It will cauſe our ſins to haunt us, years after they have been committed. Now, have none of my readers ever felt the like kind of terror, in conſequence of their having done ſomething amiſs? After the commiſſion of a crime, did you never fancy, that every one you met obſerved you; and that every common accident was a judgement of God upon you; and if any trouble happened to befal you a long time afterwards, have you not been apt immediately to imagine, that it had ſome connection with your former guilt? Sin does not always leave this ſting behind it, for ſome people are quite hardened by their crimes; nevertheleſs, it often does. If the ſin be great and dreadful, if it be ſomething particular and extraordinary, like the ſelling of a brother, or the thought of putting him to death, then, though years ſhould paſs away quietly, yet it is probable that conſcience will awake and cry out againſt us at laſt. In the preſent caſe, it appears to me, that Joſeph's brethren had no clear ground to ſuppoſe *that* the trouble they dreaded *was cauſed by their* having formerly ſold their

brother Joſeph. They ſeem not to have argued very correctly on the occaſion; "We ſaw, ſaid they, the anguiſh of his ſoul, and we would not hear, and therefore now is his blood about to be required of us."—But this was not a very ſound way of reaſoning, for it was not clear that his blood was now going to be required of them at all. It was not clear that any trouble whatever was about to happen to them; and, even if ſome trouble ſhould happen to them, their having once ſold their brother, might not be the cauſe; but guilt is fearful. A man that has ſome undiſcovered crime within him, is apt to feel unreaſonable frights and fears; his imagination becomes diſturbed; he grows ſuſpicious beyond all reaſon; he ſees an enemy, perhaps, as Joſeph's brethren did, in his beſt friend, and the very things that are for him, if they happen to go aukwardly for a day or two, are thought to be moſt dreadfully againſt him. In ſhort, a perſon whoſe conſcience has become burthened with ſome great ſin, has often no comfort in his life, until he has fairly confeſſed it, and repented of it.

No ſooner had Joſeph's brethren expreſſed their fright, than Reuben lifts up his voice, and obſerves to them, how "he had intreated them not to hurt their brother, and they would not hear. Therefore, alſo, ſays he, is his blood required of us." Here again we may diſcern a picture of what often happens among thoſe who have been partners in iniquity. When the ti

of trouble comes, then thoſe who have had leſs hand in the guilt, begin to reproach the others for having been principals in the buſineſs. Like Reuben, they begin to juſtify themſelves, and ſay: Did I not tell you at the time, to take care what you did, but you would not mind me, and therefore now you have brought down all this trouble on yourſelves, and not on yourſelves only, but on me alſo." Nothing is more common than for thoſe who are all, more or leſs, joined in the ſame crime, to fall out and reproach one another for it afterwards.

Joſeph overheard all this converſation among his brethren, and he turned himſelf about from them, and wept, and returned to them again, and communed (or had converſation, by means of an interpreter) with them, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes. Joſeph then commanded that their ſacks ſhould be laden with corn, and that every man's money ſhould be reſtored into his ſack; which being done they departed; and as one of them opened his ſack to give his aſs food at the inn, he eſpied his money, for behold it was in his ſack's mouth. And when he told it his brethren, all their hearts ailed them, and they ſaid one to another, "What s this that God hath done unto us." Here gain, their diſpoſition to take fright ſeems to ave ſhewn itſelf. I ſuppoſe they now thought hat ſome judgment of God would fall upon hem in their way home, on account of the ſame in of *ſelling Joſeph.*

And they came unto Jacob their father, and told him all that had befallen them, ſaying: "The man who is lord of the land, ſpake roughly to us, and took us for ſpies; and we ſaid unto him, "We are true men; we are no ſpies, we be twelve brethren." Methinks it would be ſome relief to Joſeph's brethren, to tell their father how harſhly they had been ſpoken to, and how unjuſtly they had been ſuſpected when they were in Egypt; for whenever a man has ſome great and real ſin on his mind, he is glad to turn to any thing right, or innocent in his conduct, in which, nevertheleſs, he has been accuſed of ſinning. Jacob's ſons had uſed their father ill in ſelling Joſeph, but they themſelves had been uſed ill on the old man's account, when they went to buy corn for him in Egypt. It would be a comfort, therefore, to talk to him of what they had ſuffered for his ſake, ſince it would ſeem to make amends in ſome meaſure for the ill which they were conſcious of having done him.

Let us beware, however, of diſguiſing our guilt, by dwelling on ſome ſmaller point, in which it may be true that we are innocent. To do ſo is one of the common ſhifts of wicked men, and there are none ſo wicked, as not to have ſome part of their conduct on which they can dwell with pleaſure, and ſelf-complacency.

But when Joſeph's brethren proceeded to *explain to* their father, how the lord of the country *had commanded* them to bring to him their bro-

ther Benjamin, and how he had detained Simeon as a pledge or hoſtage on his account; then Jacob, in the bitterneſs of his heart, exclaimed, "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joſeph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all theſe things are againſt me." But Reuben now came up, and declared, that if Benjamin might but go with them, he would pledge the lives of his own two infant children, that Benjamin ſhould be brought back in ſafety. "And Jacob ſaid, my ſon ſhall not go down with you, for his brother Joſeph is already dead, and if miſchief befal Benjamin alſo by the way, then ſhall ye bring my grey heirs with ſorrow to the grave."

PART IV.

"ALL theſe things are againſt me," ſaid good old Jacob when he was told of what had happened to his ſons in Egypt; for we may remember that they had been obliged by Joſeph, to leave their brother Simeon behind them, and had even been required to bring Benjamin alſo. On hearing this, old Jocob cried out, "Joſeph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take away Benjamin: all theſe things are againſt me."

Ah! how little did Jacob know of the real nature of thoſe events which are befalling him!

The very things which he ſaid were againſt him, in fact were making for him, for they led the way to the recovery of his ſon Joſeph, who had been loſt, and alſo to Jacob's removal, with all his family, into the plentiful land of Egypt. I do not wonder, indeed, that this poor old man, bowed down as he now was with age and infirmity, and deprived, as he had been, firſt of one dear ſon, and then of another, ſhould be unwilling to let his preſent favorite Benjamin be carried off into Egypt.—And yet, what could he do? The famine now again grew very ſore in the land, and at laſt, when all the corn from Egypt was eaten up, even Jacob himſelf is repreſented as aſking his ſons to go again and buy a little food.

"Then Judah ſpake unto him, ſaying, The man did ſolemnly proteſt unto us, ye ſhall not ſee my face, except your brother Benjamin be with you.—Unleſs, therefore, thou ſend him, we will not go down to Egypt." Then Jacob ſaid unto his ſons, "Why did ye tell the man that you had a brother?" And they anſwered, "The man did examine us cloſely about our kindred, and therefore we told him, for how ſhould we know that he would bid us fetch our brother to him?" Then Judah ſaid, very earneſtly, "I pray you ſend the lad, that we may not all die, we and our little ones, and I will be ſurety for him." And Jacob ſaid, "If it muſt be ſo, do *then as* you deſire. But take ye the beſt fruits *in the land*, balm, and honey, and ſpices, and

myrrh, and nuts, and almonds; and take double money in your hands, and the money that you brought back in your ſack's mouths carry again; peradventure it was an overſight. Take alſo your brother with you, and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may ſend away your other brother, and let Benjamin return alſo.—If I muſt be bereaved of my children, there is no help for it, I muſt be bereaved."

Thus did the ſons of Jacob depart, all of them trembling with anxiety and fear, and uſing many precautions to avoid giving offence to the great perſon to whom they were going.

Now, this I may obſerve, is a picture of what ſometimes happens to us. God is perhaps preparing to favor us with ſome great bleſſing, juſt as he was now about to favor the family of Jacob; but before he gives us poſſeſſion of the bleſſing, he leads us through ſome dark and dreary path, and we fancy a great evil is coming upon us. When, therefore, God is opening the way to theſe new mercies, we hang back, and ſay with good old Jacob, "All theſe things are againſt me." But though loth to move forward, yet what can we do? Some peril greater than that we had been dreading, awaits us, if we make more delay. With a heavy heart, with a complaining tongue, and with weeping eyes, we ſet forward in this path, which is, in fact, nevertheleſs, the path of our chief happineſs. *Thus do we often* quarrel with our bleſſings.

And this, I take it, is a common caſe; for what are all our complaints, but complaints againſt Providence; and do we not often murmur, even at thoſe very dealings of Providence, which afterwards prove the moſt remarkable for our good?

Reader, look back to your paſt life; conſider thoſe ſeaſons in it, when you have been forced, by neceſſity, on ſome unpleaſant buſineſs, or when you have been hindered in your purſuit of ſome favorite plan, or contradicted in your opinions or your wiſhes. Now and then, perhaps, your ſituation in life has ſeemed quite melancholly and deſperate; miſery has appeared to threaten you on every ſide, and you have had only a ſad choice of evils, juſt like theſe ſons of Jacob, who thought they had only to chooſe between a famine at home, and the more ill uſage in Egypt. And yet, has it not afterwards proved, that God was bleſſing you, by means of thoſe very things, which were thought at the time ſo terrible?

There are many perſons, I am perſuaded, who have even had their ſouls ſaved much in the ſame way in which this family of Jacob had their lives preſerved. They have hung back and ſtruggled hard for a while, againſt thoſe very things which have opened the way to their eternal ſalvation; they have been dragged from a life of ſin and miſery as unwillingly as ever *Jacob's* ſons were dragged from Canaan, and *brought* into the fruitful land of Egypt. For,

ſtrange as it may ſound, how unwilling are men to have their ſouls ſaved! how unwilling, at leaſt, to take thoſe means which are abſolutely neceſſary for it! How many ſervants, as well as apprentices, and others are there, who can hardly be perſuaded to attend at public worſhip, or at leaſt, to give their minds to it when they are there; and yet, is not this one of the means of ſalvation? They muſt be forced to church by the authority of their maſters, or by ſome neceſſity, almoſt as urgent as that which drove the ſons of Jacob from Canaan into Egypt! Again, how many children are there, who, though invited freely to a Sunday School, nevertheleſs, hang back from going thither, as much as ever the ſons of Jacob hung back from going into Egypt. Perhaps too, their parents have at the ſame time been as unwilling to part with them through ſome falſe fondneſs or other, as ever old Jacob was to part with his ſon Benjamin, though it proved afterwards to be the making of that whole family.

But let us return to the ſtory. Joſeph's brethren ſet off from Canaan under a great fright, as I have already told you, and they took double money in their hand, and they carried Benjamin with them, and having come down to Egypt, they ſtood before Joſeph. Now when Joſeph ſaw them, and obſerved that Benjamin alſo was with them, he ordered a great dinner to be made ready, and he aſked them to come to it. *And Joſeph's brethren* were afraid, on account

of the money which they had carried off in thei ſacks, and they got near to Joſeph's ſteward and ſaid to him, "O! Sir, we came dow hither before to buy food, and it came to paſ that when we got to the inn, on our way home we found every man's money in his ſack's mouth and therefore we have brought it back to you We cannot tell who put it there, and we hav now brought other money alſo, in order to bu food.—And the ſteward ſaid, peace be to you I had your money, and he brought Simeon ou to them,"

And when Joſeph came home, they dre near, and offered him the preſent which the brought, and bowed themſelves to the earth before him. And Joſeph aſked them of thei welfare, and ſaid, "Is your father well, the ol man of whom you ſpake: is he yet alive? An they anſwered, Thy ſervant our father is i good health, he is yet alive; and they bowe down their heads again to the ground. An Joſeph lifted up his eyes and ſaw his brothe Benjamin, and ſaid, is this your younger brother of whom you ſpake to me? and then turning to the lad, God (ſaid he) be gracious unto thee. ——Joſeph now was much moved, for hi bowels did yearn over his brother, and h ſought where to weep, and he entered into hi chamber, and wept there."

Religion does not deprive men, (as ſome have imagined) of their natural affection and feeling, for *Joſeph* was a religious man, and yet how

did he overflow with kindneſs towards his brethren. It is alſo remarked in the New Teſtament, of one greater than Joſeph, I mean of our Saviour, on the occaſion of the death of Lazarus, that, "Jeſus wept." Religion regulates, no doubt, all the natural feelings of men; but it does not deſtroy them.

Preſently afterwards, the meat was ſet on table, and Benjamin's meſs was five times as great as any other, and they eat and drank together, and were cheerful.

Now when the dinner was over, Joſeph, who was ſtill unknown to his brethren, commanded that all their ſacks ſhould be filled with corn, and that every one's money ſhould again be put into his ſack, and moreover, that a ſilver cup, being Joſeph's own cup, ſhould, together with the money, be put into the ſack of Benjamin; and when the morning was come they all went away. And before they were got far from the city, Joſeph ſent his ſteward after them, who charged them with having ſtolen Joſeph's cup out of the houſe. And they immediately denied the charge, and ſaid vehemently, With whomſoever of us it is found, we will agree that he ſhall die, and that we will all of us be your ſlaves (or bondmen); and a ſearch being made, behold the cup was found in Benjamin's ſack.—Then they rent their clothes for grief, and laded every man his aſs, and returned to the city. And Joſeph ſaid unto them, What deed *is this that* ye have done? And Judah,

(the ſame who had promiſed Jacob that he would be ſurety for Benjamin) replied, What ſhall we ſay unto my lord; God hath found out the iniquity of thy ſervants: Behold, we will now be bondmen to my lord. And Joſeph ſaid, Not ſo; but he in whoſe hand the cup is found, (namely, Benjamin) he ſhall be my ſlave or ſervant. But as for you, get ye all away to your father in peace."

What a ſituation had theſe ſons of Jacob got into now! Could any thing be more melancholy and diſtreſsful! "O Jacob, Jacob!" they would ſay, "how ſhall we ever ſee thy face in peace, if we bring not back Benjamin with us? Well do we remember the words which did break forth from thee at parting with us: Joſeph is not, and Simeon is not, and now you will take Benjamin from me."

There is one reflection to which I beg to call the minds of my readers in this place. Jacob's ſons are now accuſed unjuſtly; they are brought into trouble through no fault of theirs: whereas formerly, they had committed a great ſin; I mean that of ſelling their brother Joſeph; and had ſuffered no particular inconveniences from it.—They had not ſuffered when they did wrong, and yet now they ſuffer for doing right; for they certainly, as I ſhould think, did right in going down to buy corn for themſelves and their aged father, and even in bringing Benjamin *with* them, under all the circumſtances of the *caſe*. Let us for a moment ſtop here, and ſee

ourſelves in the place of theſe ſons of Jacob. They might now, methinks, be tempted to ſay, "Surely, there is no righteous governor of the world; for when we do right, we only ſuffer for it; and when we did wrong, we all eſcaped unpuniſhed. We will not believe therefore in a Providence: all things happen alike to all; this world is governed by chance; nay, and the chance is often in favor even of the wicked." To all ſuch profane reaſoning, if I had ſeen Joſeph's brethren at this moment of time, I would have anſwered, "Stop a little, I beſeech you; do not decide ſo haſtily, for, remember, your ſtory is but half over. By-and-by, perhaps, your innocence in the preſent matter will be cleared up, and, for aught you know, your former ſin, though long ſince committed, may come to be found out."

Let us apply this remark to ourſelves. We often ſeem to profit for a while by ſome bad thing that we have done, or at leaſt we ſuffer no preſent puniſhment. Our fraud, our lying, or our act of violence, ſucceeds for a certain time; and, perhaps, preſently afterwards, we chance to get into trouble by doing ſomething, which, on the whole, really ſeems to have been our duty. Do you never feel tempted to diſbelieve in Providence on ſuch occaſions? If you are, I would ſay to you, as I juſt now obſerved, that I would have ſaid to Joſeph's brethren, Wait a-while, I beſeech you. Remember, *your ſtory is but half over.* Do not decide till you

obſerve the iſſue. See whether in the end yo
will not be ſorry for every bad thing you hav
ever done, and glad of every thing which, throug
God's grace, you have been enabled to do a
right; and even though this ſhould not be th
caſe now, it certainly will on the day of judg
ment.

Joſeph diſcovers himſelf to his brethren.

When Joſeph had made this propoſal c
keeping Benjamin as his ſlave or ſervant, and c
ſending the other ſons of Jacob home in peac
to their father, Judah came forward, and relate
all that had paſſed in the old man's houſe whe
they were bringing Benjamin away. "My fa
ther ſaid to us," obſerved Judah, "Behold
have had two ſons, and the one went from me,
meaning Joſeph, "who is torn in pieces; an
if ye take this alſo away, and miſchief bef
him, ye ſhall bring down my grey heirs wi
ſorrow to the grave. Now, therefore," ſa
Judah, "let me abide inſtead of the lad, as
bondman to my lord, and let the lad go u
with his brethren. For how ſhall I go up t
my father, ſeeing that his life is bound up
the lad's life; and it ſhall come to paſs, whe
he ſeeth that the lad is not with us, that he w
die."

"Then Joſeph could not refrain himſelf b
fore all them that ſtood by him, and he b
every ſtranger to go out. Then Joſeph ma

himſelf known to his brethren: and Joſeph wept aloud, ſo that the Egyptians in the houſe overheard him. And Joſeph ſaid unto his brethren, I am Joſeph. Doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not anſwer him, for they were troubled at his preſence."

No wonder that Joſeph's brethren were troubled at this ſpeech. O! how bitter a thing is ſin. It cauſes trouble at thoſe moments which ought to be given up to joy. It ſpreads a gloom over our happieſt hours; and while thoſe who are not loaded with the ſame guilt, are giving way to the moſt delightful feelings, it makes the man who is burthened in his conſcience to feel a double pang, to feel a pang, I mean, both on account of the ſin itſelf, and alſo on account of his regret at being unable to join in the general joy that is going forward.

Joſeph, nevertheleſs, comforts his brethren, "Now therefore," ſays he, "be not grieved, nor angry with yourſelves, for God did ſend me before to preſerve all our lives, ſo now it was not you that ſent me hither, but God." How freely does Joſeph appear, by this ſpeech, to forgive his brethren! Here is no malice, no hatred, no ſpirit of revenge, no word even of reproof for all the evil they had endeavoured to do him; but the injured perſon is himſelf the comforter of thoſe who had tried to injure him. Here, perhaps, ſome one may be ready to ſay, "True, Joſeph did right to forgive his brethren, for we are all bound to forgive them that

treſpaſs againſt us; methinks, however, he mi
as well have ſaid ſomething to them of their
for the ſake of their own good." I anſwer, t
there is a time for all things, and that this w
not the time for Joſeph to adminiſter repro
His brethren were likely, juſt now, to be c
down through over much ſorrow, and the thi
they needed, at this moment, was thereſ
comfort rather than reproof. Your peo
who take all occaſions to reprove, without
gard to tim:, or place, or circumſtances, thou
they may ſay they mean only to do good by
are apt to be harſh people. They are only
dulging their own ſpirit; and though they m
perſuade themſelves that they are of a forgiv
temper at bottom, in fact are not ſo much ſc
they think.

But I would obſerve further, that this extre
kindneſs of Joſeph would, in my opinion, t
to affect the hearts of his brethren more t
the ſevereſt reproof. "What (they would n
ſay to themſelves) have we ſold for a ſlav
brother ſo kind, ſo generous, ſo excellent
this! How little did we know of him when
took upon us to ſell him! How raſhly did
judge concerning his true character, and c
cerning his intention in thoſe words which g
us ſo much offence! He was a better n
than we, though we all talked ſo much aga
him, and even thought him hardly fit to liv
I would here beg all my readers to take c
how they ſpeak evil of perſons without

knowledge of their character. Eſpecially I would adviſe you to beware of judging any one, on account of his having ſaid or done ſomething which happens to wound your own pride, or to give pain merely to yourſelf. He may be a good man on the whole, even though he ſhould have erred in this particular; and you may err more by the revenge you take for what he has ſaid that is offenſive to you, than he has done by ſaying it. Take heed, then, leſt ſome day or other ſhould come, when the very perſon whom you are ſet againſt, ſhall have his character cleared before all the world, in ſpite of every thing you have ſaid againſt him. Take heed, leſt you ſhould be proved to have been the greateſt ſinner of the two on that day when you ſhall each of you appear before God, and all his holy angels. O that we could all learn ſomething of this kind, and affectionate, and forbearing temper of Joſeph. He was as remarkable for it as he was for conquering thoſe ſecret temptations which I before ſpoke of.

Joſeph having diſcovered himſelf to his brethren, is now impatient that they ſhould go to his father; "Haſte ye," ſays he, "and go up to my father, and ſay unto him, Thus ſaith thy ſon Joſeph, God hath made me Lord of all Egypt.—Come down, tarry not, and thou ſhalt dwell in the land of Goſhen; and thou ſhalt be near unto me, thou and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks and thy herds, and *all that* thou haſt, and there will I nourish

thee, for there are yet five years of famine to come." "And Joſeph fell on his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept on his neck." "Moreover, he kiſſed all his brethren, and wept upon them, and after that his brethren talked with him." "And the fame hereof was heard in Pharaoh's houſe; and it pleaſed Pharaoh and his ſervants. And Pharaoh ſaid, Bring your father and your houſhold, take waggons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come. And they did ſo. And Joſeph gave to each of them changes of raiment; and he ſent to his father ten aſſes, laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten more aſſes laden with corn and bread and meat for his father, by the way."

Accordingly Jacob having been invited by his ſons, and having alſo been encouraged by God in a dream, arrived in Egypt; and all the ſouls that went with him, beſides his ſons' wives, were ſixty and ſix.

"And Joſeph made ready his chariot, and went to meet his father, and fell on his neck, and wept a long time. And Jacob ſaid, Now let me die, ſince I have ſeen thy face, that thou art yet alive. And Joſeph brought in Jacob his father, and ſet him before Pharaoh. And Pharaoh ſaid unto Jacob, "How old art thou?" And Jacob ſaid unto Pharaoh, "The days of *the years* of my pilgrimage are an hundred and *thirty years*; few and evil have the days of the

years of my life been." And Jacob bleſſed Pharaoh. And Jacob lived in the land of Egypt ſeventeen years, and he died."

"Now when Joſeph's brethren ſaw that their father was dead, they ſaid, Joſeph will peradventure hate us, and will requite us for all the evil that we did unto him. And they ſent a meſſage to Joſeph, ſaying, that their father, before he died, commanded them to requeſt of Joſeph, that he would forgive their treſpaſs againſt him. And Joſeph wept to think that they ſhould ſpeak thus unto him. And Joſeph ſaid, Fear not. As for you, indeed, ye thought evil againſt me; but God meant it for good. Now, therefore, I will nouriſh you and your little ones. And he comforted them, and ſpake kindly unto them. And Joſeph lived an hundred and ten years. And he ſaid to his brethren, God will ſurely viſit you, and bring you out of this land into the land which he promiſed to Abraham, and Iſaac, and Jacob. And Joſeph died."

Thus ends the hiſtory of Joſeph. I have already obſerved, that one of the chief things to be learned from it is the doctrine of a particular Providence. "It was not you" (as Joſeph ſaid very juſtly to his brethren) that ſent me into Egypt; but it was God;" that is, it was not you only. Men, indeed, were the inſtruments, and men are accountable to God for every part of their own conduct, juſt as much as if there *was no* Providence in the caſe. Still,

however, though man may act as he pleaſes, y
God overrules all things ſo as to bring about
own purpoſes. God, in this inſtance, had
plan in view. He had made a promiſe
Abraham, the grandfather of Jacob, who w
the father of Iſaac, that from him the Savic
ſhould come, for that "in his ſeed all the fa
lies of the earth ſhould be bleſſed." In ful
ment of this promiſe, Iſaac and Jacob w
born. I ſhould here remark, by the way, t
to Jacob the name of Iſrael was given; ſo t
when the Scriptures ſpeak of the Iſraelites, i
the ſame thing as if they ſaid the children
Jacob. Of theſe there were twelve tribes, ev
one of the ſons of Iſrael becoming the father
a whole tribe. Theſe Iſraelites, after a tin
were brought out from Egypt, having be
very ill treated there by king Pharaoh, and t
became a great and famous people; for G
wrought many miracles in the midſt of the
and gave them the law of the ten commar
ments, and ſet up his worſhip among them, a
ſeparated them from the reſt of the world, wh
continued in ignorance of God and of the ſcr
tures. It was from theſe Iſraelites (or Jews,
they were afterwards called,) that the promi
Saviour came. And, bleſſed be God, this
viour is not the Saviour of the Jews only, b
he is now preached to us, "upon whom
ends of the world are come." How import
then is the ſtory of Joſeph in this view.
was a neceſſary link in the great chain of P

ınce, and this chain reaches from the be-
ıing of the world, even to the end of it.
r is it with the life of Joſeph only, that the
vidence of God concerns itſelf. Your life
mine, and all the various events of it, great
ſmall, from our birth unto our dying hour,
equally under the divine direction. The
e God who ſent the Iſhmaelites to the pit's
ıth, when Joſeph was ſo near being left to
ſh there, the ſame God who gave Joſeph
ır in the ſight of Potiphar his maſter, and
ı afterwards delivered him out of priſon, and
le him ruler over all Egypt, appoints alſo to
he bounds of our habitation, and orders our
ıle lot in life. If then, like Joſeph, we are
ing God, let us not fear to truſt him; and
ıgh we ſhould fall occaſionally into ſtraits, as
ɛph did, yet let us hope, when the end of
days ſhall come, and when the whole of our
y ſhall be told, that we ſhall be able to trace
Lord's goodneſs and mercy even in the moſt
ſtive circumſtances of our lives, as we have
ı been doing in the caſe of Joſeph.

Nor let us wonder at the vaſt confuſion and
ırder which we ſometimes ſee in the world in
ɛral. Let not our faith fail us, if now and
ı the wicked ſhould ſeem every where to
ſper, and the whole company of the righte-
ſhould come under adverſity. The hiſtory
Joſeph ſhews, that it is the plan of Provi-
ce ſometimes to withdraw, in appearance,
protection and favor from his own ſervants,

and to put off, to a future ſeaſon, the evil da which is coming upon ſinners. Soon, howeve the time will come, when all that has be crooked ſhall be made ſtraight, and all that h been dark in Providence, ſhall be cleared up

The ſtory of Joſeph, as we alſo obſerved, but a ſmall part of ſcripture; it fills but a fe pages of that large and comprehenſive volum being connected, however, with events whi go before, and with thoſe which follow afte and juſt ſo, methinks, the hiſtory of this who globe of ours is but like a ſingle leaf in a gre volume, and it cannot be fully underſtood un the dealings of God with all his various cre tures ſhall be made known, until the whole boo of his providence ſhall be opened, and until a thoſe events, both paſt and future, with whi God's government of this world may be co nected, ſhall be fully revealed. Let us wa therefore, in the exerciſe of faith and hope, r membering, as the Apoſtle ſays, that while w are here below, "We know but in part; b when that which is perfect is come, then th which is in part ſhall be done away.—For no we ſee through a glaſs darkly; but then face face. Now we know in part; but then ſh we know, even as alſo we are known."

THE

EXPLANATION.

OF THE

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

PART II.

FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

HONOR thy father and thy mother, that y days may be long in the land which the Lord y God ſhall give thee."

In the New Teſtament, it is written, " Chil-en obey your parents in all things, for this is ell pleaſing to the Lofd." We there alſo ad, that our Saviour himſelf, when he was relve years old, was ſubject to his parents, and one of the following verſes it is added, that Jeſus encreaſed in wiſdom and ſtature, and in vor with God and man."

There is hardly any ſight more pleaſing than at of a little child honoring his parents, liſten-g attentively to all that is ſaid to him, running nickly to fulfil their wiſhes, and being thus ſubject" or obedient to them, after the ex-mple of Chriſt his Savionr. And on the other and, there are few ſights more meloncholy and npromiſing *than that of* a child who is obſti-

nate and diſobedient, who does not honor hi father, nor give ear to the voice of his mother but muſt be ſpoken to, again and again, an who can hardly be brought, even by ſtripes, t do the thing which is commanded him.

The ill behaviour of ſome children, and e pecially of very young ones, may be conſidere as greatly owing to a fault in their parents; fo the ſame law which ſays "Children obey you parents," implies, that parents ought to teac them obedience. In many places children ſeen to rule the houſe; the moſt important converſa tion is interrupted by their unſeaſonable noiſe every one is to wait their time, and all thing are rendered ſubject to their humours.

Now this is juſt the contrary to what it ſhoul be. God has ordained, that parents ſhall di rect, and children ſhall obey. He has eſtabliſhe in the world, a plan of ſubordination, and tha perſon who begins life by rebelling againſt hi parents, in defiance of this Commandment c God, will be too likely to prove a bad ſubject a violent maſter, an ill-tempered huſband, troubleſome friend, and an undeſirable connec tion in all the later periods of his life; whereas a young man or woman, having for a courſe c years fulfilled faithfully and affectionately, an in the fear of God, every filial duty, and eſp cially having done it under trying circumſtance has given one of the beſt proofs that can be a *forded*, of a diſpoſition to attend to all the oth *obligations* of relative life, and deſerve to

conſidered, on this account, as a valuable friend, and a very deſirable connection.

And now let each of my readers aſk himſelf, how far he has fulfiled this law of God, remembering alſo, that it ought to be interpreted, as including all the various relative duties between man and man.

Firſt then, have you ſet out in infancy, with honoring your parents, both by your conduct and in your heart; neither diſobeying them to their face, nor making light of them behind their back? Have you never grudged them ſecretly the obedience you ſeemed to pay, nor been in haſte to aſſert your independence as you were growing up? If you have loſt at an early age the bleſſing of parents, have you ſubmitted, in like manner, to thoſe whom God's providence has put in their place, obeying your ſtep-father or ſtep-mother, your elder brother or ſiſter, uncle or aunt? In more advanced life, have you perſevered as the duty of entire ſubmiſſion leſſened, to ſhew to each of thoſe all due deference and reſpect? In their old age have you endeavoured to repay them by your affection and watchful attention, as well as by your bounty, if they needed it, for all their care and tenderneſs, and liberality to you in your infancy and youth? Are you uſed to honor all your various relations in their due degrees? Have you ſubmitted yourſelf to your teachers and inſtructors, to your ſpiritual paſtors and maſters, *ordering yourſelf* lowly and reverently to all

your betters? And, further, is it your practi
to ſubmit to every ordinance of man for t
Lord's ſake, to honor the king, to obey m
giſtrates, not accuſtoming yourſelf to ſpeak c
reſpectfully of them, nor raſhly cenſuring th
in thoſe things which you do not underſtan
If you are a ſervant, do you obey your maſt
not rudely anſwering again, and "not with ey
ſervice only as pleaſing men, but God w
trieth the heart?"

How beautiful is the order of ſociety, wh
each, according to his place, and in the juſt
gree, pays willing honor to his ſuperiors, a
when the ſuperiors regularly fulfil their ſeve
parts alſo: when the people reverence the kin
and the king governs well the people: wh
the children every where are ſeen honori
their parents, and the parents fulfil their duty
the children: when ſervants are prompt to ob
their maſters, and maſters deal kindly with th
ſervants: when wives alſo and huſbands, wh
brothers and ſiſters, when partners in buſine
when high and low, rich and poor, accordi
to the ſeveral ranks which God has eſtabliſh
in ſociety: when landlord and tenant, maſ
and workmen, miniſter alſo and people, inſte
of each proudly puſhing himſelf into the ch
of his ſuperior, ſits down ſatisfied with his o
place, and endeavours humbly and thankful
and in the fear of God, to fulfil all the dut
of it!

SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou ſhalt not kill."

This Commandment is ſometimes rendered, "Thou ſhalt do no murder;" and very properly, for all killing is not intended to be forbidden, though all murder is. Killing has, in ſome caſes, been not only allowed, but even required in Scripture. Thus, for inſtance, it is written in the Levitical law; "Whoſo ſheddeth man's blood, by man ſhall his blood be ſhed;" and the putting of a murderer to death, by the regular magiſtracy, after a fair trial, is undoubtedly a means of preventing murder in general.

Murder means, the putting a perſon to death through deliberate malice; a crime which our very nature teaches us to view with great horror; but to kill a perſon by ſtriking him in a paſſion, without intending his death, or to kill another in a duel, or in a private battle, eſpecially if we have been the aggreſſors, carries, no doubt, in it much of the guilt of murder in the ſight of God. To let a perſon periſh through neglect, whoſe life has been entruſted to us, as the life of a child is to a nurſe, as that of all the patients in an hoſpital is to the apothecary or phyſician, well deſerves alſo the name of murder.

I would here take occaſion to notice the great ſin of ſelf-murder. We have no right over our own lives any more than over the lives of others, for we belong to God and not to ourſelves; and *we are exhorted in* Scripture to bear even the

heavieſt afflictions with patience and reſignation to the will of our heavenly Father, who appoints our trials for us.

It may be proper, in this place, to remark, that the enacting of laws, which are too ſanguinary in their nature, and alſo the entering into, or encouraging of wars, which are vindictive and unjuſt, is unqueſtionably a breach of this commandment.

But we muſt now proceed a ſtep further. Not only to kill is to be conſidered as forbidden by this law, but alſo to injure, or to intend to injure. This law forbids thoſe evil and angry paſſions which are the ſeeds of murder. Cain firſt envied his brother, and after that he murdered him. The Phariſees firſt hated Chriſt, and after that they were the means of his being put to death. "Whoſo hateth his brother," ſays the apoſtle, "is a murderer." Our Saviour alſo finds fault with the Phariſees for explaining this Commandment ſo looſely as they did; and then proceeds to warn his Diſciples not even "to be angry with their brother without a cauſe."

But again! this Commandment may be conſidered as not only forbidding injuries, but as commanding good-will. Chriſt our Saviour not only did not go about wounding and injuring men, and putting them to death, but he went about befriending them, and doing them good: *and we ſhould*, according to our opportunity, *go and* do likewiſe.

Let us, then, examine ourſelves fully reſpecting this Commandment; for many are apt to fancy, that having never literally been ſo wicked as to kill any one, they have therefore no concern in it. Let us bear in mind, that we muſt not only not kill, but that we muſt not intend to kill; that we muſt not only not hurt, but that we muſt not wiſh to hurt; and that, although therefore we ſhould be ſitting in our private rooms, and not ſaying or doing any thing, yet if any ſecret thoughts are indulged in our minds, which are to the prejudice of our neighbour; if we are allowing ourſelves to indulge the leaſt ill-will to him, we are by no means clear of the ſin of breaking this Commandment. Let us reflect alſo, that when one thing is forbidden in Scripture, the thing contrary to it may often be conſidered as commanded. When injuring is forbidden, doing kindneſſes, therefore, may be underſtood to be commanded. Inſtead of prejudicing our neighbour, do we then delight in doing him ſervice? "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law, for this thou ſhalt not kill." Do we then ſhew love to our neighbour? Do we then feel a tender concern never to hurt any one by word or deed; never to give even to the meaneſt of our fellow-creatures the ſmalleſt degree of needleſs pain and ſorrow? Do we conſider it as a part of our buſineſs in life to ſupport the weak, to feed the hungry, to clothe the *naked, according* to our ability, and alſo to com-

fort them that are afflicted; to heal the wounds which others give, and, after the example of our bleſſed Saviour, to relieve the temporal as well as ſpiritual wants of mankind.

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou ſhalt not commit adultery."

In this law of God, as in many of the others, the higheſt degree of crime is mentioned; but all the ſmaller degrees of it are intended alſo to be forbidden. Moſt people, no doubt, will agree, that "thou ſhalt not kill," implies alſo, thou ſhalt not hurt; and that the command, to honor our father and mother, includes the honor due to thoſe other perſons whom God has placed over us: ſo alſo, "thou ſhalt not ſteal," means, unqueſtionably, thou ſhalt in no wiſe defraud or cheat. On the ſame principle, then, we ought to underſtand the words, "thou ſhalt not commit adultery," as implying likewiſe that we muſt not be guilty of any thing which is contrary to ſtrict chaſtity. Indeed, our Saviour himſelf has put it out of all doubt, that we ought thus to explain this Commandment; for he hath expreſsly told us, that "whoſoever looketh on a woman to luſt after her, has already committed adultery with her in his heart." The Scriptures of the New Teſtament, in many places, declare ſtrongly againſt unchaſtity of every kind; and ſolemnly warn us, after ſpeaking of this and other groſs ſins, that "they which do ſuch things ſhall not inherit the king

ı of God." Thoſe who deliberately and
itually venture on ſins of this ſort, would do
, therefore, to remember, that they do it in
ınce of the plaineſt threatenings of God;
that while they continue in ſuch practices,
can have no hope of eternal life, for "the
ptures cannot be broken."

: is very proper here to remark, that every
ımandment of God, however ſtrict and harſh
ıay ſeem, tends, in fact, to promote the
ɔineſs of his creatures. If mankind were
ved to iudulge all their natural inclinations
as they pleaſed, what miſery would fill the
ı!

et us now draw the picture of the wretched
: of one who has broken this Commandment
God; and let us alſo take occaſion to ſhew
ı what ſort of ſmall beginnings the ruin of
ɔung woman may naturally be ſuppoſed to
:eed.

Ve will imagine, then, that a young girl ſets
in life with a thoughtleſs and giddy mind,
with a ſecret inattention and diſlike to ſerious
ion. We will ſuppoſe her alſo having been
ewhat ſpoiled from her infancy, to be not
h uſed to labour, and to be, at the ſame
, fond of finery, or of what ſhe calls faſhion
gentility, and apt to dreſs herſelf out, not
aps always very decorouſly, with a view to
's admiration.

ıe ſucceeds in drawing the notice of ſome
man or other, who begins to take liberties

with her, inſiſting always that there is no harm in it. Such a man as this ſoon finds out tha ſhe has no very ſtrict principles about her, anc he takes for granted that ſhe will make no grea conſcience of retaining her modeſty, havin obſerved that ſhe is not very conſcientious abou other matters. She is drawn away ſtep by ſtep one little liberty is permitted, or perhaps in vited, and then another, until ſhe has complete her ruin. For a while ſhe tries to conceal he ſhame, by lying or deceit; but it is impoſſibl long to do it. The tale is out, her character i gone, and from this time ſhe finds it far mor difficult to get her bread honeſtly than before Now alſo ſhe is expoſed to the rude inſults o every profligate man whom ſhe meets, and wh knows her ſtory. Being aſhamed of her forme friends, or having friends who are, perhaps aſhamed of her, ſhe dwells among ſtrangers. Sh has no eye to pity her, no father or mother t guard and to direct her, no huſband to comfor her, no companion to ſoothe her, or to attend t her in diſtreſs. Being driven to extremity, an forſaken, as a young woman almoſt always is b her ſeducer, vice perhaps, by degrees, become her trade; and if that be the caſe, ſhe live among the vileſt company. But what is worſt o all, her own heart, under theſe circumſtances, be comes every day more and more hardened. Sh is undone in every ſenſe. She ſoon become *diſeaſed* in body, and is ſtill more dreadfull *ruined* as to her mind; and ſhe is every da

ing lower and lower. As long as ſhe treads
earth, woes upon woes await her, and there
as to be no glimpſe of hope for her, while,
e next world, there is nothing but "a fear-
looking for of fiery indignation."

There is often one circumſtance in the ſitua-
of women of this ſort, and eſpecially of
as may not be ſo hardened as I have de-
ed, which is very affecting, and that is the
of their children, if they ſhould have any:
what a curſe do thoſe children commonly
to them! What a continual reproach as
as burden! There is no father to ſupport
feeble infant, nor to provide for the mother
ing her lying in. In moſt caſes, therefore,
children are dreadfully neglected, and often
ſh miſerably. But if their bodies are at-
led to, and preſerved alive, how exceedingly
itute are they of inſtruction, and thus what
ger is there left they ſhould periſh miſerably
o their ſouls!

Compare now the caſe of ſuch an unhappy
man as has been deſcribed, with the lot of
who, having maintained her modeſty, and
out in the fear of God, has become united
a chriſtian huſband, in that ſtate of wed-
which has been appointed by the laws of
Maker. Her friends, many of them, pro-
ly, abide around her, and her huſband, who
er chief earthly dependence, ſupports, pro-
s, and comforts her: he commends her to
by his prayers, and he improves her by his

chriſtian counſel and converſation. Her chi dren riſe up and call her bleſſed. Their educ tion engages her at home, while the father working for the family abroad; and ſhe fee the tendereſt affection for them. She does n view them (like the other women we deſcribe with a tormenting conſcience, being continuall reminded by them of her guilt. She is n aſhamed (as the other is) of having them calle by her name, but ſhe views them as a bleſſin ſent from heaven, as both a comfort and credit to her, and as a means, poſſibly, of ſu port, when old age ſhall advance, and whe both her own and her huſband's ſtrength ſha fail. What a difference! How excellent the is that law of God which tends to promote ſuc happineſs as this, and to prevent the miſe which was before deſcribed. Never, perhap did God conſult more clearly the temporal con fort and well-being of his creatures than whe he gave the law, which ſays, "Thou ſhalt n commit adultery;" and when he prohibited i effectually, as he has done in the New Teſt ment, every ſpecies of unchaſtity. Inſtea therefore, of ſaying, as wicked men are apt t do, Where is the harm of following all o natural inclinations? let us learn, on the co trary, to admire the goodneſs of God in th law, and to conſider the libertine as one of th greateſt enemies of mankind; as far more hur *ful than* the thief or the robber; as a rebel, i *the firſt* place, againſt the Commandment of h

God, as a hinderer of his own happineſs, and a deſtroyer of the happineſs of his fellow-creatures.

The well being of a country depends, in a great meaſure, on the attention which is paid in it to the ordinance of God, reſpecting matrimony. It is through the inſtitution of families that children are brought up in an orderly manner, and that the knowledge of God and of his laws is handed down from generation to generation. Villages and towns are apt to be peaceable and happy in proportion as the looſer people of each ſex are few, and the family-men and women are numerous in the place; and when mutiny or rebellion breaks out in the fleets or armies of the kingdom, it is on the family-men who may be inliſted in them that we more particularly depend for our ſecurity.

But ſome there are, perhaps, who readily allow all this, and yet there own practice is a contradiction to it. Poſſibly they may think that there is no ſuch great crime committed in their caſe, becauſe they take care that no one ſhall ſee them. They ſay to themſelves, as is repreſented by the Pſalmiſt, "Surely, the darkneſs ſhall cover me." "But are not the darkneſs and the light both alike to God?" And is there not "a day coming, when that which has been hidden ſhall be made known, and when God ſhall judge the ſecrets of all hearts by Jeſus Chriſt?" "Bleſſed," ſays our Saviour, "are the pure in heart, for they ſhall ſee God." In vain, *therefore*, do men comfort themſelves with

the thoughts of privacy. God ſees them nc
and it is more than probable that their fellc
creatures alſo will, after a time, find them c
or have even detected them already, though i
known to have done ſo, for a thouſand accide
may bring the moſt hidden things to lig
God alſo, in his juſt judgment, may ſee
thus to puniſh, even in this world, the ſec
offender. Thus, in the caſe of David, his g
was for a time artfully concealed, but God
pleaſed to make it known as a warning to oth
and as a part of the juſt penalty due to the t
dreadful crimes which he had committ
"Thou didſt it ſecretly," ſaid Nathan in
name of the Lord to David, "but I will
this thing, (that is, I will inflict the puniſhme
before all Iſrael, and before the ſun." It is h
alſo worthy of obſervation, that there is no
which men can indulge to a certain point, a
which they can afterwards reſtrain as they plea
"Whoſo committeth ſin becomes the ſerv
(or ſlave) of that ſin." He that allows him
even in ſinful thoughts, gives the reins to his
clinations, and he little knows whither they m
carry him.

Let it then be remembered, that ſin is to
reſiſted in its firſt beginnings, and that ev
thing, therefore, which may become a temp
tion either to a perſon himſelf or to others,
on every principle of the goſpel, to be avoid
Let all vicious curioſity be reſtrained in yo
the people. Let all licentious company, let a

modeſt books, and all looſe ſongs, as well as that "fooliſh talking or jeſting," which borders on indecency, and which the apoſtle condemns, as quite unbecoming in a Chriſtian, be utterly avoided; and finally, let it be remembered, that decency, modeſty, and propriety, as well as continual watchfulneſs, temperance, and ſelf-denial, and every thing elſe which tends to promote purity of heart and life, may properly be conſidered as required of us by this Commandment.

PART III.

EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

"THOU ſhalt not ſteal."

To ſteal is to take either by force or fraud, that which is not our own, and it is a ſin which is forbidden both by the laws of God and man. It is puniſhed in this country often even with death, and the New Teſtament aſſures us, that thieves, whom it names together with adulterers, "ſhall not inherit the kingdom of heaven." Men are commonly led into this ſin through the diſtreſs, or neceſſity, as they are apt to call it, which has been brought upon them by their other ſins. They have been firſt idle and extravagant, or drunken and debauched, or poſſibly addicted to gaming; by one or other of theſe means they have brought *themſelves* into ſtraits,

deliver themſelves, they have been tempted to take to thieving. Pride alſo, ſtrange as it may ſeem, contributes often to theft. Some men, when they have fallen into diſtreſs, though poſſibly it may have happened without any fault of theirs, are aſhamed to own it. They think it very lowering to aſk help from others, and they will not do it for the world. They will rather take ſecretly what is not their due, than aſk openly ſome charitable friend to aſſiſt them. Now I conceive, that in this country, if a man can really prove his diſtreſs not to have been brought upon him by his vices, there are many good Chriſtians, who, if he applies to them, will take care at leaſt not to let them ſtarve, and there is the pariſh help to fly to in all caſes; ſo that it ſeems difficult to ſtate a caſe in which there can be any tolerable excuſe for ſtealing.

In order then to avoid this ſin, let every one keep at a diſtance from whatſoever leads to it; let him keep clear of idleneſs and debauchery, and extravagant living, and above all, of gaming. And if unhappily he has already got into trouble, either through any of theſe vices, or through misfortune, let him be afraid of that falſe ſhame, and of that hurtful pride, or ſpirit as it is called, which will not permit him to own what has paſſed, and to apply to his friends and neighbours.

Let another caution here be given. The ſin of downright theft is what men commonly come *to by degrees.* A man, for inſtance, who cheats *his maſter,* or ſuperior, of money, which he

been intruſted to him for ſome ſpecial ſervice, commonly begins merely by borrowing, as he calls it (though without leave) ſome ſmall part, perhaps, of the money of his employer. He ſays to himſelf, "I will borrow this only for a day or two, and then I will replace it;" but a practice of this ſort being once allowed, he goes a little further and a little further. Large ſums are at length miſapplied; for it is more than probable that his neceſſity increaſes on him; and now, perhaps, he takes money to himſelf, when there is no chance of his ſoon reſtoring it, or even of his ever doing ſo. He is become a thief almoſt before he is aware of it. At laſt, after trying by various ſhameful arts to conceal the ſtate of his accounts, and thus adding ſin to ſin, he is found out, and even though he ſhould not be puniſhed in the ſame way as other thieves are, yet he is no doubt as guilty as they, and he is pretty ſure at leaſt to loſe his character and his employment.

There are others again, who have, after a while, become finiſhed rogues, by allowing themſelves at firſt to ſteal, things which they have thought very inſignificant and trifling. They have not conſidered, that to ſteal a little thing may be a great crime, and that this is one very common road to robbery, burglary, and to all kinds of wickedneſs.

Children, therefore, ſhould be taught from their very earlieſt years to keep their hands from picking and ſtealing. The children of the rich

ſhould be inſtructed, that to pick fruit out of a garden, to take ſweetmeats, or any other thing, from a ſhelf, a table, or a cloſet, is a breach of this commandment; and the children of the poor ought in like manner to be told, that to take the turnips out of a field which is not their own, or the ſtakes out of a hedge, or the apples which are lying in an orchard, is the road to greater thefts, and is a ſin both againſt God and againſt their neighbour.

Servants need to be on their guard againſt temptations of the ſame ſort. If they would be ſtrictly honeſt, they as well as children muſt take care not privately to taſte any thing which is not intended for them; neither ſhould they give away meat or drink to any perſons to whom they dare not acknowledge that they gave it, nor in greater quantities than they would care to own. I will add, that they ought never to expend their maſter's money in any way whatever that is contrary to his wiſhes. Some ſervants are apt to do this for the ſake of maintaining, as they call it, the credit of the family, when the maſter is not at all deſirous of that ſort of credit, but thinks, perhaps, that the expence or ſhew made in the houſekeeper's room or kitchen is a great diſgrace to him. Every maſter's money is certainly his own, and an honeſt houſekeeper, or other ſervant, will feel himſelf bound to conſider only how he may beſt fulfil the expreſſed or implied wiſhes of his *maſter* in every part of the expenditure intruſted *to him.* For a ſervant to take perquiſites which

he does not avow, becauſe, perhaps, he dares not, is another practice hardly reconcilable to exact integrity; for though taken in the firſt inſtance from the tradeſman, the amount, or perhaps more than the amount, is charged in one way or other to the maſter, ſo that the ſervant ſhould conſider himſelf as taking it from the maſter, whoſe leave, therefore, he ſhould have for doing it.

I am aware that a ſteward, or houſekeeper, who acts up to theſe principles, may be expoſed poſſibly to much reproach from thoſe under him, and to many difficulties, to all which I have only to anſwer, that he who will act a Chriſtian part, and endeavor to obtain the favor of God, muſt run the riſk now and then of loſing the favor of his fellow-creatures, and muſt himſelf become an example of ſelf-denial alſo. That ſteward or houſekeeper, it is to be feared, is not very honeſt, however he may pride himſelf on his integrity, who has never yet combated any common cuſtoms of families, and has never been charged by any one with being too particular.

In buying and ſelling nothing is more uſual than for each ſide to try to over-reach the other, and it is little conſidered that to do this is, in other words, to ſteal or cheat. Let me now ſuppoſe, for argument's ſake, that I have nine ſheep to ſell, and that having pretended there are ten, I take the money for ten, the miſtake or ignorance of the buyer being ſo great that he does not find me out. "Oh, how ſcandalous! *every one would* ſay; this is downright cheat-

ing; this is robbing the other man of the value of one ſheep. It is what any one ought to be hanged for." Well then, as this is not a reputable mode of cheating, being not a very common one, nor indeed a very eaſy and practicable way neither, I can effect the ſame purpoſe in the following manner: I have only to pretend that each ſheep is about one-tenth better than it is, that it is one-tenth fatter, and heavier, and finer flavored, and older; I have only to give my word for it, that, for ſome reaſon or other, the ſheep are each of them worth one-tenth more than in fact they are, and then, if I ſucceed in my attempt, it is plain that I ſhall get the value of one ſheep more than my due, juſt as much as if I cheated in the other way.

To deceive in ſelling a horſe, to cry up his virtues, but to ſay nothing of his faults, and to endeavor to get as much money for him with all his faults as if he had no faults at all, is juſt in like manner to cheat or ſteal. To put falſe marks upon goods, in order to make them appear to be the manufacture of ſome perſon in repute, who did not really manufacture them, or even to give a falſe outſide appearance to them, or to call them by a falſe name, or, in ſhort, to ſay any thing of them which is known by ourſelves not to be true, in order to recommend them, is clearly an attempt to cheat, and is a breach of this Commandment.

On the other hand alſo, the way which ſome *buyers take* in order to get what they call a good

bargain, although they may be very proud of it, is often little better than ſtealing; they cry down the thing they want to buy, and pretend to ſee a thouſand faults in it, not fully believing all they ſay; and as to the excellencies of it, they utter not a word; and when perhaps they have driven a poor neceſſitous ſhopkeeper, or other dealer, down to their price, affecting all the while to think the thing ſhamefully dear, they go away and tell their neighbors what a bargain they have got. This practice is as old as Solomon's time: "It is naught, it is naught, ſays the buyer, but afterward he boaſteth."

In ſettling the wages of labor, there is often much fraud attempted on each ſide. When a workman or ſervant pretends to do more work than he really performs, when he ſpends more idle time than his maſter knows of, and yet claims the ſame wages which are due to one that is diligent, he then on his ſide may be ſaid to cheat or ſteal; and, on the other hand, when a maſter works a ſervant hard and pays him little; when he takes advantage of the man's willingneſs and good-natûre, or of his modeſty and ſimplicity; whenever, in ſhort, a maſter fails to raiſe his ſervant's wages according to his deſerts, then the maſter may be ſaid to cheat or ſteal. "Give unto your ſervants," ſays the apoſtle, "that which is juſt and equal." There is a certain point, which may be called the point of juſtice and equality between man and man, which *each ſide ſhould aim at*, and in proportion as this

is miſſed, one or the other party fails in t
neſs of his integrity.

To ſmuggle, is undoubtedly to cheat
nothing can be more clear than this,
alſo forbidden in Scripture. "Rend
our Saviour, "to Cæſar, the things v
Cæſar's." We are to pay "cuſtom
cuſtom is due, tribute to whom tribute
Our Saviour choſe rather to work a
than to fail in paying tribute himſelf,
he did not live under the beſt of gove
It is the law of the land which decides
property ſhall belong in a vaſt variety
queſtionable caſes; and both the law
land and natural juſtice are againſt the ſ
for it is to be remembered, that if we
duty than the law requires, ſome othe
or ſubjects muſt neceſſarily pay more
ſmuggle, therefore, is to take money,
government merely, as ſome ſelfiſh
thinking people ſuppoſe, but from the
of theſe other ſubjects.

It would be eaſy to add many other c
to prove that even this Eighth Comm
(the one which we are the moſt apt to n
boaſt of keeping) is broken by all rank
ple, at leaſt in the ſpirit of it, almoſt ev
for let us conſider only for a moment
leaning there is in every man towards
ſide, whenever any queſtion of property
decided between him and his neighbor.
ſure to over-rate our own labor and our c

ll as our own general merit, and we expect
re the price of things adjuſted, and all the
of the world arranged, according to this
view of the matter which we have taken;
f courſe we in the ſame degree under-rate
oor, ſkill, and merit of other people. Inor-
ſelfiſhneſs is one of the moſt common and
l diſpoſitions of man, and this ſelfiſhneſs,
oducing a conſtant partiality to our own
s the neceſſary ſource of frauds innumera-
nd it is worthy of remark, that while this
of ſelfiſhneſs reigns in us, we ſhall not only
ways trying to wrong others of their due,
e ſhall alſo be trying to wrong them with-
nowing that we do ſo.

d now what a view does this conſideration
is of the ſtate of the world in reſpect to all
rs of property! What wrongs are all men
litting, naturally, as it were, on their neigh-
without being ſenſible of it; or at leaſt
wrongs are they attempting to commit,
h unable each to execute his purpoſe; for
ubtedly it will often happen that the un-
nable claims of one ſide, being oppoſed by
reaſonable claims of the other, the two
s may hit on a pretty fair medium in con-
nce of the ſtruggle, and whenever fortu-
r things are ſettled fairly in this way, it is
if both ſides do not go away complaining
hardly they have each of them been uſed.
are the effects of that partiality to ourſelves
has been ſpoken of.

Would we then lay the axe to the root of the tree, and avoid habitual injuſtice, we muſt cure this ſelfiſhneſs of ſpirit. But how is the cure to be effected? I anſwer, that our Saviour has inſtructed us in the very point in queſtion, by giving us the following golden rule, "whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye even ſo unto them." Let then the buyer put himſelf in place of the ſeller, and the ſeller in that of the buyer; let the maſter ſuppoſe himſelf the ſervant, and the ſervant imagine himſelf the maſter; let each put himſelf in the place of him with whom he has to deal; let him, as it were, plead before himſelf the cauſe of his opponent or rival; let him become counſel for a while on that ſide, and he will find his partiality for himſelf wonderfully corrected. Let it, in ſhort, be a rule with all of us never to determine a caſe between ourſelves and our neighbors, till we have very deliberately and diſpaſſionately weighed it in this manner.

NINTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou ſhalt not bear falſe witneſs againſt thy neighbor."

To bear falſe witneſs againſt our neighbor, means, ſtrictly ſpeaking, to ſwear falſely againſt another in a court of juſtice. How careful ſhould every one be who is called up as an evidence in a public court to ſpeak "the truth, the whole *truth,* and nothing but the truth." He ſhould

recollect himſelf before he begins to give his information; he ſhould ſpeak without heat or malice, and without prejudice or partiality; and he ſhould remember that even a ſmall error in his evidence, a miſtake, for inſtance, in a place or date, may poſſibly be the means of fixing an unjuſt charge, and of taking away the reputation or property, nay, even the life, of a fellow-creature. A witneſs ought neither to ſpeak falſely in favor of the accuſed perſon, nor falſely againſt him. To do the one, is to bear falſe witneſs againſt the perſon accuſed, and to do the other, is to bear a ſort of falſe witneſs againſt the proſecutor, and perhaps alſo, againſt other witneſſes in the cauſe. To do either is to hurt the public, who are all of them our neighbors, and who are more intereſted than is commonly conſidered, in having a fair and full teſtimony given in every caſe.

My readers no doubt will very readily agree, that we ought to take the utmoſt care thus to ſpeak truth in a court of juſtice. I am afraid, however, there are few people who conſider that exactly in the ſame manner, it is our duty to ſpeak truth of our neighbor in private company. This commandment is againſt all ſorts of falſe teſtimony. It condemns the private ſlanderer and tale-bearer, and the magnifier of ſtories againſt his neighbor, as well as the perjured perſon.

Some people are apt from the very levity of their *character, to* take up every light rumor

againſt another. " Somebody has told (but they cannot exactly recollect who) tha is ſome very bad ſtory againſt ſuch a pe tho' they ſcarcely know what it is, they proc tell it, and they ſupply, by their own inve ſuch parts as ſeem neceſſary in order to the tale hold together, and then the whol abroad on the ſame authority.

Some are apt to grow warm as they are a ſtory, and are continually led by this war theirs to overſtate a fact, and often, therefi charge guilt much too heavily on him they cenſure.

Again, vanity is a motive which leads into falſehoods. They find they cannot attention unleſs they magnify what they ſa they are very ambitious of being able to ſu to intereſt, and to entertain their hearers prefer wit to truth, and they cannot re pleaſure of uttering a ſarcaſtic jeſt, and tinguiſhing themſelves by a lively turn of f though at the expence of candor and of ju

But, perhaps, the moſt fruitful of all th ces of falſe teſtimony and miſrepreſentati that ſpirit of envy and malice, and of je and pride, and ſelf-preference, which unle cloſely watched, is apt to be inceſſantly a in every human breaſt. Some one is ſu either to have injured us, or to be now aga or in ſome reſpect or other to ſtand in th of our advancement, or ſome one is thou *claim* the ſuperiority over us, and ſeems t

ſeſs a greater ſhare of the affection and countenance of one with whom we wiſh to be the chief favorite. We are prepared to believe an evil ſtory againſt ſuch a man on very ſlight evidence, and not only to believe it, but to ſpread it eagerly, and to exaggerate it exceedingly. On the other hand, we extol him that is on our ſide, for this is indirectly to praiſe ourſelves; but let a man be our enemy, or let him only be of a contrary ſect to us in religion, or of an oppoſite party to us in politics, how ſtrong then is our diſpoſition to become partial in all our judgment, and through the prevailing power of this prejudice, to be continually bearing falſe teſtimony againſt him!

Now, in many of theſe caſes, it may poſſibly happen, that it is only ſome ſlight exaggeration that is made, or ſome little fact that is added, and yet, that theſe little matters will make a world of difference, for they may conſtitute even the whole of the guilt. It is to be recollected alſo, that ſtories circulate through many hands; and that if a little addition is made by each, an anecdote, which was hardly worth notice at firſt, may ſoon grow up into a moſt miſchievous and ſcandalous falſhood.

How numberleſs are the lies which are in this manner ſpread abroad in the world, and how enormous is the evil of which we are now ſpeaking! Who then is the perſon on whom the guilt ought to be fixed? Undoubtedly, all are guilty *who have had a ſhare* in the exaggeration. All

random talkers, all light, unthinking, and, that account, inaccurate people; all violent passionate people; all vain people, who only to be admired for what they ſay; and e cially all envious and jealous people, which th never fail to be, who are aſpiring and ambitic together with all partial, bigotted, and pre diced people—every one of theſe, I fear, is to be every day a breaker of this Comma ment; and ſo indeed are all, who have not learnt to exerciſe a tender conſcience in w they ſay, and to ſet a guard upon their l even in their hours of relaxation; for let it remembered, that there are many who may intend unjuſtly to prejudice their neighbor's putation, but who, nevertheleſs, by indulg prejudices and fancies, and by being too inac rate in general, in reſpect to truth, are for e caſting unfair blame on ſome character or otl and are contributing largely to encreaſe t quantity of falſe teſtimony which is circulat in the world.

There are ſome perſons who attempt to av the fault of evil ſpeaking, by running into oppoſite extreme; they refuſe to tell the fa which they really know, and which it is imp tant to reveal; and they do this on the moſt ſiſh principle, namely, leſt they ſhould br themſelves into trouble; their cuſtom is to pr every body; and they think, that if they alw *ſpeak handſomely* of others, then others *agree to ſpeak* handſomely of them. We

beware, however, of imagining that theſe are the perſons who pay obedience to this Commandment, and that their ſelfiſh policy, and miſplaced commendations deſerve any praiſe; as well might the witneſs in a court of juſtice, who gives falſe evidence in favor of the perſon accuſed, take credit for his perjury, or the witneſs who refuſes to give evidence at all, take credit for his ſilence, when the public intereſt requires that he ſhould ſpeak out. It is truth and candor, not flattery and falſe praiſe, nor univerſal ſilence, reſpecting the characters of men, which are required by this Commandment.

There are alſo many, who, through their own ignorance of the nature of true goodneſs, are apt to praiſe the moſt irreligious characters; and who are ready to charge every religious perſon with that very prejudice and diſpoſition to falſe teſtimony, which I have been condemning, becauſe he cannot join in the praiſe. But let flatterers of this claſs be told, that all thoſe who are irreligious, are conſidered as wicked, in the word of God, and that (as Solomon has ſaid) "He that juſtifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the juſt, even they both are an abomination to the Lord."

But to return. The practice of tale-bearing is ſo common, and it leads to ſo much falſe teſtimony againſt our neighbors, that I propoſe now to warn my readers, particularly on this head; *and I will do* it, by ſubjoining a few

queſtions, which every one ſhould be prepared to anſwer, before he ventures to repeat any tale to the prejudice of another.

Firſt then, how did you hear the ſtory? From an actual witneſs of the fact, or from one that heard it of another? If it came to you only through the ſecond or third hand, pray ſuſpend a little of your belief, till you have heard the truth more exactly, from a more unqueſtionable authority.

Conſider next how far, even the eye or ear witneſs, who may have told it you, is worthy of credit; whether, for inſtance, he is an enemy of the accuſed, or can have an intereſt in lowering his character; whether he is credulous, or paſſionate, or prejudiced; and whether his memory, in ſome particular, at leaſt, may not have failed him.

Conſider, alſo, whether allowing the whole which has been told you to be true, there may not have been ſomething omitted, that ought to have been added, the addition of which would make a great difference in the general impreſſion.

Conſider well, alſo, whether you yourſelf, in liſtening to your informer, have been quite free from prejudice, and have avoided every error. It is poſſible, that you may innocently have miſtaken ſome doubtful expreſſion; for in every language there are ambiguous words, and what *is ſaid by* the ſpeaker, rather looſely or figu-

ratively, is ſometimes underſtood by the hearer much too literally and ſtrictly.

It may be well to examine alſo, whether, notwithſtanding the authority on which it ſtands, there may not be ſome ſuch contrarieties in different parts of the ſtory, as to render it quite impoſſible. But even if it ſhould be highly improbable; if, for inſtance, it ſhould contain a charge which is contradicted by the general character of the accuſed, a candid man will not be confident in his belief. Endeavor, therefore, in general, to know the character of the accuſed perſon before you ſpread a report to his diſadvantage; and if he is reputed to be religious, be particularly ſuſpicious of the tales againſt him, for the world is apt to revile men of this caſt.

Enquire alſo, whether the perſon charged, has ever been charged to his face. Poſſibly, quite a new light might be thrown on the matter, if the accuſer would but conſent to meet the perſon accuſed, face to face. If you are purpoſing to repeat the ſtory, it is a good general rule, to tell it firſt to the perſon ſuppoſed to be in fault.

And laſtly, ſuppoſing the fact clear, aſk yourſelf what is the uſe of telling it. Be ſure not to tell it from talkativeneſs, or from ſecret envy, or from party prejudice. Undoubtedly, there may be good reaſons for ſpeaking out, eſpecially when the crime is very ſerious. The public ſhould be warned againſt impoſition; the character *of men alſo* ought, in a variety of caſes,

to be made known, and if given at all, it ought, undoubtedly, to be fairly given. Be as tender, however, as you poſſibly can of your neighbor's reputation, and ſpeak againſt him with regret, not with readineſs and ſatisfaction. Say nothing in heat, for if you do, you will exaggerate. And do not let the ſtory ſtand on your own credid, but chooſe rather to let it ſtand on the credit of him who told it you, and be always willing, therefore, (if permitted) to give up your authority.

And now to cloſe this ſubject, let it ever be remembered, that the love of our neighbor is the great thing which is neceſſary, in order to our fulfilling this Commandment. "Love, as was before remarked, is the fulfilling of the law; for this, thou ſhalt not bear falſe witneſs." If men did but love their neighbors as themſelves, they would then be jealous of their neighbor's reputation, juſt in the ſame manner as they now are of their own; and a thouſand rules and inſtructions on this ſubject might be ſpared. We do not commonly ſpread falſe reports againſt our own wife, or child, or ſiſter, or brother; and the reaſon is, that we love our own kindred. Let us then learn to love all men as brethren, and let this Commandment ſend us to that goſpel which ſo ſtrongly inculcates good-will and charity towards our fellow-creatures.

TENTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou ſhalt not covet thy neighbor's houſe, hou ſhalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor iis man ſervant, nor his maid, ſervant, nor his ox, nor his aſs, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's."

Moſt of the other Commandments ſpeak of the outward action, and forbid ſome ſin in the life, but this laſt lays the axe, as it were, to the very root, for it forbids even thoſe covetous deſires which are ſeated in the heart. It is ſaid, "Thou ſhalt not covet any thing which is thy neighbor's." What is it then that we moſt like? The taſte of people differs. One is in danger of coveting his neighbor's money, another, his neighbor's conſequence and power; a third, of coveting the praiſe and honor which he ſees given to another. How apt, eſpecially are many of the poor, to covet all the comforts and ſuppoſed enjoyments of the rich! They have peculiar cauſe to beware of breaking this Commandment. Both rich and poor, however, are apt to covet the poſſeſſion of any thing for which they happen to have a taſte. They no ſooner behold it, than they are ready to cry out, "I wiſh it was mine."

It is melancholy to think how few there are in the world, who are thoroughly contented with their lot. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the married and the unmarried, the *proſperous and the* afflicted, are all of them apt

to have ſome unſatisfied deſire. There is always ſome one thing at leaſt, which is poſſeſſed by our neighbor, and which providence has denied to us, and we are diſpoſed to fix our whole attention on that ſingle point. If we are under no temptation to covet our neighbor's houſe, nor his wife, nor his man ſervant, nor his maid ſervant, yet we covet perhaps ſome ox of his, or ſome aſs, ſome inferior thing or other in which we happen to take delight; and we may poſſibly be as wretched at the thought of not poſſeſſing it, as if we had coveted his whole fortune and eſtate. Thus Ahab, although he was king of all Samaria, being unable to get the little vineyard of Naboth, which would have made him a convenient cabbage garden, "laid him down on his bed and refuſed to eat." Ahab was as unhappy as any poor man in Samaria, who might be at that time envying the king, and coveting the poſſeſſion of his whole kingdom.

Now all this complaining and diſſatisfied ſpirit is forbidden in the tenth Commandment; and the things required by it are, thankfulneſs and contentedneſs of heart, patience under trials, reſignation under afflictions, a mind free from envy and repining, and a ſpirit of ſubmiſſion to the whole will of God. How eminently did St. Paul poſſeſs the temper which I have been deſcribing. "I have learned," ſaid he, "in *whatſoever* ſtate I am, therewith to be content, *for I* know both how to be abaſed, and I know

to abound: every where, and in all things
ı inſtructed, both to be full and to be hungry,
ı to abound and to ſuffer need."

his commandment, as was obſerved before,
ktremely ſtrict, becauſe it applies imme-
ly to the heart. It will effectually convict
y man of being a ſinner, who will pay at-
on to it. We can regulate our actions, per-
, tolerably well; we can maintain our cha-
r; we can do every thing with ſuch an ap-
ance of propriety and exactneſs, that our
w-creatures can hardly diſcern a flaw in us.
which of us duly regulates his heart? To
ıway our thoughts from every forbidding
, to govern well our various affections
deſires, and to fix them always in their due
ees on their lawful and proper objects; to
reſs even the wiſh for what God ſees not
› give; to wait his time, to leave all to
Providence, and to conſider all his appoint-
ts as ever wiſe and good; to purify, in
t, the ſecret ſprings of action, and "to
,," as the Scriptures expreſs it, "every
ination into ſubjection to the obedience of
ſt," this is the great point.

o the heart then, to the heart, and not
ly to the actions of the life, let our atten-
be directed. Thouſands, it is to be feared,
: been ſinners all their days, and have never-
ſs been quite unſuſpicious of their ſinful
, becauſe they have looked no further than
eir *outward* actions, and have never exam-

ined duly into the motives of their conduct, not watched the ſecret motions of their hearts. Through this cauſe they have continued ignorant of God, ignorant of themſelves, and ignorant of that ſalvation which has been provided by the goſpel.

Thus have we endeavored to explain theſe laws of God. And here let me aſk, whether any one can deny the perfect excellency of them. Are they not ſuch as it is fit for God to give, and for man to obey? We have ſhewn that love to God and love to man form the foundation of them all. And yet who can deny that he has diſobeyed them every day? Now it is one great object of theſe laws of God to convince men of their guilt, and thus to prepare them for the grace and mercy of the goſpel. "Curſed," ſays the ſcripture, "is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." But "Chriſt hath redeemed us from the curſe of the law, being made a curſe for us." "The law therefore is our ſchool-maſter to bring us to Chriſt, that we may be juſtified by faith." "By the deeds of the law ſhall no fleſh be juſtified in the ſight of God, for by the law is the knowledge of ſin." But we are "juſtified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jeſus," and thus "we obtain peace with God through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt."

Man, then, is to be conſidered as a criminal *under ſentence* of condemnation. God's righ-

ous law has already condemned him. God, ſvertheleſs, hath "ſo loved the world as to nd his only begotten Son, that whoſoever be-ſveth in him, might not periſh, but have ever-ſting life."

But this faith in Chriſt is ſo far from leading m to neglect that holy law which we have en explaining, that it becomes a new motive obedience; for the Chriſtian now receives, as were, again from the hand of Chriſt, thoſe ne Commandments which were firſt given to an through the hand of Moſes. He receives em from that Saviour who died for him. "If love me," ſaid this merciful Redeemer to s Diſciples, "keep my Commandments." It ould here indeed be obſerved, and it is a point ich has been partly proved already, that the ecepts which are given by Chriſt and his oſtles in the New Teſtament as the rule life for every Chriſtian are, for the moſt rt, the very ſame in ſubſtance, and are ſome-nes expreſſed in the ſame words as the law the ten Commandments, for it is the ob-ct equally of the Old Teſtment and of the ew, to bring back the corrupted heart of an to the love of God and of his neighbor. he Chriſtian, therefore, is one who ſtudies iligently, and obſerves carefully, all the Com-andments of God and of his Saviour: day by ay he exerciſes himſelf in examining his life y them: he brings all his actions, great and *all, and his very* thoughts and deſires, to this

teſt. He prays for grace to walk agreeabl
that will of God, which he finds revealed in
ſeveral parts of the holy Scriptures, and
very knowledge of his redemption conſtrain
heart to obedience. Still, indeed, his beſt
vices are imperfect, and he underſtand
well the great extent of his duty, that he
covers much corruption in himſelf, where
ther man would not at all diſcern it. He th
fore does not truſt in his good works, thoug
is diligent in them, and ſees the neceſſity of
forming them. The language of his heart
be well expreſſed by a quotation from
dicious and eminent divine of the laſt cent
"We can do nothing," ſaid he, "that is me
rious and worthy to be rewarded. God,
deed, doth liberally promiſe whatever per
to a bleſſed life, to as many as ſincerely obe
his law, though they be not exactly able to
it. Wherefore, we acknowledge a dutifu
ceſſity of doing well, but the meritorious
nity of doing well we utterly renounce.
ſee how far we are from the perfect right
neſs of the law: the little fruit which we ha
holineſs is, God knoweth, corrupt and unſo
we put no confidence at all in it; we chall
nothing in the world for it; our continual
to God muſt be, to bear with our infirm
and pardon our offences."

A NEW

CHRISTMAS TRACT;

OR THE

HT WAY OF REJOICING AT CHRISTMAS.

ewing the Reaſons we have for Joy at the Event of our Saviour's Birth.

HERE are two ways of keeping Chriſtmas: e ſeem to keep it much in the ſame way in ch the unbelieving Jews kept their feaſt in or of the calf which they had made. "And made a calf in Horeb in thoſe days, and the ple ſat down to eat and drink, and roſe up to ." But what a ſad ſort of Chriſtianity is I am no enemy to mirth of a proper kind, at proper ſeaſons; but the mirth I now k of, is the mirth of inconſideration and of , and it is often mixed with much looſeneſs onduct and drunkenneſs. Is this, then, the of mirth proper for Chriſtians?

et us ſuppoſe now, that a man was to oſe a church as the place in which he was to ind ſing his jolly ſong, and to drink till he intoxicated, ſurely this would imply that he a perſon of extraordinary wickedneſs. But you will ſay is what no body is ſo bad as to uilty of; *well then,* let us ſuppoſe, that in- *of chooſing a church* as the place, he ſhould

chooſe Chriſtmas as the time for the like acts of riot and drunkenneſs; methinks this muſt imply no ſmall degree of the ſame kind of wickedneſs; for, as he that ſhould get drunk in a church would inſult the church, ſo he that gets drunk at Chriſtmas, which is the ſeaſon for commemorating the birth of Chriſt, inſults Chriſt and his religion

I know it may be ſaid, that thoſe who take theſe liberties at Chriſtmas do not mean to inſult Chriſt, and that they act from inconſideration; to which I anſwer, that they are then very guilty in being ſo inconſiderate; for I would juſt remark by the way, that theſe people, who are ſo very inconſiderate in ſome things, are apt to be very conſiderate in others; for inſtance, they are very conſiderate about their pleaſures, but very inconſiderate about their duty; they are often, perhaps, very conſiderate about this world, always very inconſiderate about eternity; very conſiderate for themſelves, and very little ſo about other people; extremely conſiderate on their own ſide of a bargain, but as inconſiderate about the ſide of the other party; and when they have committed a ſin they are apt to be very conſiderate in finding out excuſes for it, but very inconſiderate in tracing out the guilt and miſchief of their wickedneſs. In ſhort, then, let it be remembered, that inconſideration is often neither more nor leſs than another word for wickedneſs, and that the inconſiderate way of ſpend-

ing Chriſtmas, which has been ſpoken of, is only in other words, the wicked way of ſpending it.

But now let us come to the true way of keeping it. Firſt, then, in order to know how the time of Chriſt's birth ought to be remembered by us, I would obſerve, that it is neceſſary to underſtand well who Chriſt was, and for what purpoſe he came on earth. How abſurd would it be to celebrate the 5th of November, without knowing that, on that day, the Houſes of Parliament were ſaved from fire, and our happy Conſtitution, as well as our Religion, was preſerved to us. Again: how abſurd would it be for any man to celebrate the King's Birthday, or Coronation Day, who did not feel within his heart loyalty and affection towards his ſovereign, and who did not think that any bleſſings were derived from our kingly government.

Let every one, therefore, who wiſhes to ſpend Chriſtmas aright, get acquainted with the benefits which have followed from Chriſt's coming into the world. We will endeavor, now, to ſhew, very ſhortly, what theſe benefits have been. The world, at the time of Chriſt's appearing, was divided into Jews and Gentiles. The word Gentiles ſignifies nations, that is, all the nations except the Jews. Let us ſpeak of the Gentiles firſt, and of the Jews afterwards. The Gentiles were worſhippers of falſe gods, ſome of one kind, and ſome of another. They all, however, agreed in this, that they thought one god as good as another, and no one among them had any

anxiety to bring his neighbor over to his
gion, which is a plain proof that they had
true religion among them; for, whoever is
ſeſſed of true religion, is poſſeſſed of a g
comfort and bleſſing, which he will therefor
glad to convey to other people alſo. It was
cuſtom of ſome of theſe Gentiles to wor
ſtocks and ſtones; others bowed down to li
animals, ſuch as bulls or goats, or lizards;
others paid their ſtupid adoration to the ſun
ſtead of the author of it. Many of them
ſhipped their deceaſed fellow-creatures, and
dead men who were thus turned into gods,
been, in general, ſome of the moſt wicked
abominable of the hman race.

Now this ignorance of the true God was
lowed (as all ignorance of him is apt to be)
great wickedneſs in their practice. They v
"given over on this account (as St. Paul,
inſpired apoſtle declares) to a reprobate mi
to work all uncleanneſs with greedineſs." T
learnt to confound good and evil—vices v
then commonly practiſed, ſuch as are not na
among Chriſtians. Falſe principles, and
maxims of every kind, abounded. Slavery
vailed even in the moſt civilized lands, fo
moſt all ſervants were ſlaves in thoſe days.
earth was filled with violence. He that
killed the greateſt number of his fellow-creat
got uſually the greateſt praiſe. Wars were
ried on with dreadful ferocity, and multitu
were maſſacred at the public games, in ba

fought for the amuſement of the people. Humanity, kindneſs, and benevolence, were made no account of; and ſuch a thing as an hoſpital was not known. Revenge was both practiſed and recommended; and thoſe excellent Chriſtian graces, humility, univerſal charity, and forgiveneſs of injuries, were conſidered as weakneſſes and faults. I ſhudder to think of the dreadful ſtate of mankind in thoſe days. God grant that the ſame evils may never return. They are the natural conſequences of being without Chriſtianity in the world; for, when Chriſtianity is gone, there is no rule to go by. Every man may then ſet up a falſe goodneſs of his own. Morals, of courſe, grow worſe and worſe; a fierce and proud ſpirit comes in the place of Chriſtian meekneſs and benevolence, and claims the name of virtue; and the Saviour of the world, with all his works of mercy, being forgot, man becomes cruel, and unjuſt, and ſelfiſh, and implacable, and unmerciful, for all the violent paſſions of our nature are let looſe.

If we enquire alſo into the character of the Jews, who lived before the coming of our Saviour, we ſhall find them to have been deplorably corrupt, though they expected his coming, and were, in ſome meaſure, acquainted with true religion. The little knowledge which they had, ſeems to have been perverted, through the wickedneſs of their hearts; and, in ſhort, the ſcriptures aſſure us, that "both Jews and Gentiles were all under ſin." Such was the ſtate into

which the world was ſunk before the time of our Saviour's appearance in it.

Let us deſcribe, next, who Chriſt was, and what were the conſequences of his coming. He is called in ſcripture "the Son of God;" and in ſome places, "God's only Son;" which ſhews that there is no other being like unto him. We know that a ſon, by his very birth, derives privileges from his father which belong to no other perſon; that he partakes in the ſame rank and inheritance with his father; and that he poſſeſſes alſo, in an eſpecial manner, his father's favor, and altogether differs from a ſtranger or a ſervant. Chriſt, then, is to be conſidered, in all ſuch ſenſes as theſe, as the Son of God. It is true, he is called alſo the Son of Man, for he was born of a woman (namely of the Virgin Mary,) and he took upon him our nature, dwelling on earth for thirty years. We ſhould take great care, however, that his appearance among us, as a man, does not lead us to form any low and unworthy notions of him. Suppoſe now that the ſon of a king was to travel in the dreſs of a private ſubject, on ſome merciful and condeſcending errand, to a diſtant and obſcure part of his territory, ſurely it would be very ungenerous and ungrateful, if the poor villagers, whom he came to ſerve, were to deny him the honors of a king's ſon, merely becauſe they could not believe that ſo great a perſon could ſtoop ſo low as *to come* among them, eſpecially if he brought *proofs of his* power and greatneſs along with him.

Juſt ſo, methinks, are all thoſe perſons ungenerous and ungrateful, who refuſe to Chriſt that divine honor which belongs to him, merely becauſe he condeſcended to be made fleſh and blood, and to dwell among us. Let us, then, receive, with ſimplicity and humility, the ſcripture teſtimony concerning him. It ſpeaks of him in terms that are quite aſtoniſhing. "His name," ſays the prophet, foretelling of his birth, "ſhall be called Wonderful, Counſeller, the Mighty God, the Everlaſting Father, the Prince of Peace, and the government ſhall be on his ſhoulders." The evangeliſt John tells us, that "the Word (meaning Chriſt) was with God, and the Word was God."—"By him," it is ſaid, in the Hebrews, "God made the world;" and again, "let all the angels of God worſhip him. All power has been given him, both in heaven and earth, and God hath committed all judgment to the Son."—"The hour alſo cometh when they that are in their graves ſhall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and ſhall come forth, they that have done good to the reſurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the reſurrection of damnation."

Such are a few of the expreſſions uſed in ſcripture concerning Chriſt. Let us learn from theſe to adore his Divine Majeſty, and truſt his power, as well as to fear his wrath, and to account him able to fulfil all the purpoſes of his coming.

But let us next deſcribe what theſe purpoſes were: it *may be ſaid in* general, that "it was

for us men, and for our ſalvation, that he
down from heaven;" or, as the ſcriptur
preſſes it, " the Son of man came to ſeel
to ſave that which was loſt, and to give h
a ranſom for many.

The world, as hath been already ſhewn
ſunk in ſin, and not in ſin only, but in cor
nation alſo. Ever ſince the fall of our fir
rent Adam, man had become a ſinful cre
" But as in Adam all had died, ſo now in
were all (that is, all who would receive hi
be made alive." Chriſt, then, was the ſ
Adam: as Adam was the deſtroyer, ſo
was the reſtorer of our race. The devil,
is called the Prince of Darkneſs, has, w
told in ſcripture, become the god and the
of this world. Chriſt, therefore, came in
world as a conqueror comes to recover a
pire that was loſt, and to bring back the
to their obedience, and to happineſs. He
to overthrow that kingdom of darkneſs w
through the power of the devil and the
ruption of man, had been ſet up. " Fo
purpoſe the Son of God was manifeſted, t
might deſtroy the works of the devil."
came " to redeem us from all iniquity, a
purify unto himſelf a peculiar people, ze
of good works."

But how does Chriſt fulfil his purpoſe o
livering us? Firſt, I would obſerve, th
lived a moſt holy life, hereby ſetting befo
an example that we ſhould tread in his

He went about doing good; never was any one ſo kind and gracious to all who came to him, as Jeſus Chriſt. I would here obſere alſo, that he preached the goſpel to mankind; he told us what we muſt believe and do, in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Through him alſo, the holy ſpirit of God is granted to us. And, to crown all, he died for us. He was nailed to the croſs, and ſuffered a cruel death for our ſakes, bearing the wrath of God in our ſtead. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and ſent his ſon to be the propitiation for our ſins." Chriſt is that lamb of God "which has been offered up as a ſacrifice," and "which taketh away the ſins of the world." Now then, let us rejoice, and ſay triumphantly with the prophet of old, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a child is given."—"Behold, (ſaid the angels) I bring you glad tidings of great joy; for unto you is born, this day, a Saviour, which is Chriſt the Lord."—"Glory be to God in the higheſt, on earth peace, good-will towards men."

Oh! how many thouſands have had reaſon to bleſs the ſeaſon which we are now commemorating—the ſeaſon of the birth of Jeſus Chriſt! The world, it is true, is ſtill wicked, for there are many who do not believe in this Saviour; and there are not a few who think they believe in him, and who do not. Nevertheleſs, even the world in general has been the better for his coming, for the thick darkneſs is paſt, and the

true light now ſhineth. Through Chriſt's coming, iniquity has been leſſened, even among unbelievers; for the real Chriſtans, though few, have held up to view the nature of true goodneſs, and even bad men have, in ſome meaſure, been conſtrained to imitate them; they have alſo grown more aſhamed than they otherwiſe would have been of their vices.

But who can calculate the bleſſing which Chriſtianity hath been to thouſands of true believers? How many lives have been made holy here on earth; how many hearts have been cheered and comforted by it; how many deaths, which would otherwiſe have been moſt gloomy, have been rendered joyful and triumphant; and above all, how many immortal ſouls have been ſaved, and made happy to all eternity, through faith in this bleſſed Redeemer! "My ſheep," ſays Chriſt, "hear my voice, and they follow me, and I give unto my ſheep eternal life; and they ſhall never periſh, neither ſhall any pluck them out of my hands."—"I go to prepare a place for them, that where I am they may be alſo."

And now, reader, what are your thoughts on the ſubject of our Saviour's appearance on this earth of ours? If you are a true Chriſtian, your language will be ſuch as the following: "It is through the coming of Chriſt into the world, that I have learned to know myſelf, and to *know* the God who made me. I am by nature *blind and ignorant*; I am alſo ſinful and un-

done; I am utterly without hope, except through the mercy of my Saviour; and even though I have been born in a Chriſtian land, I can trace back, in my recollection, many proofs of this my natural ignorance, and corruption, and hardneſs of heart. I was once like a ſheep going aſtray, but I am now returned to the ſhepherd of my ſoul. I followed the bent of my own fooliſh will, but the grace of God in Jeſus Chriſt hath changed my ſinful heart; the knowledge of my corruption has humbled me; the thought of my Saviour's dying for me has ſtirred up divine gratitude within me, and that acquaintance with his goſpel which I have gained, hath changed my whole views of life. Chriſt's character delights me; I read the hiſtory of his humble birth, his painful death, and his glorious reſurrection, as it is recorded in ſcripture, with hope and joy, and with holy confidence and truſt. How ſhall I ſufficiently bleſs God for Jeſus Chriſt! Whatever change has been wrought in me, I trace to Chriſt's coming into the world. If Chriſt had never come, how corrupt ſhould I at this moment have been, how blind, how dark, how ignorant, how different from what, through the grace of God, I now am! How miſerable, in compariſon of my preſent happineſs! I am engaged, indeed, in a ſharp conflict with my ſins; but through my Saviour's help, I hope to gain ground againſt them. I have occaſionally, doubts *and fears, but,* in general, I feel confident *that the promiſes* of God are ſure and cer-

tain in Chriſt Jeſus; for I know in whom I ha believed, and I am perſuaded that he is able keep that ſoul which I have committed to hi till the great day."

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature ſing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their ſongs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plain
Repeat the ſounding joy.

No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow
Far as the curſe is found.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell,
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

Bleſt be the Lord who ſent his Son
To take our fleſh and blood,
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honor'd all his Father's laws,
  Which we have diſobey'd;
He bore our ſins upon the croſs,
  And our full ranſom paid.

Behold him riſing from the grave;
  Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit there, to ſave
  Tranſgreſſors, doom'd to die.

Soon ſhall the Lord to judgment come,
  And with a ſovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
  And bid his ſaints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
  Before the judge's face
And with the bleſs'd aſſembly there
  Sing his redeeming grace.

THE

CONVERSION

OF

St. PAUL THE APOSTLE.

PAUL was one of the chief apoſtles. The greater part of the epiſtles of the New Teſtament were written by him, and it is therefore well worth the while of every Chriſtian, to beſtow ſome pains in conſidering both his character and his wonderful hiſtory.

In order, properly, to introduce the preſent ſubject of Paul's Converſion, it is neceſſary firſt to ſay ſomething of the ancient prophecies concerning Chriſt, by which means we ſhall ſhew the good reaſon which Paul had for believing in him at the time when he appeared.

The Old Teſtament prophecies of our Saviour are many; for his appearance on earth was an event of vaſt importance; and it is no wonder, therefore, that early notice of it was given in the ſacred writings. In the beginning of the world, when our firſt parents had ſinned, the ſentence of death immediately paſſed upon them, but no ſooner was this curſe pronounced, than the merciful promiſe was alſo given, that "the ſeed of the woman ſhould bruiſe the ſerpent's *head;*" a promiſe which related to Chriſt, though as yet dark and myſterious, and which was in-

tended to excite, even from the firſt, man's humble faith and truſt. As the age of the world advanced, the promiſe grew brighter and brighter. It was ſaid to Abraham, "In thy ſeed ſhall all the nations of the earth be bleſſed:" and ſoon afterwards, it was added, "In Iſaac ſhall thy ſeed he bleſſed." From time to time the promiſe was renewed, "there was to be a root of Jeſſe that was to reign over the Gentiles, and in him ſhould the Gentiles truſt:" and again, it was ſtill more deſtinctly ſaid, "Behold a virgin ſhall conceive, and ſhall bear a ſon, and ſhall call his name Emanuel," (or God with us.) And again, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a ſon is given, and his name ſhall be called Wonderful, Counſellor, the Mighty God, the Everlaſting Father, the Prince of Peace." In the 53d of Iſaiah, all the particulars of his coming are mentioned; "He was to be deſpiſed and rejected of men; he was to bear our griefs, and carry our infirmities; he was to be brought as a lamb to the ſlaughter, and as a ſheep before the ſhearers is dumb, ſo he was not to open his mouth; and he was alſo to make his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death." And now the long-expected Saviour, "the deſire of all nations," appears. Prophecy is fulfilled, for his birth and parentage agree with the declarations made concerning him by the prophets. Miracles alſo are performed by him, and in the very manner which had been foretold—"the *blind receive their ſight*, the lame walk, the le-

pers are cleanſed, the deaf hear, the dead are raiſed up, and the poor have the goſpel preached unto them." Every divine virtue appears alſo in his character, and divine truth drops from his lips. He now calls together his apoſtles, to whom ſeventy diſciples are added. An infant church is formed, the ſeed of that great Chriſtian Church which was to follow. The proofs that Jeſus Chriſt was ſent down from God are encreaſed, and every day affords ſome freſh evidence in favor of chriſtianity. It is the cauſe of God, and it prevails. "The world," ſay the Phariſees, "are gone after him." "Hoſannah to the ſon of David; Hoſannah in the higheſt." And now the twelve are ſent forth expreſsly to preach the goſpel, and to declare the coming of Chriſt.

But where is Paul the Apoſtle? Is not he alſo among the twelve? No, it is remarkable, that in reading through the four evangeliſts, we do not ſo much as find any mention of his name. Surely, then, he muſt have been ignorant that Jeſus was born, and that the promiſed Saviour was come. He muſt have dwelt in ſome diſtant corner of the land, in ſome village, to which the fame of Chriſt had happened not yet to reach. —No, he was of Turſus, a neighboring city of Galicia, and he dwelt even in Jeruſalem. But ſurely, then Paul muſt have been ſome heathen, who was unacquainted with the Old Teſtament *prophecies;* ſome creature of Cæſar, engaged *in mere affairs* of ſtate, who could know no-

thing of the Jewiſh Meſſiah. No, he was a Jew, and even one of the Phariſees, who were the ſtricteſt ſect of the Jews; he was "bred alſo at the feet of Gamaliel."—Perhaps, then, he was examining the Old Teſtament evidence, or he was obſerving the character and the actions of the Meſſiah, that he might know whether this was truly the Son of God. But at length Chriſt is crucified, and now many additional prophecies are fulfilled; for it was written, "That Chriſt ſhould ſuffer." "The ſoldiers alſo part his garments among them, and for his veſture they caſt lots." He riſes alſo from the grave, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled.—"He breaks the bonds of death aſunder, becauſe it was not poſſible for him to be holden of them." And now alſo we read that he ſhews himſelf to a variety of perſons; at one time "to Cephas, then to the twelve;" and then his reſurrection is made manifeſt, for he appears "to five hundred brethren at once." Does Paul come forward now, and own he is convinced? Oh, no; the Apoſtles go forth, Paul alone excepted, and the diſciples "go forth," on every ſide, and "with great power give they witneſs of the reſurrection of Chriſt from the dead." Behold the Saviour, having finiſhed his work, aſcending triumphantly into heaven, while *a cloud receives him out of their ſight.* After this event, ſurely, every one muſt believe. *After this event,* Peter, even Peter who had *denied his Lord,* waxes bold in the very pre-

ſence of his murderers; unbelieving Tho
having long before been conſtrained to cry
"My Lord and my God." Now too, the f
of Chriſtians begins to gather itſelf together,
at length "the day of Penticoſt is fully cor
"three thouſand are added to the church on
day, of ſuch as ſhall be ſaved." The gi
tongues is beſtowed, and the apoſtles, "ha
tarried at Jeruſalem for the promiſe of the ſp
go forth on every ſide, having received po
from on high, the Lord alſo confirming the
with ſigns following."

But where, I ſay again, is Paul of Tar
Is he not now joined to the apoſtles? Is he
now a convert to the cauſe of Chriſt?—No
is remarkable, on the contrary, that the
time when we read of him, is on the even
Stephen's being ſtoned to death; for it is ſa
Paul on that occaſion, "that he kept the
ment of them that ſlew him." Are you not
aſtoniſhed at this wicked Paul, at this Jew,
Phariſee, this Hebrew of the Hebrews,
Doctor and Teacher in Iſrael, that he ſhoul
ſeen holding the clothes of thoſe who were
ing Stephen, for Stephen was a preache
Chriſt, a preacher of Paul's own Meſſiah.—
let us next obſerve Paul beginning to "bre
out ſlaughter againſt the Chriſtians," and appl
to the chief prieſts for "authority to bind
Chriſtians and put them to death." It uſu
happens, whenever the goſpel is made kn
that a certain time is afforded for laying

the great evidences and doctrines of it; and if theſe are neglected, and the ordinary time is paſſed, I believe it often comes to paſs, that great hardneſs of heart follows, and that the unbeliever then is not an unbeliever only, but perhaps alſo a hinderer of the goſpel, nay, a perſecutor even, and injurious. Paul had now had the full opportunity of thus examining the truth of Chriſtianity; he had been in the way of hearing much of Chriſt, and he might, if he pleaſed, have ſatisfied himſelf of the reality of his reſurrection; nay, he had ſeen the martyr Stephen die in this very faith, and had himſelf "beheld his face ſhine like that of an angel;" but Paul had ſmothered his convictions; pride and prejudice, and many angry paſſions, conceit of his own wiſdom, truſt in his own righteouſneſs, and confidence in his own religious opinions, together with bigotry to his ſect; theſe cauſes, or cauſes like theſe, diſguiſing themſelves under the ſacred name of religion, hurried him even into the hotteſt perſecutions, "for he verily thought that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jeſus of Nazareth, and he perſecuted the believers in Chriſt, even unto death, binding and delivering into priſon, both men and women, puniſhing them alſo in every city, and giving his voice againſt them, and being exceedingly mad againſt them, he compelled them to blaſpheme." And now what *ſhall we ſay? Can your patience any longer bear with this unworthy* Jew? Are you not

ready to grow mad yourſelves at the madneſs of this horrible perſecutor?—"But God's ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts." Paul is ſtruck to the ground as he is going on one of theſe bloody errands to Damaſcus. But in what way is he ſtruck? Is it then in vengeance? Is it with a thunderbolt, ſo as never to riſe again? Is he doomed never to lift up his eyes any more, except "in hell, being in torments?" No; the time which I am now to ſpeak of, is the time when, as he thankfully expreſſes it in one of his epiſtles, he is permitted *to ſee Jeſus.* "Suddenly there appeared a light in the firmament, above the brightneſs of the Sun, and a voice from heaven ſaying, Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me! And he ſaid, who art thou, Lord? and he ſaid, I am Jeſus, whom thou perſecuteſt. It is hard for thee to kick againſt the pricks. And he ſaid, Lord, what ſhall I do? And the voice ſaid, ariſe, and ſtand upon thy feet, for I have appointed thee to be a choſen veſſel to go unto the people and to the Gentiles, to whom I now ſend thee, to open their eyes, and to bring them from darkneſs to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and to give them an inheritance among them that are ſanctified through faith that is in me."

We know from the ſcriptures what were the *conſequences* of this wonderful Converſion of *St. Paul.* He was numbered from this time among the apoſtles of Chriſt, and though in o

ſenſe he conſidered himſelf as "the leaſt" of them all, and as not even "meet to be called an apoſtle, becauſe he had perſecuted the church of God;" yet he tells us, nevertheleſs, that in point of apoſtolic rank and authority, he was "not a whit behind the chiefeſt of them;" and he alſo "labored more abundantly than they all," every where ſuffering the moſt cruel perſecution from his old friends the Jews, and every where "preaching that faith which once he deſtroyed."

And now, what are we to learn from this extraordinary ſtory?—In the firſt place it appears to me, that we may gain from it a very ſtrong argument in favor of the general truth of Chriſtianity.

It is fair, I think, when any one quits his party, and goes over to the contrary ſide, to allow that he does it honeſtly, and on conviction, provided it is plain, he has no reaſon to expect to gain any thing by the change. Now Paul had nothing to gain; on the contrary he had much to loſe by becoming a Chriſtian; and it is therefore reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that he was very ſincere as to his converſion. In general, it muſt be a large bribe that muſt tempt a man to bear the reproach and mortification which follow him when he goes over from his party. But what was the bribe offered to Paul? What in the world could he gain by his converſion? Could he get by it, either wealth or honor, or eaſe, *or earthly ſatisfaction*? No, he well knew that he

was now likely rather to ſacrifice his wealth and all his worldly honor, that he was now about to bid adieu to eaſe and every earthly comfort and enjoyment; he well knew that all his beſt and deareſt friends were now about to turn againſt him, and that as he had once perſecuted others, ſo now he was about to ſuffer the moſt bitter perſecution in his turn. "For this cauſe," ſays he, in one place, "the Jews ſought to ſtone me!" and no wonder, for who is there whom, in general, people are more ready to ſtone than a deſerter from their own party? Were not all the other apoſtles alſo at this time expoſed to a variety of ſufferings? Had not Chriſt himſelf been crucified? And had not Paul, therefore, every reaſon to expect the ſame "great fight of affiictions," whenever he ſhould profeſs himſelf converted into an apoſtle. Accordingly we find him afterwards giving the following deſcription of himſelf:—He was ſtoned, he was beaten with rods, twice he ſuffered ſhipwreck; he was perſecuted from city to city; he was in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of his own countrymen, in perils by falſe brethren, in perils of the ſea, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderneſs, in wearineſs and painfulneſs, in watching often, in cold and nakedneſs." Such was his treatment now he was become a Chriſtian; and let us juſt aſk alſo, how did he bear it? "Being defamed," ſays he, "*we entreat*; being perſecuted, we ſuffer it." "*We* are accounted the very filth of the earth,

e offſcouring of all things to this day."—
: none of theſe things move me, neither
I my life dear unto myſelf, ſo that I may
ny courſe with joy, and the miniſtry which
: received of the Lord Jeſus, to teſtify the
of the grace of God." When we con-
urther how every temper of Paul's mind
ſo changed, how the lion was turned into
b, and how he, who had been once a
utor, became "gentle and affectionate
; his people, even as a nurſe cheriſheth her
en;" ſurely, it muſt be owned, that we
in Paul a ſtriking evidence, both of the
and alſo of the excellence of Chriſtianity.
I think we may gain from the fame ſtory
Paul's converſion, a conſiderable degree
ght into ſome of the chriſtian doctrines; I
for inſtance, that we may learn ſomething
: ſovereignty and power of God, and of
g forbearance and forgiveneſs, and of the
ling riches of his grace in Jeſus Chriſt.
e opinion of ſome who have never attend-
the peculiar doctrines of the goſpel, that
man is ſaved by the merit of his own
, and by uſing merely his own natural
and ſtrength, and not by any act of par-
or by any ſpecial help or grace of the Al-
y. Now how remarkable does the ſtory

done, in order to induce God to ſtop him on his way to Damaſcus? The caſe is a very ſtriking one in this view. Paul was breathing ſlaughter at the very time when the voice from heaven ſpoke to him; "Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me!" Theſe words imply that he was at that moment perſecuting Chriſt. God in this caſe, very evidently exerted his own ſovereign power, and beſtowed freely on Paul, the moſt unmerited grace, in agreement indeed with thoſe other paſſages of ſcripture. "For I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compaſſion on whom I will have compaſſion; ſo then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that ſheweth mercy." In like manner, God is ſaid to have "ſaved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpoſe and grace." But we obſerved alſo, that the long forbearance and forgiveneſs of God, are here remarkably manifeſt: Paul was intended to ſerve as an eminent and moſt encouraging example to the believers of all ages in this reſpect. "For this cauſe," ſays he, "I obtained mercy, that in me firſt, Jeſus Chriſt might ſhew forth all long-ſuffering, for a pattern to them which ſhould hereafter believe on him to life everlaſting." It was by this deep ſenſe of his guilt, and by the remembrance of his own infinite obligations, that Paul was now *qualified* for his work. When he went about *preaching* to the Gentiles, if he had to encou-

: any poor deſpairing ſinner among them to
:nt, "Unto me," he could now ſay, "who
once a perſecutor and injurious—Unto me,
I am leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints, is this
:e given, that I ſhould preach among the
ıtiles, the unſearchable riches of Chriſt."
'or this is a faithful ſaying, and worthy of all
:ptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the
ld to ſave ſinners, of whom I am chief."
lut there is alſo a bad uſe which may poſſibly
ıade of this ſtory of Paul's converſion. Weak
ı, I believe, have ſometimes taken occaſion
n it to confirm themſelves in their errors, and
ıed men in their ſins. Some enthuſiaſts, for
ınce, have been diſpoſed to fancy that they
may be converted like Paul by a voice from
ven, or at leaſt by ſome impreſſion that would
rly amount to the ſame thing. To ſuch per-
s I reply, what then, do you imagine the caſe
Paul to be quite a common one? Paul him-
did not ſo conſider it. He often ſtood
ınıſhed at the ſtrangeneſs of it. "I am as
," ſaid he, "born out of due time." He
s compares himſelf to a perſon, whoſe birth
been quite out of the common courſe, and
loubtedly, both in the lateneſs and in the
ınner of his converſion, his caſe is a direct
eption to that of moſt Chriſtians, who were
ıer to come after him or had gone before
ı. In fact, the converſion of Paul was neither
re nor leſs than a miracle, and we might as
I expect all the other kind of miracles which

were wrought on the bodies of men in the time of Chriſt to be repeated in our days, as expect to ſee miracles again wrought in order to the converſion of mens' ſouls.

But wicked men, I alſo remarked, may perhaps take occaſion from this ſtory, to encourage themſelves in their ſins. "True, ſay they, we cannot convert ourſelves, it belongs to God alone to convert us; and we will therefore ſit ſtill and wait, or in other words, we will continue in ſin (for waiting is ſinning in the caſe of theſe people) until God ſhall ſtop us in our mad career, as he did Paul in his way to Damaſcus. Where, ſay they, is the uſe of diligence and labor, or of reading the ſcriptures, or of any of the means of grace? God can ſave us without theſe. We live in hopes, that he will convert us ſome day or other, as he did Paul, while we are not thinking of it; and though to be ſure we remain in the mean time in our ſins, and in the groſs neglect of the proper means of our ſalvation, yet we plead the great apoſtle Paul for our example." You plead the apoſtle Paul's example, do you? or rather you plead the example of Paul *before* he was an apoſtle, and when he was yet unconverted. Well then, if you plead his example at all, you may as well plead it to the full extent to which this plea can be carried. Now Paul not only ſinned in the common way, and neglected the proper means *of his* ſalvation as you do, but he did what was *ſtill worſe*; he was even a blaſphemer of Chriſt.

and a perſecutor and injurious." Go then, I ſay, ſince you plead the example of Paul, and follow the example throughout. Go then, and blaſpheme Chriſt as he did. Go, perſecute the preſent followers of Jeſus. Go and hunt them out as he did in every city, and bind them, both men and women, and then put them to death, Oh, no; you are afraid of venturing any ſuch length in wickedneſs as this.—But Remember, my deluded reader, that your plea, if it will warrant you in any one treſpaſs againſt God, will warrant you even in this. Remember, that whoſoever at any time encourages himſelf, even in the ſmalleſt ſin, either of omiſſion or commiſſion, by unconverted Paul's example, may, on the very ſame principle, encourage himſelf even in the greateſt. Be afraid, therefore, to tread on this dangerous ground. Let not ſuch kind of arguments, as I have ſuppoſed you to uſe, be endured even for a moment, but conſider them as the moſt complete perverſions of the goſpel, and as ſome of the worſt temptations of the devil.

This leads me to addreſs to you another obſervation on the ſame ſubject. God was pleaſed to convert Paul, as I apprehend, not as your argument has ſuppoſed, *becauſe* he was a ſinner, but *although* he was a ſinner, Paul's ſin did not invite God's grace, it only did not hinder it: nay, if his ſin, which was great, already, had riſen to be ſomewhat greater, we are not without reaſon for ſuppoſing that the ſame mercy would *not have been* extended to him. "But

I obtained mercy," ſays Paul, " becauſe I d ignorantly and in unbelief." This obſerva of Paul ſeems to imply that if the crime committed had alſo been committed knowi and wilfully, ſuch would then have been th gravation of them, that poſſibly they woulc have been pardoned.

And now, reader, you may trace in thi ſpect, perhaps, an important diſtinction bet his caſe and yours. Paul ſinned ignorantly, you are for ſinning wilfully, for ſo your argument ſuppoſes. Paul " obtained merc cauſe he did it in mere ignorance and unbel you, perhaps, may *not* obtain mercy, becau to the evil you do, you do it not ignorantly with your eyes open; nay let me add, tha very plea which you uſe of being encourag your ſloth or ſin, by the free grace and mer the goſpel, is itſelf the greateſt aggravatic your guilt: the very excuſe you uſe rer your caſe dreadful, and who knows, wheth the ſame excuſe is perſiſted in, your caſe not thereby be rendered deſperate!

To ſum up all in a few words, the fair count of the whole matter ſeems to be this. was a great oppoſer of the goſpel, and th fore a great ſinner. His ignorance and u lief, which led him into this oppoſition, wer doubtedly criminal, for he might have kn better if he would, nevertheleſs, they affo *ſome ſmall* palliation of his guilt. God, o *whole*, for the ſake of his own purpoſes, an

on account of any merit in Paul, for there is never any merit in man, was pleaſed to convert this perſecutor by the power of his grace, and to convert him even by a miracle, for God, as it evidently appears by the ſucceeding part of Paul's hiſtory, had great ends to fulfil by means of this extraordinary convert. One of theſe ends was, that a ſtriking proof might thus be given of the truth of that new religion which the world in general, and which the Jews eſpecially, were ſo ill prepared to believe: and another end was, in order that a clear manifeſtation might be made of the ſovereignty and power of God, and of the exceeding riches of his grace, which nothing, perhaps, would ſhew forth more effectually than the converſion of this unworthy Jew into an apoſtle. Theſe, as has been already obſerved, ſeem to be ſome of the great points which the ſtory of Paul's Converſion is calculated to prove. It is calculated to prove (let it be carefully remembered) that God *ſometimes may*, and that he *always can*, convert even the moſt notorious ſinners, and even in the very midſt of their wickedneſs, but not that he *always*, no, nor even that he *often* will; ſtill leſs does it prove, that God will convert any one again by a miracle. God works ordinarily by means, and he himſelf has expreſsly appointed, in the caſe of Chriſtianity, what ſhall be his means. Theſe are the preaching of the goſpel, (for which end this very Paul was ſent forth) the reading of the ſcriptures, and the various other helps to ſalva-

tion with which men, according to their ſeveral circumſtances, are favored. If we neglect theſe, I grant it is ſtill not impoſſible (as Paul's ſtory ſhews) that God may, in ſome extraordinary way, convert us; I inſiſt, however, that it is highly improbable that he will do ſo, and the more ſin we commit, the leſs likely ſhould we conſider our converſion to be juſt as we ſee that in the caſe of Paul, the addition of the ſin of wilfulneſs to his other crimes might have proved an aggravation that would have put him beyond the hope of mercy. We read of one dying thief who repented on the croſs, and was certainly ſaved; but the ſcriptures name no other inſtance of any thing like a real and availing death-bed repentance. We are thus taught, that no dying ſinner ſhould harden his heart through deſpair, and yet that no living ſinner ſhould preſume on God's giving him grace to repent in his laſt hours. We read, in like manner, of only one Paul who was converted by means of a voice from heaven, or while he was breathing ſlaughter againſt the Chriſtians; but, on the other hand, when the apoſtles and diſciples were regularly met together, and "were all with one accord in one place," at the time of Penticoſt, we are told that the numbers converted even in one day were *three thouſand*, for God was pleaſed to give his peculiar bleſſing on this firſt inſtance of the public preaching of the *apoſtles by* an extraordinary effuſion of his Holy *Spirit*.

Whenever we apply ourſelves, therefore, to the ſtory of Paul's Converſion, let us bring with us an honeſt mind. We may, if we pleaſe, "wreſt this," as well as other parts of ſcripture, "to our own deſtruction;" but we may alſo draw from it, if we are ſo diſpoſed, the ſtrongeſt confirmation of our faith, and the greateſt encouragement to repent of our ſins, and to put confidence in our Saviour's mercy.

THE

JUDGMENT DAY.

OF all the ſubjects in religion there is none more deeply intereſting than that of the general judgment. That ſome ſort of day of reckoning will come upon the world, is what few men, I believe, have ever doubted, for it is a very natural perſuaſion. Some new philoſophers, indeed, have attempted to teach people to the contrary, but ſurely it is hard to believe that there will be one event to the righteous and to the wicked, and that the groſſeſt ſinner and the pureſt ſaint, the man who has indulged himſelf without caring how much he hurt his fellow-creatures, and he who has both done and ſuffered much in order to do them good, ſhall each, when they die, be placed in the very ſame circumſtances by God. No; we all are apt to *agree in the general* belief, that there will come

a day of judgment; the point in which we diff is, the particular mode in which the Almigh will deal with us when we are brought to tri and the ſort of preparation for it which is n ceſſary. Even thoſe who profeſs themſelv Chriſtians, vary much from one another in t particular, for we have all our own opinions a prepoſſeſſions; and though we think that we b lieve the Bible, yet in fact, we all, more leſs, invent a day of judgment of our own, i ſtead of ſeeking light from the revealed word God.

It is the deſign, therefore, of the preſent tra not to attempt either to intereſt the feelings, to alarm the fears of the reader, by repreſenti to him ſuch a day of judgment as the write own imagination might paint, but rather to c leſt together what ſcripture hath ſaid on t ſubject. All human ſpeculations will be avoide and nothing will be introduced which may te to lead the mind into uncertainties, for the gr point is to know what we really have to expe

"It is appointed unto all men," ſays the ſcri ture, "once to die, and after death the juc ment." What then is the dature of this judgmen There is no doubt, I think, that ſome trial undergone immediately after death, and t a ſuitable ſtate of happineſs or of miſery is a pointed for every one as ſoon as he leaves t earth. "This day," ſaid our Saviour to t *penitent* thief, "thou ſhalt be with me in Par *diſe.*" But what is here meant to be ſpoken

rather that public and univerſal judgment ich we are taught to expect at the final con- nmation of all things, in which God will ma- eſt his mode of dealing with his creatures ore his holy angels, and before all the aſ- nbled world.

The ſcriptures have given us many very in notices of what is to take place on this at day, and of the rules by which God will lge us; and it is worthy of remark, that what ſcriptures teach is very agreeable to what, if r minds were free from all corrupt bias, we ght naturally ſuppoſe to be the dealings of a y wiſe and merciful, and at the ſame time, a very righteous and holy God.

In the firſt place, then, I would obſerve, that ſcriptures declare it to be an univerſal truth, t "GOD SHALL JUDGE EVERY MAN AC- RDING TO HIS WORKS" Jews and Gentiles, n of every age of the world, and of every t; men of every language and nation ſhall "judged, every man according to his works, there is no reſpect to perſons before God." oſe, indeed, "who have been without law," t is, thoſe who have not had the ſcriptures en them, "and who have ſinned without ," it is ſaid in the Romans, "ſhall alſo periſh hout law," while thoſe it is added, "who ve ſinned in the law ſhall be Judged by the ." Chriſt, we may take occaſion here to nark, is ordained by God to judge us in this nner, "*for he hath* appointed a day in which

he will judge the world in righteouſneſs by that man whom he hath ordained;" and again it is ſaid, "for we all muſt appear before the judgment ſeat of Chriſt, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether they be good or whether they be evil."

That we are all to be judged according to our works, is a plain and obvious firſt principle of religion; the ſcriptures, nevertheleſs, again and again, repeat this truth in our ears: they do ſo, in order, no doubt, to ground us in it thoroughly, and to prevent our ſo miſunderſtanding any of the Chriſtian doctrines, as to think they juſtify us in departing from this fundamental truth. Thus, for inſtance, it is ſaid again, "To them, who by patient continuance in well-doing ſeek for glory, honor, and immortality, he ſhall render eternal life; but unto them that are contentious (that is, as I ſuppoſe, contentious againſt God) and obey not the truth, but obey unrighteouſneſs, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguiſh on every ſoul of man that doeth evil, to the Jew firſt, and alſo to the Gentile." "And I ſaw the dead," ſays St. John, "ſmall and great ſtand before God, and the books were opened, and the ſea gave up the dead that were in it, and Death and Hell (that is the place of departed ſpirits) gave up the dead that were in them, and they were judged, every *man* according to his works."

When our Saviour ſpeaks of falſe pretenders

gion, he recommends it to us to follow ame rule of judging, by which his own ct will be guided on the great day. "Ye know them," ſays he, "by their fruits; :n gather grapes of thorns, or figs of s?" While of his true diſciples he ſays, ıve ordained you that ye ſhould go forth :ar much fruit." We will only quote one e more with a view to this point. "Mar- ot," ſays the Saviour of the world in er place, "for the hour cometh in which ıt are in their graves will come forth, they ıve done good to the reſurrection of life, ıey that have done evil, to the reſurrection nnation."

e ſhall have now to requeſt the reader's :areful attention while we proceed to ſhew is meant in ſcripture "by doing good and evil, and by being thus judged, every .ccording to his works," for there is much for error on this point if we do not ſeek ı explanation of the matter in the word of

:re then, firſt I would obſerve that there ıany ſins ſpoken of in ſcripture (ſome of ſins made very light of by men) which, if a ives in them habitually, are conſidered by ɔoſtle as at once deciding the man's charac- nd they are called works of the fleſh. "Now orks of the fleſh are maniſeſt; which are , adultry, fornication, uncleanneſs, laſci- *neſs, emulations,* wrath, ſtrife, envyings,

murders, drunkenneſs, revellings, and ſuch
and they that do ſuch things ſhall not in
the kingdom of God." And again, " b
deceived, neither fornicators, nor adulte
nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards,
revilers, nor extortioners ſhall inherit the
dom of God." Sinners of this claſs may
read their doom as plainly as if their very n
were written in the word of God. O that
would therefore repent, and flee from the
to come, " for hath the Lord ſaid and will h
do it?" The mercies of God indeed are
to the penitent and contrite in heart; the
tend even to the chief of ſinners, and bleſſe
his name, they are alſo ſure mercies; bu
alſo are his judgments ſure to them that liv
die in their iniquity.

But there are various other marks giv
ſcripture whereby a man may know wheth
ſhall come under condemnation. " If ye
after the fleſh ye ſhall die, but if ye, thr
the ſpirit, do mortify the deeds of the fleſh
ſhall live." And again, " to be carnally n
ed is death, but to be ſpiritually minded i
and peace." What is it then to be car
minded and to live after the fleſh? It is,
doubtedly, to follow our natural inclinat
inſtead of following the good motions of th
ly ſpirit of God; it is to live as we like,
where we like, to ſay and do what we
to ſpend our time and our money juſt a
like, and to let our corrupt immaginations

ever they like; it is to live to pleaſe ours, inſtead of living to pleaſe God. I may alſo remark, that there are ſins of the mind h will juſt as much condemn a man on the ment day, if they have ruled over him, as ſins of the body, and it may be obſerved emulations, wrath, ſtrife and envyings have already named, together with murders and tery; I may add, that pride is often treatf in the ſcripture as highly offenſive to God, umility as one of the beſt ſigns of accept-, for "God reſiſteth the proud, but giveth e (or favor) to the humble." A readineſs dge others is alſo a very bad ſign. "Judge hat ye be not judged; for with what judgt ye judge, ye ſhall be judged;" ſo likewiſe unforgiving ſpirit; "for if ye forgive not their treſpaſſes," ſays our Saviour, "neiwill your heavenly Father forgive you." in the Old Teſtament it is moſt awfully ared, that "he ſhall have judgment without cy that hath ſhewed no mercy," O what ſhall we all have of mercy on that day, ow dreadful a crime will it then ſeem, to been in our life time hard and unrelenting ards our fellow-creatures, in compariſon of it does now. The ſins even of the tongue alſo be enquired into, for "the tongue, gh a little member, is a fire, a world of iniy." It is inconceivable how much good or done by it. The tongue, indeed, is an index *he heart; and* therefore it is ſaid, "by thy

words thou ſhalt be juſtified, and by thy words thou ſhalt be condemned."

We have ſpoken hitherto only of actual ſins, and of theſe but ſhortly, but I muſt haſten to remark that there are virtues which muſt be practiſed if we would hope to enter Heaven, as well as crimes which muſt be avoided. Some people are apt to think that nine-tenths of the actions of their lives are of a claſs which may be called indifferent. There is no good, they own, in them, but they truſt, neither is there any harm. But the ſcriptures are far from favoring notions of this ſort; and I think there is reaſon to ſuppoſe, that when the day of judgment comes, it will not be ſo much a few great crimes on the one hand, or a few ſhining virtues on the other, that will decide a man's character, as the ordinary tenor of his life, and the general diſpoſition of his heart, as to what ſome may call the more indifferent, and the leſſer matters. Our Saviour, in order to impreſs his diſciples with a juſt notion of the complete accountableneſs of man, and of the puniſhment due to unprofitableneſs, ſpake to them the following parable: "A certain man went into a far country, and he called his ſervants and delivered to each of them his goods; and to one he gave five talents, and to another two, and to another one; and after a long time, he cometh and reckoneth with them." Now this is to repreſent God's *manner of* dealing with us his creatures; he has *given us* endowments of many kinds; a certain

on of wealth, for inſtance, and of other
, (to ſome of us more, and to others leſs)
ich we are required to uſe in the ſervice
giver, and the day of judgment is that
of reckoning, when he will call upon us to
ccount how far we have done ſo. Every
we had in this world will then be conſider-
it as having been our own, to do what we
d with it, but as having been our Lord's
; and the queſtion to be tried at the judg-
day will be, whether we have been faithful
ſtewardſhip. In the parable, we have,
deſcription of ſome ſervants who improv-
ir talents for their Lord's uſe; and to each
ſe it is ſaid, "Well done, thou good and
l ſervant, enter thou into the joy of thy
;" but one ſervant is ſpoken of who had
ed his talent in the earth," that is, who had
d it to no profit, for it is not ſaid that he
lone any particular harm with it, and on
paſſed a ſolemn ſentence of condemna-

Woe be to that perſon, therefore, who
e obliged to confeſs on the judgment
hat while he was in this world, he idled
his time, that precious talent entruſted to
y his maker, in ſuch a manner as to bring
nor to God, and no good to his fellow-
tres; as for inſtance, in empty talk, in un-
ctive work, and in needleſs amuſements;
hall be forced to own alſo, that he conſi-
his health and ſtrength as given him only
s *own enjoyment*, that he exerted his abi-

lities for no other end than to get for himſelf l
nor or profit, that he employed his influe
all for the ſame purpoſe; and that he ſpent
wealth which God gave him in order to do gc
with it, in nothing elſe than in procuring e
and pleaſure, and a multitude of ſuperfluit
for himſelf and his family. A man of this k
poſſibly may be brought in guilty of no v
ſignal crime, but he, undoubtedly, is the per
who is pointed at in the parable, and who is c
demned by that ſentence denounced at the
of it. "Caſt ye the unprofitable ſervant i
outer darkneſs, there ſhall be wailing and gna
ing of teeth."

This may not be an improper place to a
that a man's faith will unqueſtionably be enq
red into on the day of judgment. "With
faith," ſays the ſcripture, "it is impoſſible
pleaſe God." Faith alſo in our Saviour, as w
as in the great doctrines of his goſpel, is ev
where required, as neceſſary to ſalvation. "
Preach the goſpel to all nations, he that beli
eth ſhall be ſaved, and he that believeth
ſhall be damned." "He that believeth not,
condemned already, becauſe he hath not beli
ed in the only begotten Son of God." A
the reaſonableneſs of thus condemning men
their unbelief, is alſo explained; "for thi
ſays our Saviour, "is the condemnation, t
light is come into the world, and men love da
neſs rather than light, becauſe their deeds
evil!" When men do not believe, the ſcriptu

deſcribe the reaſon to be, that there is in them, "an evil heart of unbelief to depart from the living God." They never talk of the good heart of an unbeliever. All, all are called upon to repent and believe at their peril, and to obey God's bleſſed goſpel, and are taught to expect that they ſhall be rewarded or puniſhed in the next life, as they have or have not done ſo.

What an aſtoniſhing proof was it of the condeſcenſion and goodneſs of God, that he ſhould ſend his only begotten Son down into the world to die for us, as well as to teach us the way in which we ought to walk, and to bring life and immortality to light by the goſpel; what mercy is it that God ſhould provide for us manſions in the heavenly world; and that he ſhould offer us his Holy Spirit to produce all the neceſſary preparations of heart within us! This rich offer of God in the goſpel, is compared in the ſcripture to the invitation of a man who prepares a great feaſt or ſupper, and ſends to call many gueſts, ſaying, "my oxen and my fatlings are killed, come, for all things are ready." The world, in general, ſlight the offer of the goſpel; they plead buſineſs, or amuſement, or engagement with their connexions; and they are therefore compared in the ſame parable to perſons who, when the invitation to the ſupper comes, "go one to his farm, and another to his merchandize, and a third to his wife," each of them ſaying, "I pray the have me excuſed."

It is obſervable, that the invitation of the pa-

rable appears here to be ſomewhat civilly declined, and that certainly, no violent inſult to the maſter of the feaſt ſeems intended; and yet he is repreſented as conſidering it to be a ſufficient affront that they merely will not come to partake of the feaſt which he had been at the expence of preparing for them. "None of thoſe men," ſays he "which were bidden, ſhall taſt of my ſupper." In this manner are we taught, that if we attend not to the goſpel, even though we ſhould be guilty of no intentional diſreſpect to God, or to Jeſus Chriſt, we ſhall not be permited hereafter to taſte of the heavenly happineſs; "for how ſhall we eſcape if we neglect ſo great ſalvation!"

The ſame point may be very deciſively proved from ſome expreſſions at the end of the following awful paſſage; "For the Lord Jeſus ſhall be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty angels in flaming fire, to take vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the goſpel of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who ſhall be puniſhed with everlaſting deſtruction from the preſence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he ſhall come to be glorified in his ſaints, and admired in all them that believe, becauſe our teſtimony was believed in that day."

And here, if it ſhould be aſked, But how comes it that we are to be tried for our faith, when it has been already ſaid, that it is by our *works* that we ſhall be judged? I anſwer, moſt *evidently* the word "works" is in ſuch places as

theſe to be underſtood in the very largeſt and moſt general ſenſe; a point which muſt have partly appeared already. The word is to be underſtood, as it ſeems to me, in a ſenſe ſo large, that even our faith is to be included in it. The juſtice of this obſervation will, perhaps be more fully admitted, after conſidering the following paſſages. When the phariſees come to Chriſt, and ſaid, "What ſhall we do that we may work the works of God?" he anſwered, "this is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath ſent;" that is to ſay, this is the firſt and great work that you have to attend to, namely, to believe in me, and then the other good works which God would have you to do, will follow in their due order. *Believing* then, is expreſsly termed, *a work that is to be done* in this paſſage of ſcripture. It is ſaid in another place, "This is the *commandment* of God, that ye *believe* on the name of his Son Jeſus Chriſt." Here then, to believe in Chriſt is ſpoken of as one of God's commandments; and to diſbelieve in Chriſt, is, of courſe, to break God's commandment. Now it is plain, that to break God's commandment in this, in the ſame manner as in any other point, muſt be an evil work, and that it muſt be a work for which we ſhall have to be judged when we come to the day of judgment.

But here let it alſo be ſtrongly inſiſted on, that it is not a barren and unfruitful faith that will ſtand the teſt of that awful time of trial,

It is not a man's having been right in his doctrines, and ſound and orthodox in his creed, that will be the means of ſaving his ſoul. No: we are well warned in Scripture, that all that faith which did not teach a man to depart from iniquity, will be pronounced to have been a dead faith, and utterly unavailing; "for as the body without the ſpirit is dead, even ſo faith without works is dead alſo;" and "without holineſs no man ſhall ſee the Lord."

The Scriptures give us much reaſon to ſuppoſe, that the number of perſons who will have had this falſe faith, and will have fondly truſted to it, and who will therefore, quite unexpectedly to themſelves, be condemned as evil doers on the judgment-day, will prove not inconſiderable; and it ſeems, from ſeveral paſſages, that among theſe perſons will be ſome who had known Chriſt familiarly in the days of his fleſh; others who had poſſeſſed great gifts in his church; and not a few in all ages who had made a forward profeſſion of his religion, who had had a ſtrong conceit of their being ſome of the people of God, and a high confidence of their ſalvation.

The following paſſage, which deſcribes the future diſappointment of the Phariſees, and it is to be feared alſo of many others, who will, in like maner, be ſhut out of heaven, is very remarkable. "Strive to enter in," ſays our Saviour, "at the ſtrait gate; for many ſhall ſeek *to enter in*, and ſhall not be able. When once *the maſter* of the houſe is riſen up, and has ſhut

to the door, and ye begin to ſtand without, and knock at the door, ſaying Lord, Lord, open unto us, and he ſhall anſwer and ſay, I know you not whence ye are; then ſhall ye begin to ſay, we have eaten and drunk in thy preſence, and thou haſt taught in our ſtreets. But he ſhall ſay, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are: depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity. Then ſhall be weeping and gnaſhing of teeth, when ye ſhall ſee Abraham, and Iſaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourſelves thruſt out. For they ſhall come from the eaſt, and from the weſt, and from the north, and from the ſouth, and ſhall ſit down in the kingdom of God, and behold there are laſt which ſhall be firſt, and the firſt laſt."

Thus it ſeems that there will be numbers whom Chriſt will acknowledge as his ſaints, and will gather in to his church in heaven, who were not acknowledged as true Chriſtians by many of their brethren here below; and the reaſon of this error is, that here we judge ſometimes too haſtily and by outward appearance, and, at other times, by falſe marks of grace; for it is not eaſy to bring men to try either themſelves or others by the true ſcriptural teſt. "Depart from me," (ſays our Saviour in like manner, in another place, to ſome who boaſted much of their attachment to him) "I know ye not, ye workers of iniquity." O, how much eaſier is it to *attend the* preaching of the goſpel, and to

be preſent alſo at the Lord's table, to talk religiouſly, and to get credit with a religious circle, and even to perſuade ourſelves that we are religious, than it is to leave off iniquity. "Not every one that ſaith unto me, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Indeed, it is not poſſible at preſent to ſeparate exactly the truly pious Chriſtian from the hypocrite and ſelf-deceiver; "the tares and the wheat therefore muſt grow up together until the time of harveſt; but then ſhall the huſbandman ſay unto the reapers, Bind ye together the tares in bundles to burn them, but gather ye the wheat into my garner."

There are various ſigns to which on the judgment-day, our Saviour will appeal for the reality of the religion of his followers, and one of theſe I will now dwell upon, becauſe it is in the evangeliſt Matthew very ſpecially mentioned; I mean that kindneſs and condeſcenſion which Chriſtians will have been in the habit of exerciſing to the poor, and to all their ſuffering brethren. Their alms, indeed, not like the alms of the worldly man, will have been beſtowed for the Lord's ſake, and with a ſimple and humble mind, according to that precept of their Saviour, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Let every man, therefore, and eſpecially every rich man, who calls *himſelf a* Chriſtian, try himſelf by this teſt, as *ever he* would hope to ſtand uncondemned at

great day of our Lord's appearance. That
at and ſolemn ſcene is thus deſcribed by our
viour: "When the Son of man ſhall come
his glory, and all his holy angels with him,
n ſhall he ſit on the throne of his glory;
l before him ſhall be gathered all nations;
l he ſhall ſeparate them one from another, as
hepherd devideth the ſheep from the goats;
l he ſhall ſet the ſheep on his right hand, and
goats on his left. Then ſhall the King ſay
to them on his right hand, Come, ye bleſ-
of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared
you from the foundation of the world.
r I was an hungry, and ye gave me meat;
rſty, and ye gave me drink; a ſtranger, and
took me in; naked, and ye clothed me;
k, and ye viſited me; in priſon, and ye came
to me." But they, being little diſpoſed to
e credit for any good works which they had
ne, are repreſented as replying, "Lord,
en ſaw we thee a hungry, or thirſty, or na-
l?" Then ſhall he ſay unto them, "Foraſ-
ich as ye did it to the leaſt of theſe my breth-
, ye did it unto me." "Then ſhall he ſay
them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye
rſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the
vil and his angels; for I was an hungry, and
gave me no meat; thirſty, and ye gave me
drink; naked, and ye clothed me not;
k and in priſon, and ye viſited me not."
ıen ſhall they ſay, (being aſtoniſhed at the ac-
ſation brought againſt them, and, quite unwil-

ling to allow it) "Lord, when ſaw we thee hungry or thirſty, or a ſtranger, or naked, or ſick, or in priſon, and did not miniſter unto thee?" Then ſhall he anſwer them, "Verily I ſay unto thee, foraſmuch as ye did it not to one of the leaſt of theſe, ye did it not to me. And theſe ſhall go away into everlaſting puniſhment, but the righteous into life eternal."

O, let us beware of that ſort of religion which does not expand the heart in love to God, as well as in fervent kindneſs and charity to our fellow-creatures; and let us, I will add, beware of that ſort of kindneſs which conſiſts much in ſoft and civil words, but very little in beneficent and ſelf-denying actions. "For if a brother or ſiſter be naked, and deſtitute of daily food, and one of you ſay unto them, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithſtanding ye give them not thoſe things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?"

The ſum which profeſſing Chriſtians will have given in charity, will, no doubt, be enquired into on the day of judgment, as well as the walks which they have taken to ſee the poor, the attentions which they have paid to the fatherleſs and the widow, the hoſpitality which they have exerciſed towards the foreigners and the ſtranger, the condeſcenſions towards the priſoner, and the various comforts which they have adminiſtered to the afflicted. It is not, indeed, the *ſum given* that will, in their Lord's ſight, *determine* the character; for the widow's mite will

hereafter count for a larger ſum than many an admired donation of the affluent; and "whoſo ſhall have given even a cup of cold water to one of the little one's of Chriſt's flock, in the name of a diſciple, ſhall in no wiſe loſe his reward."

Alas! how little is true chriſtanity as yet underſtood in the world. There is a ſlight and ſuperficial religion, which, in its fruits, is hardly to be diſtinguiſhed from infidelity, and by which, nevertheleſs, men contrive to quiet their conſciences while they are in this world. To expoſe all this falſe chriſtanity to ſhame and contempt, will be one effect of the day of judgment; for that is the day in which the hearts of men are to be ſearched, their ſeveral actions weighed, the motives to them examined, their good works aſcertained, and all their ſecret ſins brought to light. What ſacrifices did we here make to God and a good conſcience? That will be one part of the queſtion. How far did we reſiſt the world? "The world," we were told in Scripture, "lieth in wickedneſs." We were warned to take heed, "leſt we be condemned with the world." We were commanded "not to be conformed to it." It is in this manner the reality of the faith and grace that were in us will be enquired into on the Judgment Day. It is the reality of our repentance that will then be tried, the reality of our love to God, and our ſimplicity and ſincerity in his ſight. Vain excuſes will no longer ſerve. The various pleas which we *here have made* for indulging ourſelves in ſloth

or ſin, for giving way to our evil tempers, for conforming to the evil cuſtoms around us, for omitting unwelcome duties, for profaning the ſabbath, or for neglecting prayer and the worſhip of God, will not bear to be urged on the day of judgment. No; our mouth will be ſtopped juſt as the mouth of ſome poor criminal ſometimes is in this world, who, before he was brought to the bar, inſiſted on his innocence, but when forced to give in his evidence, finds it no longer poſſible to make, before his judge, the ſame ſhuffling excuſes by which he had juſtified himſelf among his fellow criminals.

"Verily, it is a ſmall thing to be judged by one another, or of man's judgment, for he that judgeth us is the Lord." What will it matter whether we had more or leſs character while on earth? The day of judgment will declare to the aſſembled world what we really were. The day of judgment will rectify all errors: the day of judgment will find us out.

There is no circumſtance, perhaps, in our deſcription of this day, more calculated to ſtrike terror into many a heart than this: I mean that the moſt ſecret things ſhall then be laid open. Oh what diſcoveries will then be made! What ſecret robberies and adulteries, and deeds of darkneſs, will be revealed! All the crimes perpetrated in the world from generation to generation: all the cruelties and oppreſſions which *have been* ever committed under the ſun, and *which there* was here no one to redreſs, and all

the violences and murders under which the world has groaned, but which, by ſome means or other, have gone unpuniſhed, and many of which have been here entirely concealed, ſhall be brought to light. "For the earth ſhall diſcloſe her blood, and ſhall no more cover her ſlain." For now "that great and terrible day of the Lord is come," on which alſo "the ſecrets of all hearts ſhall be laid open." It is the "day of the revelation of the righteous judgment of God," when the ſentence againſt evil workers, which has been ſo long delayed, ſhall be executed; when the triumph of the wicked ſhall be over, when "the Lord ſhall repay fury to his adverſaries," and when he ſhall "reward the faith and patience of his ſaints"

I ought, here, laſtly, to add, that we ſhall all be judged, undoubtedly, according to our opportunities of improvement, and our means of grace. "The ſervant that knew not his maſter's will ſhall be beaten with few ſtripes; but the ſervant who knew it, and yet did it not, ſhall be beaten with many ſtripes. What awful threatenings did our Saviour denounce on the cities that heard his goſpel, and yet would not attend to it.—"Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee Bethſaida! for if the mighty works which have been done in the, had been done in Sodom and Gomorrah, they would have repented; wherefore it ſhall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for thee." *Thoſe*, therefore, who in this world

were long hearers of the goſpel, and yet profited not by it; thoſe "who had line upon line, and precept upon precept;" thoſe who had Chriſtian parents to direct them, and Chriſtian friends to reprove them, and Chriſtian paſtors to inſtruct them, and Chriſtian examples ſet before them! thoſe who had ſeaſons for reflection afforded them by their parents on the ſabbath, and had religious books put into their hands, and had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with true religion; thoſe who, moreover, had alarming providences ſent to awaken them; who were often warned by God's own afflicting hand of the approach of death, and heard addreſſed to them many an awful repreſentation of their own future judgment, and who, in ſpite of all theſe advantages, ſtill continued to be hardened—theſe are they that ſhall receive the chief condemnation.

But who are the perſons that will be juſtified, and that will have reaſon to rejoice at this great day of their Lord's appearance? I anſwer, in the words of our Saviour, "Bleſſed are the poor in ſpirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God. Bleſſed are the merciful, for they ſhall obtain mercy. Bleſſed are the pure in heart, for they ſhall ſee God. Bleſſed are they who hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs, for they ſhall be filled. Bleſſed are the peace-makers, for they ſhall be called the children of God. Bleſſed are they *who ſhall* have been reviled, and perſecuted, for *righteouſneſs* ſake, for now they ſhall rejoice,

and be exceeding glad, for great is their reward in heaven."—"The fruit of the ſpirit is love, joy, peace, long-ſuffering, gentleneſs, goodneſs, faith, meekneſs, temperance, againſt ſuch, there is no law."

And now, before I cloſe this tract, I wiſh to add a few words in the way of comfort and encouragement, as well as with a view to ſome further explanation of the ſubject; for, I am afraid, it may be ſaid, that the qualities which have been ſpoken of as neceſſary for heaven, are high and difficult to be attained, inſomuch, that ſome fearful reader may cry out, "who then ſhall be ſaved?" Let it here, therefore, be obſerved in anſwer, that the ſcriptures no where ſay, that theſe qualities muſt have been poſſeſſed from the very beginning of life, nor even during any part of life in complete perfection.

It may tend much to our purpoſe of encouraging the well-diſpoſed reader, if we here digreſs a little, in order to conſider the caſe of Chriſt's own apoſtles.

In the hiſtory of them, which is given us by the evangeliſts, they appear to have been at one time very weak in faith, to have labored under much prejudice and ignorance, and to have been often led through the worldlineſs of their minds exceedingly to miſunderſtand their divine maſter. They ſometimes diſcouraged thoſe whom Chriſt was willing to heal; they were apt continually to wonder at his words, and they *were half diſpoſed* to blame ſome of his actions,

they could not believe that he was about to die for them, and they ſlept when he was agonizing in the Garden. Were not theſe proofs of weakneſs in them? And yet, even at the time of their having theſe infirmities, they had that degree of ſimplicity and integrity, and of unfeigned attachment to their maſter, which already entitled them to the name of true diſciples. For when ſome of the followers of Chriſt cried out, "This is a hard ſaying, who can bear it?" And when others are ſaid to have walked no more with him, they ſeem all, with the exception only of Judas, to have joined in that ſaying of Peter, "Lord to whom ſhall we go but unto thee, for thou haſt the words of eternal life." They continued, therefore, to hear his words, and thus they had their minds gradually opened by his inſtructions, and, except only when he was led away to be crucified, they ſided with him in his ſeveral trials and tempations. On the whole, therefore, they, even in this ſeaſon of their infirmity, were in favor with God; and, as a teſtimony of it, they had that glorious promiſe made to them by Chriſt himſelf, juſt before his death, "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations, and I appoint unto you a kingdom, and ye ſhall ſit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Iſrael." Which means, as I preſume, that they ſhould be exalted on the day of judgment, as the twelve heads of the church, and that they ſhould join their

ices to that of Chriſt when he ſhould judge
s people.

We ſee then, that a man will be accepted by
od on the judgment day, even though he has
d much imperfection; but I would alſo add
ıt, imperfect as thoſe apoſtles for a long time
ere, both in their faith, their knowledge, and
eir goodneſs, they were in due time led on and
engthened, as well as comforted, by the good
ırit of God, to whoſe guidence they commit-
l themſelves; and almoſt every one of thoſe,
ıo, once through their worldly fear, forſook
eir maſter, are believed to have died martyrs.
I ſay, therefore, let us encourage ourſelves by
eſe examples, and let us not be deterred by
ı difficulties of the way, but "let us preſs for-
ırd in our courſe, and let us be followers of
ım, who by faith and patience inherit the pro-
ſes." And let me now alſo bring another
ınt to my reader's comfortable remembrance,
ıich is, that a man's paſt ſins, even if ever ſo
eat, will, when they are repented of, be no ob-
cle to his ſalvation; for ſuch is the merciful
pointment of God in the goſpel. "Who are
ɔſe," it is ſaid in the Revelations, "who are
ɔthed with white robes, and have palms in
eir hands;" the anſwer is, "theſe are they that
ve waſhed their garments, and made them
ıite in the blood of the Lamb."—"Chriſt is
ıt Lamb of God, which taketh away the ſins
the world; and by him all who believe ſhall
juſtified from all things." Heaven, as we

have reaſon to ſuppoſe, will not be peopled
thoſe who were innocent from their youth, a
whoſe ſpotleſs lives will form their title to adr
ſion; for an adulterous, though penitent Da
will be found there; a once perſecuting Sau
converted Mary Magdalene, a thief, who
pented even on the croſs, and a Peter, who o
denied his Maſter. Theſe, and many more,
point of ſinfulneſs not unlike to theſe, ſh
through the all-powerful grace of Chriſt, obt
a glorious reſurrection; for theſe all reper
of their ſins, they all, as they had time and
portunity, "brought forth fruits meet for rep
tance," and theſe fruits which are called
Scripture, the fruits of the Spirit, being pro
ced by the Holy Spirit's influence on the he
are thoſe very works which we have been
largely deſcribing.

Let us then lay our foundation for g
works in repentance and deep humility.
tempers which have been ſpoken of, ſuch,
inſtance, as forgiveneſs of injuries, and a dr
of judging others, as well as an overflowing l
and pity to our fellow-creatures, ariſe natur
and eaſily from a heart broken with a ſenſe
our own iniquities; for the qualifications
Heaven which God requires in us, are not th
of a ſinleſs being, but of a penitent and humb
ſinner that has been taught in the ſchool of
pentance, and has thus learnt to walk in n
neſs of life; and even that love of God, wh
is ſo leading a part of true religion, is not a

tle excited and encreaſed by the ſenſe of God's forgiveneſs of us, according to that remark of our Saviour: "Her ſins which are many, are forgiven, therefore hath ſhe loved much."

Let it be our great fear, however, leſt profeſſing to admire the grace of the Goſpel, and to believe its truths, we ſhould not be found on the day of judgment to have been walking in a manner worthy of it; and let us treaſure up in our minds the many warnings given us in Scripture, that it is by our works that we ſhall be called upon to prove that we have been true diſciples. "Behold," ſays the bleſſed Saviour of the world, "I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as HIS WORK ſhall be."

THE

TWO WEALTHY FARMERS,

OR,

THE HISTORY OF

Mr. BRAGWELL AND Mr. WORTHY.

PART VI.*

MR. BRAGWELL was ſo much afflicted the diſgraceful marriage of his daughter, w ran off with Timothy Incle, the ſtrolling play that he never fully recovered his ſpirits. H chearfulneſs which had ariſen from an high o nion of himſelf, had been confirmed by a co ſtant flow of uninterrupted ſucceſs; and that a ſort of chearfulneſs which is very liable to impaired, becauſe it lies at the mercy of eve accident and croſs event in life. But though h pride was now diſappointed, his misfortunes h not taught him any humility, becauſe he had n diſcovered that they were cauſed by his ow fault; nor had he acquired any patience or ſul miſſion, becauſe he had not learnt that all affli tions come from the hand of God to awaken t to a deep ſenſe of our ſin, and to draw off ou

* For the five firſt parts ſee Vol. I.

ts from the periſhing vanities of this life.
des, Mr. Bragwell was one of thoſe people,
, even if they would be thought to bear
tolerable ſubmiſſiou ſuch trials as appear to
:nt more immediately from Providence, yet
< they have a ſort of right to rebel at every
ortune which befalls them through the fault
fellow-creature; as if our fellow-creatures
: not the agents and inſtruments by which
vidence often ſees fit to try or to punniſh us.
; imprudent daughter, Bragwell would not
rought to ſee or forgive, nor was the de-
ling name of Mrs. Incle ever allowed to be
iounced in his hearing. He had loved her
an exceſſive and undue affection; and while
gratified his vanity by her beauty and finery,
leemed her faults of little conſequence; but
n ſhe diſappointed his ambition by a diſ-
:eful marriage, all his natural affection only
ed to increaſe his reſentment. Yet, though
egretted her crime leſs than his own morti-
ion, he never ceaſed in ſecret to lament her
. She ſoon found out ſhe was undone, and
te in a ſtrain of bitter repentance to aſk his
iveneſs. She owned that her huſband, whom
had ſuppoſed to be a man of faſhion in diſ-
e, was a low perſon in diſtreſſed circum-
ces. She implored that her father, though
refuſed to give her huſband that fortune for
:h alone it was now too plain he had married
would at leaſt allow her ſome ſubſiſtence,
that *Mr. Inkle* was much in debt, and ſhe

ſeared in danger of a gaol. The father's heart was half melted at this account, and his affection was for a time awakened. But Mrs. Bragwell oppoſed his ſending her any aſſiſtance. She always made it a point of duty never to forgive; "for ſhe ſaid it only encouraged thoſe who had done wrong once to do worſe next time. For her part ſhe had never yet been guilty of ſo mean and pitiful a weakneſs as to forgive any one; for to pardon an injury always ſhewed either want of ſpirit to feel it, or want of power to reſent it. She was reſolved ſhe would never ſquander the money for which ſhe had worked early and late, on a baggage who had thrown herſelf away on a beggar, while ſhe had a daughter ſingle who might raiſe her family by a great match." I am ſorry to ſay, that Mrs. Bragwell's anger was not owing to the undutifulneſs of the daughter, or the worthleſſneſs of the huſband; poverty was in her eyes the grand crime. The doctrine of forgiveneſs, as a religious principle, made no more a part of Mr. Bragwell's ſyſtem than of his wife's, but in natural feeling, particularly for this offending daughter, he much exceeded her.

In a few months, the youngeſt Miſs Bragwell deſired leave to return home from Mr. Worthy's. She had, indeed, only conſented to go thither as a leſs evil of the two, than ſtaying in her father's houſe after her ſiſter's elopement. But the ſobriety and ſimplicity of Mr. Worthy's family were irkſome to her. Habits of vani-

and idleneſs were become ſo rooted in her mind, that any degree of reſtraint was a burthen; and though ſhe was outwardly civil, it was eaſy to ſee that ſhe longed to get away. She reſolved, however, to profit by her ſiſter's faults; and made her parents eaſy by aſſuring them ſhe never would throw herſelf away on a *man who was worth nothing*. Encouraged by theſe promiſes, which were all that her parents thought they could in reaſon expect, her father allowed her to come home.

Mr. Worthy, who accompanied her found Mr. Bragwell gloomy and dejected. As his houſe was no longer a ſcene of vanity and feſtivity, Mr. Bragwell tried to make himſelf and his friend believe that he was grown religious; whereas he was only become diſcontented. As he had always fancied that piety was a melancholy gloomy thing, and as he felt his own mind really gloomy, he was willing to think that he was growing pious, he had indeed, gone more conſtantly to church, and had taken leſs pleaſure in feaſting, and cards, and now and then read a chapter in the bible; but all this was becauſe his ſpirits were low, and not becauſe his heart was changed. The outward actions were more regular, but the inward man was the ſame. The forms of religion were reſorted to as a painful duty; but this only added to his miſery, while he was utterly ignorant of its ſpirit and its power. He ſtill, however, reſerved religion as a *loathſome medicine*, to which he feared he muſt

have recourſe at laſt, and of which he even now conſidered every abſtinence from pleaſure, or every exerciſe of piety as a bitter doſe. His health alſo was impaired, ſo that his friend found him in a pitiable ſtate, neither able to receive pleaſure from the world, which he ſo dearly loved, nor from religion which he ſo greatly feared. He expected to have been much commended by Worthy for the change in his way of life; but Worthy, who ſaw that the alteration was only owing to the loſs of animal ſpirits, and to the caſual abſence of temptation, was cautious of flattering him too much. "I thought, Mr. Worthy," ſaid he, "to have received more comfort from you. I was told too, that religion was full of comfort, but I do not much find it." You were told the truth, replied Worthy, Religion is full of comfort. but you muſt firſt be brought into a ſtate fit to receive it before it can become ſo; you muſt be brought to a deep and humbling ſenſe of ſin. To give you comfort while you are puffed up with high thoughts of yourſelf, would be to give you a ſtrong cordial in a high fever. Religion keeps back her cordials till the patient is lowered and emptied; emptied of ſelf, Mr. Bragwell. If you had a wound, it muſt be examined and cleanſed, aye, and probed too, before it would be ſafe to put on a healing plaiſter. Curing it to the outward eye, while it was corrupt at bottom, would only *bring* on a mortification, and you would be a *dead man* while you truſted that the plaiſter was

ing you. You muſt be, indeed, a Chriſtian, ore you can be entitled to the comforts of riſtanity.—I am a Chriſtian, ſaid Bragwell, ny of my friends are Chriſtians, but I do not it has done us much good.—Chriſtianity it- anſwered Worthy, cannot make us good eſs it be applied to our hearts. Chriſtian vileges will not make us Chriſtians unleſs we ke uſe of them. On that ſhelf I ſee ſtands ır medicine. The doctor orders you to e it. "*Have* you taken it?" Yes, replied ıgwell. Are you the better for it? ſaid Wor- .—I think I am, he replied.—But, added orthy, are you the better becauſe the doctor ordered it merely, or becauſe you have alſo en it?—What a fooliſh queſtion, cried ıgwell. Why, to be ſure, the doctor might the beſt doctor, and his phyſic the beſt phy- in the world; but if it ſtood forever on the lf, I could not expect to be cured by it. / doctor is not a mountebank. He does not tend to cure by a charm. The phyſic is od, and as it ſuits my caſe, though it is bitter, ake it.—You have now, ſaid Worthy, ex- ined undeſignedly the reaſon why Religion es ſo little good in the world. It is not a ıuntebank; it does not work by a charm; t offers to cure your worſt corruptions by oleſome, though ſometimes bitter preſcrip- ns. But you will not take them; you will t apply to God with the ſame earneſtneſs deſire to healed *with* which you apply to your doctor.

you will not confeſs your ſins to the one as he neſtly as you tell your ſymptoms to the other nor read your Bible with the ſame faith and ſubmiſſion with which you take your medicine In reading it, however, you muſt take care not to apply to yourſelf the comforts which are not ſuited to your caſe. You muſt, by the grace of God, be brought into a condition to be entitled to the promiſes, before you can expect the comfort of them. Conviction is not converſion; that wordly diſcontent which is the effect of worldly diſappointment, is not that *godly sorrow* which worketh repentence. Beſides, while you have been purſuing all the gratifications of the world, do not complain that you have not all the comforts of Religion too. Could you live in the full enjoyment of both, the bible would not be true.

Bragwell now ſeemed reſolved to ſet about the matter in earneſt, but he reſolved in his own ſtrength; and, unluckily, the very day Mr Worthy took leave, there happened to be a grand ball at the next town, on account of the aſſizes. An aſſize-ball is a ſcene to which gentlemen and ladies periodically reſort to celebrate the crimes and calamities of their fellow creatures by dancing and muſic, and to dive themſelves with feaſting and drinking, while unhappy wretches are receiving ſentence of death.

To this Ball Miſs Bragwell went, dreſſed out *with a double portion* of finery, pouring out on *her own head* the whole band-box of feathers

and flowers her ſiſter had left behind her. While ſhe was at the ball her father formed many plans of religious reformation; he talked of leſſening his buſineſs, that he might have more leiſure for devotion; though not *juſt now*, while the markets were ſo high; and then he began to think of ſending a handſome ſubſcription to the infirmary; though, on ſecond thoughts, he concluded he need not be *in a hurry*, but leave it in his will; but to give, and repent, and reform, were three things he was bent upon. But when his daughter came home at night, ſo happy and ſo fine, and telling how ſhe had danced with Squire Squeeze the great corn contractor, and how many fine things he had ſaid to her, Mr. Bragwell felt the old ſpirit of the world return in its full force. A marriage with Mr. Daſhall Squeeze, the contractor, was beyond his hopes, for Mr. Squeeze was ſuppoſed from a very low beginning to have got rich during the war. As for Mr. Squeeze he had picked up as much of the hiſtory of his partner between the dances as he deſired, he was convinced there would be no money wanting, for Miſs Bragwell, who was now looked on as an only child, muſt needs be a great fortune, and he was too much uſed to advantageous contracts to let this ſlip. As he was gaudily dreſſed, and poſſeſſed all the arts of vulgar flattery, Miſs Bragwell eagerly caught at his propoſal to wait on her father next day. Squeeze was quite a man after Bragwell's own heart, *a genius* at getting money, a fine dashing

fellow at ſpending it. He told his wife that this was the very ſort of a man for his daughter, for he got money like a Jew and ſpent it like a Prince; but whether it was fairly got, or wiſely ſpent he was too much a man of the world to enquire. Mrs. Bragwell was not ſo run away with by appearances, but ſhe deſired her huſband to be careful and quite ſure that it was the right Mr. Squeeze, and no impoſtor. But being aſſured that Betſey would certainly keep her carriage, ſhe never gave herſelf one thought with what ſort of a man ſhe was to ride in it. To have one of her daughters drive in her coach, filled up all her ideas of human happineſs. The marriage was celebrated with great ſplendor, and Mr. and Mrs. Squeeze ſet out for London, where they had a houſe.

Mr. Bragwell now tried to forget that he had any other daughter, and if ſome thoughts of the reſolutions he had made of entering on a more religious courſe would ſometimes force themſelves upon him, they were put off, like the repentance of Felix, *to a more convenient ſeaſon*, and finding he was likely to have a grand child, he became more worldly and ambitious than ever, thinking this a juſt pretence for adding houſe to houſe, and field to field; and there is no ſtratagem by which men more deceive themſelves than when they make even unborn children a pretence for that rapine, or that hoarding, of *which their* own covetouſneſs is the true motive. *Whenever* he ventured to write to Mr. Worthy

ıbout the wealth, the gaiety and the grandeur of Mr. and Mrs. Squeeze, that faithful friend ho-ıeſtly reminded him of the vanity and uncertain-:y of worldly greatneſs, and the error he had been guilty of in marrying his daughter before he had ıaken time to enquire into the real character of the man, ſaying, that he could not help foreboding, ıhat the happineſs of a match made at a ball night have an end. Notwithſtanding, Mr. Bragwell had paid down a larger fortune than vas prudent, for fear Mr. Squeeze ſhould fly)ff, yet he was ſurpriſed to receive very ſoon a)reſſing letter from him, deſiring him to advance ; conſiderable ſum, as he had the offer of an ıdvantageous purchaſe, which he muſt loſe for vant of money. Bragwell was ſtaggered, and efuſed to comply; but his wife told him he nuſt not be ſhabby to ſuch a gentleman as Squire Squeeze, for that ſhe heard on all ſides uch accounts of their grandeur, their feaſts, their arriages, and their liveries, that ſhe and her ıuſband ought even to deny themſelves comforts o oblige ſuch a generous ſon, who did all this in ıonor of their daughter; beſides, if he did not end the money ſoon, they might be obliged to ay down their coach, and then ſhe ſhould never e able to ſhew her face again. At length Mr. Bragwell lent him the money on his bond: he knew Squeeze's income was large, for he had carefully nquired into this particular, and for the reſt he ook his word. Mrs. Squeeze alſo got great *preſents from her* mother, by repreſenting to her

how expenſively they were forced to live to keep up their credit, and what honor ſhe was conferring on the family of the Bragwell's by ſpending their money in ſuch grand company. Among many other letters ſhe wrote her the following :—

"*To Mrs. Bragwell.*

"You can't imagine, dear mother, how charmingly we live—I lye a-bed almoſt all day, and am up all night; but it is never dark for all that, for we burn ſuch numbers of candles all at once, that the ſun would be of no uſe at all in London. —Then I am ſo happy! for we are never quiet a moment, Sundays or working-days, nay, I ſhould not know which was which, only that we have moſt pleaſure on a Sunday, becauſe it is the only day in which people have nothing to do but divert themſelves.—Then the great folks are all ſo kind, and ſo good, they have not a bit of pride, for they will come and eat and drink, and win my money juſt as if I was their equals; and if I have got but a cold, they are ſo very unhappy that they ſend to know how I do; and though I ſuppoſe they can't reſt till the footman has told them, yet they are ſo polite, that if I have been dying they ſeem to have forgot it next time we meet, and not to know but they have ſeen me the day before. Oh! they are true *friends*; and forever ſmiling, and ſo fond of one *another*, that they like to meet and enjoy one

another's company by hundreds, and always think the more the merrier.

Your dutiful daughter,
BETSEY SQUEEZE."

The ſtyle of her letters, however, altered in a few months. She owned that though things went on gayer and grander then ever, yet ſhe hardly ever ſaw her huſband, except her houſe was full of company, and cards, or dancing was going on; that he was often ſo buſy he could not come all night, that he always borrowed the money her mother ſent her when he was going out on this nightly buſineſs; and that the laſt time ſhe had aſked *him* for money, he curſed, and ſwore, and bid her apply to the old farmer and his rib, who were made of money. This letter Mrs. Bragwell concealed from her huſband.

At length on ſome change in public affairs, Mr. Squeeze, who had made an overcharge of ſome thouſand pounds in one article, loſt his contract; he was found to owe a large debt to government, and his accounts muſt be made up immediately. This was impoſſible, he had not only ſpent his large income without making any proviſion for his family, but had contracted heavy debts by gaming and other vices. His creditors poured in upon him. He wrote to Bragwell to borrow another ſum; but without hinting at the loſs of his contract. Theſe repeated demands made Bragwell ſo uneaſy, that inſtead *of ſending him* the money, he reſolved to

go himſelf ſecretly to London, and judge by
own eyes how things were going on, as his mi
ſtrangly miſgave him. He got to Mr. Squeez
houſe about eleven at night, and knocked gen
concluding that they muſt needs be gone to b
But what was his aſtoniſhment, to find the h
was full of men; he puſhed through in ſpite
them, though to his great ſurpriſe they inſiſ
on knowing his name. This affronted him:
refuſed, ſaying, I am not aſhamed of my nar
it will paſs for thouſands in any market in
Weſt of England. Is this your London m
ners, not to let a man of my credit in with
knowing his name indeed! What was
amazement to ſee every room as full of ca
tables, and of fine gentlemen and ladies as
would hold; all was ſo light, and ſo gay, and
feſtive, and ſo grand, that he reproached him
for his ſuſpicions, thought nothing too good
them, and reſolved ſecretly to give Squee
another five hundred pounds to help to keep
ſo much grandeur and happineſs. At len
ſeeing a footman he knew, he aſked him wh
were his maſter and miſtreſs for he could n
pick them out among the company; or rat
his ideas were ſo confuſed with the ſplend
of the ſcene, that he did not know whether th
were there or not. The man ſaid that his maſ
had juſt ſent for his lady up ſtairs, and he believ
that he was not well. Mr. Bragwell ſaid
would go up himſelf and look for his daught
as he could not ſpeak ſo freely to her before

ompany. He went up and knocked at
ıamber door, and its not being opened
him puſh it with ſome violence. He
a buſtling noiſe within, and again made a
ſs attempt to open the door. At this the
increaſed, and Mr. Bragwell was ſtruck to
art at the ſound of a piſtol from within.
ow kicked ſo violently againſt the door that
ſt open, when the firſt ſight he ſaw was his
ıter falling to the ground in a fit, and Mr.
eze dying by a ſhot from a piſtol which was
ing out of his hand. Mr. Bragwell was
ıe only perſon whom the ſound of the piſtol
larmed. The ſervants, the company, all
it, and all ran up to this ſcene of horror.
e who had the beſt of the game took care
ng up their tricks in their hands, having
ıe prudence to leave the very few who
be truſted, to watch the ſtakes, while thoſe
had a proſpect of loſing, profited by the
ſion and threw up their cards. All was
ıy and terror. Some ran for a ſurgeon,
s examined the dying man, while ſome re-
d Mrs. Squeeze to her bed, while poor
well could neither ſee nor hear, nor do any
. One of the company took up a letter
ı lay open upon the table, addreſſed to him,
read it, hoping it might explain the horrid
ery. It was as follows:

"*To Mr. Bragwell.*

"SIR,

"Fetch home your daughter, I have ruined her, myſelf, and the child, to which ſhe every hour expects to be a mother. I have loſt my contract. My debts are immenſe. You refuſe me money: I muſt die then; but I will die like a man of ſpirit. They wait to take me to priſon, I have two executions in my houſe; but I have ten card tables in it. I would die as I have lived. I invited all this company, and have drank hard ſince dinner to get primed for the dreadful deed. My wife refuſes to write to you for another thouſand, and ſhe muſt take the conſequences. *Vanity* has been my ruin. It has cauſed all my crimes. Whoever is reſolved to live beyond his income is liable to every ſin. He can never ſay to himſelf, thus far ſhalt thou go and no farther. Vanity led me to commit acts of rapine, that I might live in ſplendor; vanity makes me commit ſelf-murder, becauſe I will not live in poverty. The new philoſophy ſays, that death is an eternal ſleep; but the new philoſophy lies. Do you take heed; it is too late for me. The dreadful gulph yawns to ſwallow me—I plunge into perdition. There is no repentance in the grave, no hope in hell.

Your's

DASHALL SQUEEZ.

The dead body was removed, and Mr. Bra

well remaining almoſt without ſpeech, or motion, the company began to think of retiring, much out of humor at having their party ſo diſagreeably broken up; they comforted themſelves, however, that as it were *ſo early*, for it was now ſcarcely twelve, they could finiſh their evening at another party or two; ſo completely do habits of *pleaſure*, as it is called, harden the heart, and ſteel it not only againſt virtuous impreſſions, but againſt natural feelings. Now it was, that thoſe who had nightly rioted at the expence of thoſe wretched people were the firſt to abuſe them. Not an offer of aſſiſtance was made to this poor forlorn woman; not a word of kindneſs, or of pity, nothing but cenſure was now heard. Why muſt thoſe upſtarts ape people of quality? though as long as theſe upſtarts could feaſt them, their vulgarity, and their bad character had never been produced againſt them. "As long as thou doſt well unto thyſelf, men ſhall ſpeak good of thee." One gueſt who, unluckily, had no other houſe to go to, coolly ſaid, as he walked off,—Squeeze might as well have put off ſhooting himſelf till the morning. It was monſtrous provoking that he could not wait an hour or two.

As every thing in the houſe was ſeized Mr. Bragwell prevailed on his miſerable daughter weak as ſhe was, next morning to ſet out with him for the country. His acquaintance with polite life was ſhort, but he had ſeen a great *deal in a little time.* They had a flow and a

ſad journey. In about a week, Mrs. Squee: lay-in of a dead child, ſhe herſelf languiſhed few days and then died; and the afflicted parer ſaw the two darling objects of their ambitio for whoſe ſakes they had made *too much haſt to rich*, carried to the land where all things are fc gotten. Mrs. Bragwell's grief, like her oth paſſions, was extravagant; and poor Bragwel ſorrow was rendered ſo bitter by ſelf-reproa that he would quite have ſunk under it, had not thought of his old expedient in diſtreſs, tl of ſending for Mr. Worthy to comfort him. was Mr. Worthy's way, to warn people of th misfortunes which he ſaw their faults muſt nc bring on them, but not to reproach, or del them when the misfortunes came. He h never been near Bragwell, during the ſhort, l flouriſhing, reign of the Squeezes; for he kn that proſperity made the ears deaf, and the he hard to good counſel; but as ſoon as he he: his friend was in trouble he ſet out to go to hi Bragwell burſt into a violent fit of tears when ſaw him, and when he could ſpeak, ſaid, T trial is more than I can bear. Mr. Wor kindly took him by the hand, and when he v a little compoſed, ſaid, I will tell you a ſh ſtory. There was in ancient times a famous n who was a ſlave. His maſter, who was v good to him, one day gave him a bitter mel and bade him eat it; he eat it up without *word of* complaint. How was it poſſible, f *the maſter*, for you to eat ſo very naufeous

eeable a fruit? The ſlave replyed, My good
r, I have received ſo many favors from
ounty, that it is no wonder if I ſhould
n my life eat one bitter melon from your
. This generous anſwer ſo ſtruck the
, that the hiſtory ſays, he gave him his
. With ſuch ſubmiſſive ſentiments, my
, ſhould man receive his portion of ſuffer-
om God, from whom he receives ſo many
gs. You in particular have received much
t the hand of God, ſhall you not receive
ſo ?

Mr. Worthy, ſaid Bragwell, this blow is
avy for me, I cannot ſurvive this ſhock.
ot deſire it, I only deſire to die. We
ry apt to talk moſt of dying when we are
t for it, ſaid Worthy. This is not the
ge of that ſubmiſſion which makes us pre-
or death, but of that deſpair which makes
: of humor with life. O, Mr. Bragwell,
e indeed diſappointed of the grand ends
made life ſo delightful to you ; but till
eart is humbled, till you are brought to
us conviction of ſin, till you are brought
what is the true end of life, you can
o hope in death. You think you have
ineſs on earth, becauſe thoſe for whoſe
ou too eagerly heaped up riches are no

But is there not under the canopy of
ſome afflicted being whom you may
ieve, ſome modeſt merit which you may
forward, ſome helpleſs creature you may

ſave by your advice, ſome periſhing chriſ
you may ſuſtain by your wealth? When
have no ſins of your own to repent of, no mer
of God to be thankful for, no miſeries of ot
to relieve, then, and not till then, I conſent
ſhould ſink down in deſpair, and call on d
to relieve you.

Mr. Worthy attended his afflicted friend to
funeral of his unhappy daughter and her b
The ſolemn ſervice, the committing his late
and beautiful daughter to darkneſs, to wo
and to corruption, the ſight of the dead infant,
whoſe ſake he had reſumed all his ſchemes
vanity and covetouſneſs, when he thought he
got the better of them, the melancholy con
tion that all human proſperity ends in *a*
to aſhes and duſt to duſt, had brought down
Bragwell's ſelf-ſufficient and haughty ſoul
ſomething of that humble frame in which
Worthy had wiſhed to ſee it. As ſoon as
returned home he was beginning to ſeize th
vorable moment for fixing theſe ſerious
preſſions, when they were unſeaſonably in
rupted by the pariſh officer, who came to
Mr. Bragwell what he was to do with a p
dying woman who was travelling the cou
with her child, and was taken in a fit under
church-yard wall? At firſt they thought ſhe
dead, ſaid the man, but finding ſhe ſtill breat
they have carried her into the workhouſe till
could give ſome account of herſelf. Mr. B
well was impatient at the interruption, w

as indeed unſeaſonable, and told the man he
as at that time too much overcome by ſorrow
attend to buſineſs, but he would give him an
ſwer to-morrow. But my friend, ſaid Mr.
'orthy, the poor women may die to-night;
our mind is indeed not in a frame for worldly
ſineſs, but there is no ſorrow too great to for-
d our attending the calls of duty. An act
chriſtian charity will not diſturb but improve
e ſerioufneſs of your ſpirit, and though you
nnot dry your own tears, God may, in great
ercy, permit you to dry thoſe of another.
his may be one of thoſe occaſions for which I
ld you life was worth keeping. Do let us ſee
s woman. Bragwell was not in a ſtate either
conſent or refuſe, and his friend drew him to
e workhouſe, about the door of which ſtood a
owd of people. She is not dead, ſaid one, ſhe
oves her head. But ſhe wants air, ſaid they
, while they all, according to cuſtom, puſhed
cloſe upon her that it was impoſſible ſhe
ould get any. A fine boy of two or three years
d ſtood by her, crying, Mammy is dead,
mmy is ſtarved. Mr. Worthy made up to
e poor woman, holding his friend by the arm:
order to give her air he untied a large black
nnet which hid her face, when Mr. Bragwell,
that moment caſting his eyes on her, ſaw in
s poor ſtranger the face of his own run-away
ughter, Mrs. Incle. He groaned but could not
eak, and as he was turning away to conceal
anguiſh, the little boy fondly caught hold of

his hand, liſping out—O ſtay, and give mammy ſome bread. His heart yearned towards the child, he graſped his little hand in his, while he ſorrowfully ſaid to Mr. Worthy, It is too much, ſend away the people. It is my dear naughty child, *my puniſhment is greater than I can bear.* Mr. Worthy deſired the people to go and leave the ſtranger to them; but by this time ſhe was no ſtranger to any of them. Pale and meagre as was her face, and poor and ſhabby as was her dreſs, the proud and flaunting Miſs Polly Bragwell was eaſily known by every one preſent. They went away, but with the mean revenge of little minds, they paid themſelves by abuſe, for all the airs and inſolence they had once endured from her. Pride muſt have a fall, ſaid one. I remember when ſhe was too good to ſpeak to a poor body, ſaid another; where are her flounces and her furbelows now? It is come home to her at laſt. Her child looks as if he would be glad of the worſt bit ſhe formerly denied us.

In the mean time Mr. Bragwell had ſunk in an old wicker chair which ſtood behind, and groaned out, Lord forgive my hard heart! Lord ſubdue my proud heart, "create a clean heart, O God, and renew a right ſpirit within me." This was perhaps the firſt word of genuine prayer he had ever offered up in his whole life. Worthy overheard it, and his heart rejoiced, but this was not a time for talking, but doing. *He aſked* Bragwell what was to be done with the *unfortunate woman*, who now ſeemed to recover

but ſhe did not ſee them, for they were be-
. She embraced her boy, and faintly ſaid,
:hild what ſhall we do? "I will ariſe and go
ıy father, and ſay unto him, father I have
d againſt heaven and before thee." This
ı joyful ſound to Mr. Worthy, who began
ıpe that her heart might be as much chang-
ır the better as her circumſtances were al-
for the worſe, and he valued the goods of
ne ſo little, and contrition of ſoul ſo much,
ıe began to think the change on the whole
t be a happy one. The boy then ſprung
his mother and ran to Bragwell, ſaying,
ıe good to mammy. Mrs. Incle looking
d, now perceived her father; ſhe fell at his
ſaying, O forgive your guilty child, and
your innocent one from ſtarving. Brag-
ſunk down by her, and prayed God to for-
both her and himſelf in terms of genuine
w. To hear words of real penitence and
-felt prayer from this once high-minded fa-
ınd vain daughter, was muſic to Worthy's
who thought this moment of outward mi-
was the only joyful one he had ever ſpent
: Bragwell family. He was reſolved not to
ere, but to let the father's own feelings
out the way in which he was to act. Brag-
ſaid nothing, but ſlowly led to his own
:, holding the little boy by the hand, and
ing to worthy to aſſiſt the feeble ſteps of
laughter, who once more entered her
's doors; but the dread of ſeeing her mo-

ther quite overpowered her. Mrs. Bragwe heart was not changed, but ſorrow had weak ed her powers of reſiſtance, and ſhe rather fered her daughter to come in, than gave h kind reception. She was more aſtoniſhed t pleaſed; and, even in this trying moment, more diſguſted with the little boys mean clo than delighted with his roſy face. As ſoon ſhe was a little recovered, Mr. Bragwell deſi his daughter to tell him how ſhe happened to at that place juſt at that time.

In a weak voice ſhe began. My tale, Sir ſhort, but mournful.—Now I am very ſo that my readers muſt wait for this ſhort mournful tale, till next month.

PART VII.

I LEFT your houſe, my dear father, ſaid M Incle, with a heart full of vain triumph. I l no doubt but my huſband was a great man w had put on that diſguiſe to obtain my ha Judge then what I felt to find that he wa needy impoſtor, who wanted my money but not care for me. This diſcovery, though mortified, did not humble me. I had neit affection to bear with the man who had deceiv me, nor religion to improve by the diſappoi ment. I have found that change of circu ſtances does not change the heart, till Go pleaſed to do it. My misfortunes only wo

) rebel more againſt him. I thought God
ſt; I accuſed my father, I was envious of
iſter, I hated my huſband; but never once
blame myſelf. My huſband picked up a
:hed ſubſiſtence by joining himſelf to any
cheme of idle pleaſure that was going on.
'ould follow a mountebank, carry a dice-
or fiddle at a fair. He was always taunting
)r that gentility on which I ſo much valued
lf. If I had married a poor working girl,
ıe, ſhe could now have got her bread; but
: lady without money, is a burthen to her
nd, and a plague to ſociety. Every trial
ı affection might have made lighter, we
led by animoſity; at length my huſband
.etected in uſing falſe dice; he fought with
:cuſer, both were ſeized by a preſs-gang,
ent to ſea. I was now left to the wide
l, and miſerable as I had thought myſelf
e, I ſoon found there were higher degrees
ſery. I was near my time, without bread
yſelf, or hope for my child. I ſet out on
n ſearch of the village where I had heard
ıſband ſay his friends lived. It was a ſe-
.rial to my proud heart to ſtoop to thoſe
)eople, but hunger is not delicate, and I
ear periſhing. My huſband's parents receiv-
: kindly, ſaying, that though they had no-
but what they earned by their labor, yet
s welcome to ſhare their hard fare, for they
:d that God who ſent mouths would ſend
alſo. *They* gave me a ſmall room in their

cottage, and many neceſſaries, which they
ed themſelves.

O, my child, interrupted Bragwell, ‹
word cuts me to the heart. Theſe poor p‹
gladly gave thee of their little, while thy
parents left thee to ſtarve.

How ſhall I own, continued Mrs. Incle
all this goodneſs could not ſoften my heart
God had not yet touched it. I received all
kindneſs as a favor done to them. Whe
father brought me home any little dainty w
he could pick up, and my mother kindly d
it for me, I would not condeſcend to eat it
them, but devoured it ſullenly in my little
ret alone, ſuffering them to fetch and carry ‹
thing I wanted. As my haughty behavio
not likely to gain their affection, it was
they did not love me: and as I had no n‹
that there were any other motives to gooc
tions but fondneſs or ſelf-intereſt, I was
zled to know what could make them ſo ki
me, for of the powerful and conſtraining la
chriſtian charity I was quite ignorant. To ‹
the weary hours, I looked about for ſome b‹
and found, among a few others of the ſame
*Doddridge's Riſe and Progreſs of Religi
the Soul.* But all thoſe books were addreſſ‹
ſinners; now as I knew I was not a ſinn
threw them away in diſguſt. Indeed they
ill ſuited to a taſte formed by novels, to w
reading I chiefly trace my ruin, for, vain
was, I ſhould never have been guilty of ſo

ſtep as to run away, had not my heart been
inted, and my imagination inflamed, by thoſe
ernicious books.

At length my little George was born. This
lded to the burthen I had brought on this poor
mily, but it did not diminiſh their kindneſs,
nd we continued to ſhare their ſcanty fare with-
ut any upbraiding on their part, or any grati-
ude on mine. Even this poor baby did not
ften my heart; I wept over him indeed day
nd night, but they were tears of deſpair; I was
lways idle, and waſted thoſe hours in ſinful
urmurs at his fate, which I ſhould have em-
loyed in trying to maintain him. Hardſhip,
rief, and impatience, at length brought on a
ever. Death ſeemed now at hand, and I felt
gloomy ſatisfaction in the thought of being rid
f my miſeries, to which I fear was added, a
ullen joy to think that you, Sir, and my mother
vould be plagued to hear of my death when it
ould be too late, and in this your grief, I an-
icipated a gloomy ſort of revenge. But it
leaſed my merciful God not to let me thus
eriſh in my ſins. My poor mother-in-law ſent
or a good clergyman, who pointed out to me
he danger of dying in that hard and unconverted
ate ſo forcibly, that I ſhuddered to find on what
dreadful precipice I ſtood. He prayed with
ne, and for me, ſo earneſtly, that at length God,
who is ſometimes pleaſed to magnify his own
glory in awakening thoſe who are dead in treſ-
paſſes and ſins, was pleaſed, of his free grace,

to open my blind eyes, and ſoften my ſtony he
I ſaw myſelf a ſinner, and prayed to be delive
from the wrath of God, in compariſon of wh
the poverty and diſgrace I now ſuffered, appe
ed as nothing. To a ſoul convinced of ſin,
news of a Redeemer was a joyful ſound. Inſt
of reproaching Providence, or blaming my
rents, or abuſing my huſband, I now learnt
condemn myſelf, to adore that God who l
not cut me off in my ignorance, to pray for p
don for the paſt, and grace for the time to co
I now deſired to ſubmit to penury and hun
in this world, ſo that I might but live in
fear of God here, and enjoy his favor in
world to come. I now learnt to compare
preſent light ſufferings, the conſequence
my own ſin, with thoſe bitter ſufferings of
Saviour which he endured for my ſake, an
was aſhamed of murmuring. But ſelf-ig
rance, conceit, and vanity, were ſo rooted
me, that my progreſs was very gradual, and
had the ſorrow to feel, how much the power
long bad habits keeps down the growth of r
gion in the heart, even after it has begun to ta
root. I was ſo ignorant of divine things, tha
hardly knew words to frame a prayer; but wh
I got acquainted with the Pſalms, I there lea
how to pour out the fulneſs of my heart wh
in the Goſpel I rejoiced to ſee what great thi
God had done for my ſoul.

I now took down once more from the ſh

what new eyes did I read it! I now ſaw clearly, that not only the thief, and the drunkard, the murderer, and the adulterer, are ſinners, for that I knew before; but I found that the unbeliever, the ſelfiſh, the proud, the worldly-minded, all, in ſhort, who live without God in the world, are ſinners. I did not now apply the reproofs I met with, to my huſband, or my father, or other people, as I uſed to do, but brought them home to myſelf. In this book I traced, with ſtrong emotions, and cloſe ſelf application, the ſinner through all his courſe; his firſt awakening, his convictions, repentance, joys, ſorrows, backſliding, and recovery, deſpondency, and delight, to a triumphant death bed; and God was pleaſed to make it a chief inſtrument in bringing me to himſelf. Here it is, continued Mrs. Incle, untying her little bundle, and taking out a book, accept it, my dear father, and I will pray that God may bleſs it to you as he has done to me.

When I was able to come down, I paſſed my time with theſe good old people, and ſoon won their affection. I was ſurprized to find they had very good ſenſe, which I never had thought poor people could have; but, indeed, worldly perſons do not know how much religion, while it mends the heart, enlightens the underſtanding alſo. I now regretted the evenings I had waſted in my ſolitary garret, when I might have paſſed them in reading the Bible with theſe good folks. This was their refreſhing cordial after a weary day, *which ſweetened* the pains of want and age.

I one day expreſſed my ſurprize that my unfortunate huſband, the ſon of ſuch pious parents, ſhould have turned out ſo ill: the poor old man ſaid with tears, I fear we have been guilty of the ſin of Eli; our love was of the wrong ſort. Alas! like him, *we honored our ſon more than God*, and God has ſmitten us for it. We ſhewed him what was right, but through a falſe indulgence, we did not correct him for what was wrong. We were blind to his faults. He was a handſome boy, with ſprightly parts; we took too much delight in theſe outward things. He ſoon got above our management, and became vain, idle, and evtravagant, and when we ſought to reſtrain him, it was then too late. We humbled ourſelves before God; but he was pleaſed to make our ſin become its own puniſhment. Timothy grew worſe and worſe; till he was forced to abſcond for a miſdemeanor; after which we never ſaw him, but have heard of him changing from one idle way of life to another, *unſtable as water:* he has been a footman, a ſoldier, a ſhopman, and a ſtrolling actor. With deep ſorrow we trace back his vices to our ungoverned fondneſs; that lively and ſharp wit, by which he has been able to carry on ſuch a variety of wild ſchemes, might, if we had uſed him to reproof in his youth, have enabled him to have done great ſervice for God and his country. But our flattery made him wiſe in his own *conceit;* and there is more hope of a fool than

of him. We indulged our own vanity, and have deſtroyed his ſoul.

Here Mr. Worthy ſtopped Mrs. Incle, ſaying, that whenever he heard it lamented that the children of pious parents often turned out ſo ill, he could not help thinking that there muſt be frequently ſomething of this ſort of error in the bringing them up: he knew, indeed, ſome inſtances to the contrary, in which the beſt means had failed; but he believed, that from Eli the prieſt, to Incle the laborer, more than half the failures of this ſort might be traced to ſome miſtake, or vanity, or bad judgment, or ſinful indulgence in the parents.

I now looked about, continued Mrs. Incle, in order to ſee in what way I could aſſiſt my poor mother, regretting more heartily than ſhe did, that I knew no one thing that was of any uſe. I was ſo deſirous of humbling myſelf before God and her, that I offered even to try to waſh.—You waſh! exclaimed Bragwell, ſtarting up with great emotion, Heaven forbid that with ſuch a fortune and education, Miſs Bragwell ſhould be ſeen at a waſhing-tub. This vain father, who could bear to hear of her diſtreſſes and her ſins, could not bear to hear of her waſhing. Mr. Worthy ſtopped him, ſaying, As to her fortune, you know you refuſed to give her any; and, as to her education, you ſee it had not taught her how to do any thing better. I am ſorry you do not ſee in this inſtance, the beauty *of chriſtian humility.* For my own part, I ſee

a greater value on ſuch an active proof of it, than on a whole volume of profeſſions. Mr. Bragwell did not quite underſtand this, and Mrs. Incle went on. What to do to get a penny I knew not. Making of fillagree, or fringe, or card-purſes, or cutting out paper, or dancing and ſinging, was of no uſe in our village. The ſhopkeeper, indeed, would have taken me, if I had known any thing of accounts: and the clergyman could have got me a nurſery-maid's place if I could have done good plain-work. I made ſome awkward attempts to learn to ſpin and knit, when my mother's wheel or knitting lay by, but I ſpoilt both through my ignorance. At laſt I luckily thought upon the fine netting I uſed to make for my trimmings, and it ſtruck me that I might turn this to ſome little account. I procured ſome twine, and worked early and late to make nets for fiſhermen, and cabbage nets. I was ſo pleaſed that I had at laſt found an opportunity to ſhew my good-will by this mean work, that I regretted my little George was not big enough to contribute his ſhare to our ſupport by travelling about to ſell my nets.

Cabbage-nets! exclaimed Bragwell; there is no bearing this.—Cabbage-nets! my grandſon hawk cabbage-nets! How could you think of ſuch a ſcandalous thing?—Sir, ſaid Mrs. Incle mildly, I am now convinced that nothing is ſcandalous which is not wicked. Beſides, we were in *want;* and neceſſity, as well as piety, would

have reconciled me to this mean trade. Mr. Bragwell groaned, and bade her go on.

In the mean time, my little George grew a fine boy; and I adored the goodneſs of God, who in the ſweetneſs of maternal love, had given me a reward for many ſufferings. Inſtead of indulging a gloomy diſtruſt about the fate of this child, I now reſigned him to the will of God. Inſtead of lamenting becauſe he was not likely to be rich, I was reſolved to bring him up with ſuch notions as might make him contented to be poor. I thought, if I could ſubdue all vanity and ſelfiſhneſs in him, I ſhould make him a happier man than if I had thouſands to beſtow on him; and I truſted, that I ſhould be rewarded for every painful act of preſent ſelf-denial, by the future virtue and happineſs of my child. Can you believe it, my dear father, my days now paſt not unhappily? I worked hard all day, and that alone is a ſource of happineſs beyond what the idle can gueſs. After my child was aſleep at night, I read a chapter in the bible to my parents, whoſe eyes now began to fail them. We then thanked God over our frugal ſupper of potatoes, and talked over the holy men of old, the ſaints and the martyrs, who would have thought our homely fair a luxury. We compared our peace, and liberty and ſafety, with their bonds, and impriſonment, and tortures; and ſhould have been aſhamed of a murmur. We then joined in prayer, in which my abſent *parents* and my huſband were never

forgotten, and went to reſt in charity with the whole world, and at peace in our own ſouls.

Oh! my forgiving child! interrupted Mr. Bragwell, ſobbing, and didſt thou really pray for thy unnatural father, and lie down in reſt and peace? Then, let me tell thee, thou waſt better off than thy mother and I were.—But no more of this; go on.

Whether my father-in-law had worked beyond his ſtrength, in order to ſupport me and my child, I know not, but he was taken dangerouſly ill. While he lay in this ſtate, we received an account that my huſband was dead in the Weſt-Indies of the yellow-fever, which has carried off ſuch numbers of our country-men; we all wept together, and prayed that his awful death might quicken us in preparing for our own. This ſhock, joined to the fatigue of nurſing her ſick huſband, ſoon brought my poor mother to death's door. I nurſed them both, and felt a ſatisfaction in giving them all I had to beſtow, my attendance, my tears, and my prayers. I, who was once ſo nice and ſo proud, ſo diſdainful in the midſt of plenty, and ſo impatient under the ſmalleſt inconvenience, was now enabled to glorify God by my activity and my ſubmiſſion. Though the ſorrows of my heart were enlarged, I caſt my burthen on him who cares for the weary and heavy laden. After having watched by theſe poor people the whole night, I ſat down to breakfaſt on my dry cruſt and coarſe diſh of tea, without a murmur; my

greateſt grief was, leſt I ſhould bring away the infection to my dear boy. I prayed to know what it was my duty to do between my dying parents, and my helpleſs child. To take care of the ſick and aged, ſeemed to be my duty. So I offered up my child to him who is the father of the fatherleſs, and he ſpared him to me.

The chearful piety with which theſe good people breathed their laſt, proved to me, that the temper of mind with which the pious poor commonly meet death, is the grand compenſation made them by Providence for all the hardſhips of their inferior condition. If they have had few joys and comforts in life already, and have ſtill fewer hopes in ſtore, is not all fully made up to them by their being enabled to leave this world with ſtronger deſires of heaven, and without thoſe bitter regrets after the good things of this life, which add to the dying tortures of the worldly rich? To the forlorn and deſtitute death is not terrible, as it is to him who *ſits at eaſe in his poſſeſſions*, and who fears that this night his ſoul ſhall be required of him.

Mr. Bragwell felt this remark more deeply than his daughter meant he ſhould. He wept and bade her proceed.

I followed my departed parents to the ſame grave, and wept over them, but not as one who had no hope. They had neither houſes nor lands to leave me, but they left me their bible, their bleſſing, and their example, of which I humbly truſt I *ſhall feel* the benefits when all the riches

of this world ſhall have an end. Their few effects, conſiſting of ſome poor houſehold goods, and ſome working-tools, hardly ſufficed to pay their funeral expences. I was ſoon attacked with the ſame fever, and ſaw myſelf, as I thought, dying the ſecond time; my danger was the ſame, but my views were changed. I now ſaw eternity in a more awful light than I had done before, when I wickedly thought death might be gloomily called upon as a refuge from every common trouble. Though I had ſtill reaſon to be humbled on account of my ſin, yet, through the grace of God, I ſaw Death ſtripped of his ſting, and robbed of his terrors *through him, who loved me, and had given himſelf for me*; and in the extremity of pain, *my ſoul rejoiced in God my Saviour.*

I recovered, however, and was chiefly ſupported by the kind clergyman's charity. When I felt myſelf nouriſhed and cheered by a little tea or broth, which he daily ſent me from his own ſlender proviſion, my heart ſmote me, to think how I had daily ſat down at home to a plentiful dinner, without any ſenſe of thankfulneſs for my own abundance, or without enquiring whether my poor ſick neighbours were ſtarving; and I ſorrowfully remembered, that what my poor ſiſter and I uſed to waſte through dainſineſs, would now have comfortably fed myſelf and child. Believe me, my dear mother, a laboring man who has been brought low by a fever, might often be reſtored to his work for

weeks ſooner, if on his recovery he was nouriſhed and ſtrengthened by a good bit from a farmer's table. Leſs than is often thrown to a favorite ſpaniel would ſuffice, ſo that the expence would be almoſt nothing to the giver, while to the receiver it would bring health, and ſtrength, and comfort.

By the time I was tolerably recovered, I was forced to leave the houſe. I had no human proſpect of ſubſiſtence. I humbly aſked of God to direct my ſteps, and to give me entire obedience to his will. I then caſt my eyes mournfully on my child, and though prayer had relieved my heart of a load which without it would have been intolerable; my tears flowed faſt, while I cried out in the bitterneſs of my ſoul, *How many hired ſervants of my father have bread enough and to ſpare, and I periſh with hunger.* This text appeared a kind of anſwer to my prayer, and gave me courage to make one more attempt to ſoften you in my favor. I reſolved to ſet out directly to find you, to confeſs my diſobedience, and to beg a ſcanty pittance, with which I and my child might be meanly ſupported in ſome diſtant country, where we ſhould not diſgrace our more happy relations. We ſet out and travelled as faſt as my weak health and poor George's little feet and ragged ſhoes would permit. I brought a little bundle of ſuch work and neceſſaries as I had left, by ſelling which we ſubſiſted on the road. I hope, interrupted Bragwell, *there were no* cabbage-nets in it?—At

leaſt ſaid her mother, I hope you did not ſell them near home. No; I had none left, ſaid Mrs. Incle or I ſhould have done it. I got many a lift in a waggon for my child and my bundle, which was a great relief to me. And here I cannot help ſaying, I wiſh drivers would not be too hard in their demands, if they help a poor ſick traveller on a mile or two; it proves a great relief to weary bodies and naked feet; and ſuch little cheap charities may be conſidered as "the cup of cold water," which, if given on right grounds, "ſhall not loſe its reward." Here Bragwell ſighed, to think that when mounted on his fine bay mare, or driving his neat chaiſe, it had never once croſſed his mind that the poor way-worn foot traveller was not equally at his eaſe, or that ſhoes were a neceſſary accommodation. Thoſe who want nothing are apt to forget how many there are who want every thing.—Mrs. Incle went on: I got to this village about ſeven this evening, and while I ſat on the church-yard wall to reſt and meditate how I ſhould make myſelf known at home, I ſaw a funeral; I enquired whoſe it was, and learnt it was my ſiſter's. This was too much for me. I ſunk down in a fit, and knew nothing that happened to me from that moment, till I found myſelf in the workhouſe with my father and Mr. Worthy.

Here Mrs. Incle ſtopped. Grief, ſhame, *pride* and remorſe, had quite overcome Mr. Bragwell. He wept like a child; and ſaid he hoped his

daughter would pray for him, for that he was not in a condition to pray for himſelf, though he found nothing elſe could give him any comfort. His deep dejection brought on a fit of ſickneſs: O! ſaid he, I now begin to feel an expreſſion in the ſacrament which I uſed to repeat without thinking it had any meaning, the "remembrance of my ſins is grievous, the burthen of them is intolerable." O, it is awful to think what a ſinner a man may be, and yet retain a decent character! How many thouſands are in my condition, taking to themſelves all the credit of their proſperity, inſtead of giving God the glory! Heaping up riches to their hurt, inſtead of dealing their bread to the hungry. O, let thoſe who hear of the Bragwell family, never ſay that *vanity is a little ſin.* In *me* it has been the fruitful parent of a thouſand ſins, ſelfiſhneſs, hardneſs of heart, forgetfulneſs of God. In one of my ſons, vanity was the cauſe of rapine, injuſtice, extravagance, ruin, ſelf-murder. Both my daughters were undone by vanity, though it only wore the more harmleſs ſhape of dreſs, idleneſs, and diſſipation. The huſband of my daughter Incle it deſtroyed, by leading him to live above his ſtation, and to deſpiſe labor. Vanity enſnared the ſouls even of his pious parents; for while it led them to wiſh to ſee their ſon in a better condition, it led them to allow him ſuch indulgences as were unfit for his own. O, you who hear of us, humble yourſelves under the mighty hand of God; *reſiſt high* thoughts; let every imagi-

nation be brought into obedience to the Son of God. If you ſet a value on finery, look into that grave; behold the mouldering body of my Betſey, who now ſays to "Corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm thou art my mother and my ſiſter." Look at the bloody and brainleſs head of her huſband. O, Mr. Worthy, how does Providence mock at human foreſight! I have been greedy of gain, that the ſon of Mr. Squeeze might be a great man; he is dead; while the child of Timothy Incle, whom I had doomed to beggary, will be my heir. Mr. Worthy, to you I commit this boy's education; teach him to value his immortal ſoul more, and the good things of this life leſs, than I have done. Bring him up in the fear of God, and in the government of his paſſions. Teach him that unbelief and pride are at the root of all ſin. I have found this to my coſt. I truſted in my riches; I ſaid, to-morrow ſhall be as this day and more abundant. I did not remember that "for all theſe things God would bring me to judgment." I am not ſure that I believed in a judgment.

Bragwell at length grew better, but he never recovered his ſpirits. The conduct of Mrs. Incle through life was that of an humble Chriſtian. She ſold all her ſiſter's finery which her father had given her, and gave the money to the poor, ſaying, it did not become one who profeſſed penitence, to return to the gaieties of life. *Mr.* Bragwell did not oppoſe this; not that he *had fully* acquired a juſt notion of the ſelf-de-

nying ſpirit of religion, but having a head not very clear at making diſtinctions, he was never able, after the ſight of Squeeze's mangled body, to think of gaiety and grandeur, without thinking at the ſame time, of a piſtol and bloody brains; for, as his firſt introduction into gay life had preſented him with all theſe objects at one view, he never afterwards could ſeparate them in his mind. He even kept his fine beaufet of plate always ſhut, becauſe it brought to his mind the grand unpaid-for ſideboard that he had ſeen laid out for Mr. Squeeze's ſupper, to the remembrance of which he could not help tacking debts, priſons, executions, and ſelf-murder.

Mr. Bragwell's heart had been ſo buried in the love of the world, and evil habits were become ſo rooted in him, that the progreſs he made in religion was very ſlow; yet he earneſtly prayed and ſtruggled againſt vanity; and when his unfeeling wife declared ſhe could not love the boy unleſs he was called by their name inſtead of Incle, Mr. Bragwell would never conſent, ſaying he ſtood in need of every help againſt pride. He alſo got the letter which Squeeze wrote juſt before he ſhot himſelf framed and glazed; this he hung up in his chamber, and made it a rule to go and read it as often as he found his heart diſpoſed to VANITY.

Z.

THE

PILGRIMS.

AN ALLEGORY.

METHOUGHT I was once upon a time travelling through a certain land which was very full of people, but what was rather odd, not one of all this multitude was at home; they were all bound to a far diſtant country. Though it was permitted by the Lord of the land that theſe Pilgrims might aſſociate together for their preſent mutual comfort and convenience; and each was not only allowed, but commanded to do the others all the ſervices he could upon their journey, yet it was decreed, that every individual traveller muſt enter the far country ſingly. There was a great gulf at the end of the journey which every one muſt paſs alone, and at his own riſk, and the friendſhip of the whole united world could be of no uſe in ſhooting that gulf. The exact time when each was to paſs was not known to any; this the Lord always kept a cloſe ſecret out of kindneſs, yet ſtill they were as ſure that the time muſt come, and that at no very great diſtance, as if they had been informed of the very moment. Now, as they knew they were always liable to be called away at an hour's notice, one would have thought they would have *been* chiefly employed in packing up, and *preparing*, and getting every thing in order. Not

they indeed. It was almoſt the only thing which they did not think about.

Now I only appeal to you, my readers, if any of you are ſetting out upon a little common journey, if it is only to London or York, is not all your leiſure time employed in ſettling your buſineſs at home, and packing up every little neceſſary for your expedition? And does not the fear of neglecting any thing you ought to remember, or may have occaſion for, haunt your mind; and ſometimes even intrude upon you unſeaſonably? And when you are actually on your journey, eſpecially if you have never been to that place before, or are likely to remain there, don't you begin to think a little about the pleaſures and the employments of the place, and to wiſh to know a little what ſort of a city London or York is? Don't you wonder what is doing there, and whether you are properly qualified for the buſineſs or the company you expect to be engaged in? Do you never look at the map, or conſult Brookeſ's Gazetteer? and don't you try to pick up from your fellow-paſſengers in the ſtage coach any little information you can get? And though you may be obliged out of civility, to converſe with them on common ſubjects, yet do not your ſecret thoughts ſtill run upon London or York, its buſineſs, or its pleaſures? And above all, if you are likely to ſet out early, are you not afraid of over-ſleeping, and does not that fear keep you upon the watch, ſo that you are commonly up and

ready before the porter comes to ſummon you? Reader! if this be your caſe, how ſurpriſed will you be to hear that the travellers to the far country have not half your prudence, though bound on a journey of infinitely more importance, to a land where nothing can be ſent after them, and which when they are once ſettled, all errors are irretrievable.

I obſerved that theſe pilgrims, inſtead of being upon the watch, leſt they ſhould be ordered off unprepared; inſtead of laying up any proviſion, or even making memorandums of what they would be likely to want, ſpent moſt of their time in crowds, either in the way of traffic or diverſion. At firſt, when I ſaw them ſo much engaged in converſing with each other, I thought it a good ſign, and liſtened attentively to their talk, not doubting but the chief turn of it would be about the climate, or treaſures, or ſociety they ſhould probably meet with in the far country. I ſuppoſed they might be alſo diſcuſſing about the beſt and ſafeſt road to it, and that each was availing himſelf of the knowledge of his neighbor, on a ſubject of equal importance to all. I liſtened to every party, but in ſcarcely any did I hear one word about the land to which they were bound, though it was their home, the place where their whole intereſt, expectation, and inheritance lay; to which alſo great part of their friends were gone before, and whither they *were ſure* all the reſt would follow. Inſtead *of this,* their whole talk was about the buſineſs,

or the pleaſures, or the faſhions, of the ſtrange country which they were merely paſſing through, and in which they had not one foot of land which they were ſure of calling their own for the next quarter of an hour. What little eſtate they had was *perſonal* and not real, and that was a mortgaged, life-hold tenement of clay, not properly their own, but only lent to them on a ſhort uncertain leaſe, of which threeſcore years and ten was conſidered as the longeſt period, and very few indeed lived in it to the end of the term; for this was always at the *will of the Lord*, part of whoſe prerogative it was, that he could take away the leaſe at pleaſure, knock down the ſtouteſt tenant at a ſingle blow, and turn out the poor ſhivering, helpleſs tenant naked to that far country for which he had made no proviſion. Sometimes, in order to quicken the Pilgrim in his preparation, the Lord would break down the tenement by ſlow degrees, ſometimes he would let it tumble by its own natural decay, for as it was only built to laſt a certain term, it would ſometimes grow ſo uncomfortable by increaſing dilapidations even before the ordinary leaſe was out, that the lodging was hardly worth keeping, though the tenant could ſeldom be perſuaded to think ſo, but fondly clung to it to the laſt. Firſt the thatch on the top of the tenament changed colour, then it fell off and left the roof bare; then the "grinders ceaſed becauſe they were few;" then the windows became *ſo darkened* that the owner could ſcarcely

ſee through them; then one prop fell away, then another, then the uprights became bent, and the whole fabric trembled and tottered, with every other ſymptom of a falling houſe. On ſome occaſions the Lord ordered his meſſengers, of which he had a great variety, to batter, injure, deface, and almoſt demoliſh the frail building even while it ſeemed new and ſtrong; this was what the landlord called *giving warning*; but many a tenant would not take warning, and was ſo fond of ſtaying where he was, even under all theſe inconveniences, that at laſt he was caſt out by ejectment, not being prevailed on to leave his dwelling in a proper manner, though one would have thought the fear of being turned out would have whetted his diligence in preparing for "a better and more enduring inheritance." For though the people were only tenants at will in theſe crazy tenements, yet through the goodneſs of the ſame Lord, they were aſſured that he never turned them out of theſe habitations before he had on his part provided for them a better, ſo that there was not ſuch another landlord in the world; and though their preſent dwelling was but frail, being only ſlightly run up to ſerve the occaſion, yet they might hold their future poſſeſſion by a moſt certain tenure, the word of the Lord himſelf, which was entered in a covenant, or title-deed, conſiſting of many ſheets, and becauſe a great many good *things* were given away in this deed, a book was made of which every ſoul might get a copy.

This indeed had not always been the caſe, becauſe, till a few ages back, there had been a ſort of monopoly in the caſe, and "the wiſe and prudent," that is, the cunning and fraudful, had hid theſe things from the "babes and ſucklings." that is, from the low and ignorant, and many frauds had been practiſed, and the poor had been cheated of their right; ſo that not being allowed to read and judge for themſelves, they had been ſadly impoſed upon: but all theſe tricks had been put an end to more than two hundred years when I paſſed through the country, and the meaneſt man who could read might then have a copy, ſo that he might ſee himſelf what he had to truſt to, and even thoſe who could not read, might hear it read once or twice every week, at leaſt, without pay, by learned men whoſe buſineſs it was. But it ſurpriſed me to ſee how few comparatively made uſe of theſe vaſt advantages. Of thoſe who *had* a copy, many laid it careleſsly by, expreſſed a *general* belief in the truth of the title-deed, a *general* ſatisfaction that they ſhould come in for a ſhare of the inheritance, a *general* good opinion of the Lord whoſe word it was, and a *general* diſpoſition to take his promiſe upon truſt; always, however intending, at a *convenient ſeaſon*, to enquire farther into the matter, but this convenient ſeaſon ſeldom came, and this neglect of theirs was conſtrued into a forfeiture of the inheritance.

At the end of this country lay the vaſt gulf

mentioned before, it was ſhadowed over by a broad and thick cloud, which prevented the pilgrims from ſeeing in a diſtinct manner what was doing behind it, yet ſuch beams of brightneſs now and then darted through the cloud as enabled thoſe who uſed a teleſcope provided for that purpoſe, to ſee *the ſubſtance of things hoped for*; but it was not every one who could make uſe of this teleſcope; no eye indeed was *naturally* diſpoſed to it; but an earneſt deſire of getting a glimpſe of the inviſible realities, gave ſuch a ſtrength and ſteadineſs to the eye, as enabled it to diſcern many things which could not be ſeen by the natural ſight. Above the cloud was this inſcription, "The things which are ſeen are temporal, but the things which are not ſeen are eternal. Of theſe laſt many glorious deſcriptions had been given, but as thoſe ſplendors were at a diſtance, and as the pilgrims in general did not care to uſe the teleſcope, theſe diſtant glances made little impreſſion. The glorious inheritance which lay beyond the cloud, was called *The things above*, while a multitude of trifling objects, which appeared contemptibly ſmall when looked at through the teleſcope, were called *The things below*. Now as we know it is nearneſs which gives ſize and bulk to any object, it was not wonderful that theſe ill judging pilgrims were more ſtruck with theſe baubles and trifles, which, by lying cloſe at hand, were viſible and tempting to the naked eye, and which made up the ſum of *The things* below, than with the

te glories of *The things above:* but this was
y owing to their not making uſe of the
ope, through which, if you examined
ughly *The things below*, they ſeemed to
: almoſt down to nothing, while *The things*
appeared the more beautiful and vaſt, the
the teleſcope was uſed. But the ſurpriſ-
art of the ſtory was this, not that the pil-
were captivated at firſt ſight with *The*
below, for that was natural enough, but
vhen they had tried them over and over,
ound themſelves deceived and diſappointed
oſt every one of them, it did not at all
their fondneſs, and they graſped at them
with the ſame eagerneſs as before. There
ome gay fruits which looked alluring, but
ing opened, inſtead of a kernel they were
to contain rottenneſs, and thoſe which
d the fulleſt, often proved on trial to be
hollow and empty. Thoſe which were
empting to the eye were often found to be
wood to the taſte, or poiſon to the ſtomach,
any flowers that ſeemed moſt bright and
id a worm gnawing at the root.

ong the chief attractions of *The things*
were certain little lumps of yellow clay, on
almoſt every eye and every heart was
When I ſaw the variety of uſes to which
lay could be converted, and the reſpect
was ſhewn to thoſe who could ſcrape to-
the greateſt number of pieces, I did not
wonder at the general deſire to pick up

ſome of them. But when I beheld the anxie the wakefulneſs, the competitions, the contriv ces, the tricks, the frauds, the ſcuffling, the pu ing, the turmoiling, the kicking, the ſhoving, cheating, the circumvention, the envy, the mal nity, which was excited by a deſire to poſſeſs t article; when I ſaw the general ſcramble amo thoſe who had little to get much, and of thoſe w had much to get more, then I could not h applying to theſe people a Proverb in uſe amo us, *that gold may be bought too dear.* Thoug ſaw that there were various ſorts of baub which engaged the hearts of different travelle ſuch as an ell of red or blue ribbon, for wh ſome were content to forfeit their future in ritance, committing the ſin of Eſau without temptation of hunger; yet the yellow cla fou.·l was the grand object for which m hands ſcrambled and moſt ſouls were riſk One thing was extraordinary, that the nea theſe people were to being turned out of th tenement, the fonder they grew of theſe pieces clay, ſo that I naturally concluded they meant take the clay with them to the far country; I I ſoon learnt this clay was not current there, Lord having declared to theſe pilgrims, that *they had brought nothing into this world, t could carry nothing out.*

I enquired of the different people who w raiſing the various heaps of clay, ſome of larger, ſome of a ſmaller ſize, why they c covered ſuch unremitting anxiety, and for whor

ıe whoſe piles were immenſe, told me they : heaping up for their children; this I ght very right, till on caſting my eyes round, ſerved many of the children of theſe very ɔle had large heaps of their own. Others me it was for their grand-children; but on ıiry, I found theſe were not yet born, and in y caſes there was little chance that they would. The truth, on a cloſe examination, ved to be, that the true genuine heapers ly heaped for themſelves; that it was in fact her for friend or child, but to gratify an in-inate appetite of their own. Nor was I much ɔriſed after this to ſee theſe yellow hoards at ʒth *canker, and the ruſt of them become a neſs againſt the hoarders, and eat their fleſh it were fire.*

Many, however, who had ſet out with a high p of their father's raiſing, before they had got : third of their journey had ſcarcely a ſingle ce left. As I was wondering what had cauſed ſe enormous piles to vaniſh in ſo ſhort a time, ıied ſcattered up and down the country all ſorts ɔdd inventions, for ſome or other of which vain poſſeſſors of the great heaps of clay l trucked and battered them away in fewer ɹrs than their anceſtors had ſpent years in get-ʒ them together. O what a ſtrange unac-ɹntable medley it was! and what was ridicu-ıs enough, I obſerved that the greateſt quan-ı of the clay was always exchanged for things ıt *were of no uſe* that I could diſcover, owing

I ſuppoſe to my ignorance of the manne
that country.

In one place I ſaw large heaps exhauſt
order to ſet two idle pampered horſes a run
but the worſt part of the joke was, the l
did not run to fetch or carry any thing
merely to let the gazers ſee which coul
faſteſt. Now this gift of ſwiftneſs, exerci
no one uſeful purpoſe, was only one out of
inſtances, I obſerved, of talents uſed to nc
In another place I ſaw whole piles of the
ſpent to maintain long ranges of building
of dogs, on proviſions which would have r
fattened ſome thouſands of pilgrims who
wanted fattening, and whoſe ragged tene
were out at elbows, for want of a little
to repair them. Some of the piles were
larly pulled down once in ſeven years in
to corrupt certain needy pilgrims to
thei conſciences. Others were ſpent in pl
with white ſtiff bits of paper painted over
red and black ſpots, in which I thought
muſt be ſome conjuring, becauſe the very
of theſe painted paſteboards made the hea
from one to another, and back again t
ſame, in a way that natural cauſes coul
account for. There was another proof
there muſt be ſome magic in this buſineſs,
was that if a paſteboard with red ſpots fel
a hand which wanted a black one, the p
changed color, his eyes flaſhed fire, and h
covered other ſymptoms of madneſs,

ſhewed that there was ſome witchcraft in the caſe. Theſe clean little paſteboards, as harmleſs as they looked, had the wonderful power of pulling down the higheſt piles in leſs time than all the other cauſes put together. I obſerved that many ſmall piles were given in exchange for an enchanted liquor, which when the purchaſer had drank to a little exceſs, he loſt all power of managing the reſt of his heap without loſing the love of it.

Now I found it was the opinion of ſober pilgrims, that either hoarding the clay, or trucking it for any ſuch purpoſes as the above, was thought exactly the ſame offence in the eyes of the Lord, and it was expected that when they ſhould come under his more immediate juriſdiction in the far country, the penalty annexed to hoarding and ſquandering would be nearly the ſame. While I examined the countenances of the owners of the heaps, I obſerved that thoſe who I well knew never intended to make any uſe at all of their heap, were far more terrified at the thought of loſing it, or of being torn from it, than thoſe were who were employing it in the moſt uſeful manner. Thoſe who beſt knew what to do with it, ſet their hearts leaſt upon it, and were always moſt willing to leave it. But ſuch riddles were common in this odd country.

Now I wondered why theſe Pilgrims, who were naturally made erect with an eye formed to *look up to The things above*, yet had their eyes

almoſt conſtantly bent in the other direction rivited to the earth, and faſtened *on things below.* juſt like thoſe animals who walk on all four. I was told they had not always been ſubject to this weakneſs of ſight and proneneſs to earth: That they had originally been upright and beautiful, having been created after the image of the Lord, who was himſelf the perfection of beauty; that he had, at firſt placed them in a far ſuperior ſituation, which he had given them in perpetuity; but that their firſt anceſtors, fell from it through pride and careleſſneſs; that upon this the freehold was taken away, they loſt their original ſtrength, brightneſs, and beauty, and were driven out into this ſtrange country; where however they had every opportunity given them of recovering their health, and the Lord's favor and likeneſs; for they were become ſo diſfigured, and were grown ſo unlike him, that you would harldly believe they were his own children, though, in ſome, the reſemblance was become again viſible. The Lord, however, was ſo merciful, that inſtead of giving them up to the dreadful conſequences of their own folly, as he might have done without any impeachment of his juſtice, that he gave them immediate comfort and promiſed them, that in due time, his own Son ſhould come down and reſtore them to the future inheritance which he ſhould purchaſe for them. And now it was that in order *to keep* up their ſpirits, after they had loſt their *eſtate* through the folly of their anceſtors, that

he began to give them a part of their former title-deed. He continued to ſend them portions of it from time to time by different faithful ſervants, whom, however, theſe ungrateful people generally uſed ill, and ſome of whom they murdered. But for all this the Lord was ſo very forgiving, that he at length ſent theſe mutineers a proclamation of full and free pardon by his Son, who, though they uſed him in a more cruel manner than they had done any of his ſervants, yet after having "finiſhed the work his Father had given him to do," went back into the far country to prepare a place for all them who believe in him; and there he ſtill lives, begging and pleading for thoſe unkind people whom he ſtill loves and forgives, and will reſtore to the purchaſed inheritance on the eaſy terms of their being heartily ſorry for what they have done, thoroughly deſirous of pardon, and convinced that, "He is able and willing to ſave to the utmoſt all them that come unto him."

I ſaw, indeed, that many old offenders appeared to be ſorry for what they had done; that is, they did not like to be puniſhed for it. They were willing enough to be delivered from the penalty of their ſin, but they did not heartily wiſh to be delivered from the power of it. Many declared, in the moſt public manner, once every week, that they were very ſorry they had done amiſs, *that they had erred and ſtrayed like loſt ſheep;* but it was not enough to *declare their ſorrow* ever ſo often if they gave no other

ſign of their penitence. For there was ſo little truth in them, that the Lord required other proofs of their ſincerity beſide their own word, for they often lied with their lips and diſſembled with their tongue. But thoſe who profeſſed to be penitents were neither allowed to raiſe heaps of clay, by circumventing their neighbors, or to keep great piles lying by them uſeleſs; nor muſt they barter them for any of thoſe idle vanities which reduced the heaps on a ſudden: for I found that among the grand articles of future reckoning, the uſe they had made of the heaps would be a principal one.

I was ſorry to obſerve many of the fairer part of theſe Pilgrims ſpend too much of their heaps in adorning and beautifying their tenements of clay, in painting, white-waſhing, and enameling them. All thoſe tricks, however, did not preſerve them from decay, and when they grew old, they even looked worſe for all this coſt and varniſh. Some, however, acted a more ſenſible part, and ſpent no more upon their mouldering tenements than juſt to keep them whole and clean, and in good repair, which is what every tenant ought to do; and I obſerved that thoſe who were moderate in the care of their own tenements, were moſt attentive to repair and warm the ragged tenements of others. But none did this with much zeal or acceptance, but thoſe who had acquired a habit of over-*looking* the *things below*, and who alſo by the *conſtant* uſe of the teleſcope, had got their natural

weak and dim ſight ſo ſtrengthened, as to be able to diſcern pretty diſtinctly the nature of the *things above.* The habit of fixing their eyes on theſe glories, made all the ſhining trifles which compoſe the maſs of *things below* at laſt appear in their own diminutive littleneſs. For it was in this caſe particularly true, that things are only big or little by compariſon; and there was no other way of making the *things below* appear as ſmall as they really were, but by comparing them by means of the Teleſcope with the *things above.* But I obſerved that the falſe judgment of the Pilgrims ever kept pace with their wrong practices, for thoſe who kept their eyes faſtened on the *things below*, were reckoned wiſe in their generation, while the few who looked forward to the future glories, were accounted by the buſtlers, or heapers, to be either fools or mad.

Well—moſt of theſe Pilgrims went on in adorning their tenements, adding to their heaps, graſping the things below, as if they would never let them go, ſhutting their eyes inſtead of uſing their Teleſcope, and neglecting their title-deed, as if it was the parchment of another man's eſtate and not their own; till one after another each felt his tenement tumbling about his ears. Oh! then what a buſy, buſtling, anxious, terrifying, diſtracting moment was that! What a deal of buſineſs was to be done, and what a ſtrange time was this to do it in! Now to ſee the confuſion and diſmay, occaſioned by having left every *thing to the laſt* minute. Firſt ſome one

was ſent for to make over the yellow heaps to another, which the heaper now found would be of no uſe to himſelf in ſhooting the gulf; a transfer which ought to have been made while the tenement was ſound. Then there was a conſultation between two or three maſons at once, perhaps to try to patch up the walls, and ſtrengthen the props, and ſtop the decays of the tumbling tenement; but not till the maſons were forced to declare it was paſt repairing, (a truth they were rather too apt to keep back) did the tenant ſeriouſly think it was time to pack up, prepare, and be gone. Then what ſending for the wiſe men who profeſſed to explain the title-deed! And oh, what remorſe, that they had neglected to examine it till their ſenſes were too confuſed for ſo weighty a buſineſs! What reproaches, or what exhoratations to others to look better after their own affairs! Even to the wiſeſt of the inhabitants the falling of their tenements was a ſolemn thing; ſolemn, but not ſurpriſing; they had long been packing up and preparing; they praiſed their Lord's goodneſs that they had been ſuffered to ſtay ſo long; many acknowledged the mercy of their frequent warnings, and confeſſed that thoſe very dilapidations which had made the houſe uncomfortable had been a bleſſing, as it had ſet them on diligent preparation for their future inheritance; had made them more earneſt in examining their title to it, and *had ſet* them on ſuch a frequent application to *the* Teleſcope, that The things above had ſeem-

ed every day to approach nearer and nearer. Theſe deſired not to be "uncloathed but to be cloathed upon, for they knew that if their frail Tabernacle was diſſolved, they had an houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Z.

THE

BLACK PRINCE:

Being an account of the Life and Death of Naimbanna, *an African King's ſon, who arrived in England, in the year* 1791, *and ſet ſail on his return in June,* 1793.

IN Africa, the country where the negroes live, and from which ſlaves are taken, there was a king who was not a Chriſtian, but who was a better man (to their ſhame be it ſpoken) than many who call themſelves Chriſtians. Though he could neither read nor write, he had good ſenſe enough to grieve for the miſery and ignorance of his poor countrymen, and he was deſirous of doing them good if he but knew how.

At length a number of Engliſh gentlemen, who had at heart the ſame thing, formed themſelves into a company for the purpoſe of putting a ſtop to the trade in ſlaves, and ſpreading in Africa the bleſſings of the goſpel.

Their plan was to form a ſettlement in the river Sierra Leone, where the above mentioned king lived, and they accordingly ſent over an agent to talk with the king, and to procure his conſent.

The good old king was very glad when he heard of their intentions; he eaſily ſaw that ſuch a ſettlement would produce great benefit to his country; he therefore became the ſtaunch friend of the company; and alſo of the ſettlement, which was ſoon after formed, and he continued ſo to the day of his death.

The king had thought, before this time, that there were none but bad people in England; for, to uſe his own words, he had *never before ſeen any Engliſhmen who were not bad people;* but he now found, that though there were many wicked people in England, there were many good people alſo. Being informed that what made the people in England good was the chriſtian religion, he reſolved to ſend thither his ſon, about 23 years of age, who was put under the care of the Sierra Leone Company's agent, and by him brought to England, the Company readily undertaking the charge of his education.

Naimbanna (for ſo he was called) arrived in England, in a veſſel called the Lapwing, in the year 1791, and proper perſons were choſen to inſtruct him in reading, writing, and other parts of education; but before we proceed to give an account of the progreſs he made during his ſtay in this country, it may be proper to make

the reader acquainted with his character at the time of his landing. His perſon was not handſome, but his manners were extremely pleaſing, and his diſpoſition kind and affectionate: at the ſame time, his feelings were quick and jealous, and he was very violent in his temper, as well as proud and diſdainful. Though he labored under great diſadvantages from the want of early education, yet he ſhewed ſigns of a good underſtanding, and he appeared to be very ſharp-ſighted in finding out people's real character.

He had not been long in England before a thirſt of knowledge was found to be a leading feature in his character. His teachers have ſaid that he would often urge them to prolong the time employed in reading, and that he was always thankful to any one who would aſſiſt him in learning any thing that was uſeful. He was never led into company where the time was waſted in idle talk without being ſorry, and when left to himſelf, he would employ not leſs than eight or ten hours of the day in reading.

As it was the main object of the gentlemen to whoſe care he had been entruſted, to give him right views of Chriſtianity, pains were taken to convince him, that the bible was the word of God, and he received it as ſuch with great reverence and ſimplicity: "When I found," ſaid he, "all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the word of God, and all bad men *diſregarding it*, I was then ſure that the Bible

alked to read a little in the ſcriptures, he a
expreſſed his readineſs by ſome emotion o
He uſed to ſay, that he was ſure of m
with ſomething in the Bible which ſuited
caſe, and ſhewed him what was right an
was wrong; and that he likewiſe found
good examples to encourage him to do
was right, and bad examples, to deter him
doing what was wrong. In ſhort, he wa
one of thoſe who read the Bible, and thi
tle or nothing about what they read, but h
ſidered it as the rule of his life; and if a
time his behavior was amiſs, and a te
ſcripture was mentioned, which proved it
ſo, he would immediately ſubmit to its au
ty. Nor was his regard for the Bible mer
an outward kind; it plainly affected his
He had tried, when in Africa, (to uſe hi

and, not only his pride, but alſo his revengeful ſpirit had become hateful to him. The progreſs he had made in ſubduing his paſſions, during his ſhort ſtay in this country, conſidering the natural violence of his temper, was conſiderable. He always expreſſed ſorrow when he had been haſty or paſſionate in his conduct; as he became more acquainted with Chriſtian principles, he acquired more courteſy and delicacy of manners, ſome degree of which was indeed natural to him, and the ſuperſtitious belief in witchcraft, to which Africans are ſo prone, gradually left him.

He paid great reſpect to the teachers of Chriſtianity, whom he wiſhed much to invite over to his country; took great delight in the exerciſe of devotion, and would talk on religious ſubjects with much openneſs and ſimplicity, and without any mixture of enthuſiaſm. Love and gratitude to God, who had delivered him from the ſtate of darkneſs in which, in common with millions of his countrymen, he had been till lately plunged, were ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind, and had a ſtrong and abiding effect on the whole of his conduct.

His tenderneſs of conſcience was very ſtriking, and it ſeemed to have become his deſire, on all occaſions, to know what line of conduct was moſt agreeable to the word of God; when he could determine that point, he would not heſitate about reſolving to purſue it.

The *reader will* have a better view of the

character of this black Prince from the following ſtories of him, the truth of which is well eſtabliſhed.

His father had ſeen ſo much drunkenneſs among the Engliſh ſlave-traders on the coaſt of Africa, that he concluded drunkenneſs was very common in England, and in order to prevent his ſon's falling into that abominable practice, he laid a command on him, (ſtating at the ſame time the ground of his fears) that when he came to England, he ſhould not be prevailed upon to drink ſpirits of any kind, nor to drink more than a glaſs or two of wine at a meal.

When young Naimbanna found how ſtrongly obedience to parents is enjoined in the Bible, he regarded this command of his father as ſacred, nor was he ever known to violate it.

Soon after he came to London, he was taken to ſee St. Paul's, the grandeur of which it was thought would aſtoniſh him; but to the ſurprize of the gentlemen who went with him, in getting to the upper part of the building, terror ſeemed to ſwallow up every other feeling; he made the utmoſt haſte to deſcend, nor did he ſtop till he found himſelf ſafely landed in the church-yard, when, in a very earneſt manner, he thanked God for having ſpared him. When aſked the reaſon of his ſtrange conduct, he ſaid, that on looking down from the top of St. Paul's, he was ſo ſtruck with the nearneſs of death and judgment, that he loſt ſight of every other object; that he never felt before how much he

deſerved puniſhment at the hands of God, and that he only thought of eſcaping, leſt ſuch a ſignal puniſhment as that of falling from the top of St. Paul's ſhould overtake him.

He was preſent once in the Houſe of Commons during a debate on the ſlave trade. He there heard a gentleman, who ſpoke in favor of the trade, ſay ſome things very degrading to the character of his countrymen. He was ſo enraged at this, that on coming out of the houſe, he cried out with great vehemence, "I will kill that fellow wherever I meet him, for he has told lies of my country;" he was put in mind of the Chriſtian duty of forgiving his enemies; on which he anſwered nearly in the following words:—"If a man ſhould rob me of my money, I can forgive him; if a man ſhould ſhoot at me, I can forgive him; if a man ſhould ſell me and all my family to a ſlave ſhip, ſo that we ſhould paſs all the reſt of our lives in ſlavery in the Weſt Indies, I can forgive him; but, (added he with much emotion) if a man takes away the character of the people of my country, I never can forgive him." Being aſked why he would not extend his forgiveneſs to one who took away the character of the people of his country, he anſwered,—"If a man ſhould try to kill me, or ſhould ſell my family for ſlaves, he would do an injury to as many as he might kill or ſell, but if any one takes away the character of black people, that man injures black people all over the world; and when he has once taken away

their character, there is nothing which he may not do to black people ever after. That man, for inſtance, will beat black men, and ſay, 'O, it is only a black man, why ſhould I not beat him?' That man will make ſlaves of black people; for when he has taken away their character, he will ſay, 'O they are only black people, why ſhould not I make them ſlaves.' That man will take away all the people of Africa, if he can catch them, and if you aſk him, but why do you take away all theſe people, he will ſay, 'O, they are only black people, they are not like white people, why ſhould I not take them?' That is the reaſon why I cannot forgive the man who takes away the character of the people of my country."

He was then told that it would be very wicked to kill this gentleman, or even not to forgive him, ſeeing the ſcriptures ſaid, "Forgive your enemies,"—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, ſaith the Lord." This immediately quieted his rage, and he became as calm as a lamb, nor was uſed afterwards to expreſs the leaſt anger againſt the gentleman who had ſo much offended him.

At another time, when he ſaw a man beat his horſe about the head, and otherwiſe uſe it ill, he became very angry, and talked of getting a gun to ſhoot the man, for he was ſure he deſerved it, and alſo of carrying a gun always about him to ſhoot ſuch bad people. As ſoon, however, as a paſſage of ſcripture which condemned ſuch

violenee was mentioned to him, his anger ceaſed, and he became ſorry for it.

The delicacy of his mind appears from the following circumſtance: while reading a book to a lady, which had been recommended to him as a good book, he met with a word, ſuppoſed by him to convey an impure idea, on which he inſtantly ſtopt, and ſhut the book without aſſigning any cauſe. The lady ſoon after quitted the room, when his diſpleaſure, which her preſence had kept him from expreſſing, broke forth; he daſhed the book, with a degree of fury which aſtoniſhed the gentleman who was preſent, againſt the wall of the room, declaring that the man who wrote the book, ought to be puniſhed for deceiving people, and putting bad thoughts into their heads; and as for the book itſelf, that he ſhould burn it wherever he might happen to meet with it. He was ſoon convinced of the impropriety of his warmth, but he continued to regard the book, and its author, as highly blameable.

He was ſo concerned for the credit of his country, and ſo fearful of the conſequence of drawing contempt upon it, that, except with particular perſons, he was averſe from giving very minute accounts of the ſtate of African manners, arts, cultivation, or ſociety. On the ſame account, he ſtudiouſly avoided ſtrong marks of wonder at any thing he ſaw in England, leſt an inferrence ſhould be drawn from it to the diſad*vantage of Africa.* When he choſe, however,

to be unreſerved in talking about his countr
he was never known to violate truth in the a
counts he gave.

Among the difficulties which his new view
ings laid upon him, one reſpected his wiv
He had two while in Africa, but he clearly ſ
the New Teſtament allowed only one; his c
ficulty was, to know which of them it was ri
for him to keep. He thought, at firſt, it wo
be right to keep her whom he had firſt marrie
but then he conſidered that ſhe had borne h
no child, and that the ſecond (who was beſi
the wife of his affections) had brought him
ſon; this laſt circumſtance ſeemed to have
cided the queſtion in favor of the ſecond;
declared himſelf ready, however, to make a
crifice of his feelings, ſhould it appear right
keep the firſt in preference.

In about a year and a half after his arrival
England, he could read fluently, (though,
firſt, he knew little of the Engliſh tongue) a
could write a letter. He had alſo made hi
ſelf acquainted with common arichmetic, a
the firſt elements of mathematics, and had, b
ſides, imbibed much general knowledge.

While he thus went on improving, the ne
of his father's death reached England, and c
led him ſuddenly to Sierra Leone. He
much anxiety when he was on the eve of retu
ing, from the variety of new duties, which t
*deplo*rable ſtate of his country ſeemed to l
upon him. He was very deſirous that his ſu

conduct might not discredit his new religion; and it appeared to those with whom he conversed, that there was no personal sacrifice which he was not ready to make for the sake of Christianity. To have the honor of becoming himself a teacher of it, seemed to be the summit of his wishes.

In the month of June, 1793, he embarked on board of one of the Sierra Leone Company's vessels, called from him, the Naimbanna after having taken an effectionate leave of his friends in England.

During the passage, his mind was almost constantly employed in pondering over those difficulties which he thought he should have to combat on his return to Africa, and in devising the means of overcoming them. Numberless were the plans which he formed for the purpose of spreading the light of the gospel among his rude countrymen; though he seemed at the same time to suffer much uneasiness, from a fear of disappointment, which became stronger as he approached his native shores. He had left England in perfect health, but on reaching a warmer climate, he was much affected by the heat, and caught a violent cold, which began with pains in his throat and head, and ended in a fever, which the continual working of his mind had probably contributed much to produce. He was frequently light-headed, and his intervals of sense were short and few, but they afforded to *those around him* striking proofs of a humble

truſt in the mercies of God through Chriſt, and of a perfect reſignation to his will. During one of theſe intervals, he called to his bed-ſide a fellow paſſenger, and obſerving to him, that he began to think he ſhould be called hence, before he had an opportunity of telling his mother and friends what mercies God had ſhewn him, and what obligations he lay under to the Sierra Leone Company, he begged of the gentleman to write his will, the ſubſtance of which was, that his brother ſhould take charge of his property, till his ſon, then a child, came of age; and, in the mean time, ſhould reimburſe the Sierra Leone Company for the ſums advanced by them on his account.

To this he ſubjoined a ſtrong requeſt that his brother ſhould, as far as in him lay, oppoſe the ſlave trade, and for the ſatisfaction of his friends, he added, "That nothing may be imputed to the Sierra Leone Company by any evil-minded men, whoſe intereſt may oppoſe that of the worthy Company, I here declare, in the preſence of that God, in whom I place my truſt, that during my ſtay in England, I always enjoyed very good health, and received the greateſt civilities from all thoſe under whoſe care I was, and at my leaving England I was in perfect health."

When the veſſel got to Sierra Leone, he had become inſenſible to every thing that paſſed around him except for very ſhort intervals. He was taken aſhore to the Governor's houſe at Freetown, where his mother with a brother and

ſiſter of his, and ſome other of his relations, to whom notice of his dangerous ſtate had been ſent, ſoon after appeared. The diſtracted looks of his mother, and the wildneſs of his ſiſter's grief, on ſeeing him, affected every one; but when at length they perceived that he breathed no more, their ſhrieks and cries were diſtreſſing beyond meaſure. He died about twelve hours after coming on ſhore.

Thus ended the days of this amiable and enlightened African, from whoſe labors extenſive good might have been expected. But before we proceed to make a few reflections on his ſtory, it will be well to notice two memorandums which were found in his pocket-book after his death, and which ſerve to confirm what has been already ſaid of the tenderneſs of his conſcience, and the purity of his manners.

This firſt was written in conſequence of his falling into ſome company where profane and obſcene converſation had paſſed, and was as follows:

"I ſhall take care of this company, which I now fall into, for they ſware a good deal, and talked all manner of wickedneſs and filthy. All theſe things—can I be able to reſiſt that temptation?—No, I cannot, but the Lord will deliver me."

The other was written after he had been ſome time at ſea, and had made ſome unavailing remonſtrances to the Captain on the profaneneſs of his crew; and in it, he declared, that "if

the crews of other veſſels ſhould be like t crew of the Naimbanna, he ſhould never thi of coming to England, though he had frien there as dear to him as the laſt words of l father."

May we not conclude, from the above ſto that God has given to the moſt rude and ſava people, minds capable of knowing, loving, a ſerving him? And may we not learn hence, cheriſh ſentiments of kindneſs and affection t wards all men, whatever be their color, or ho ever low they may ſtand in the ſcale of hum beings? Thoſe, eſpecially, who know how eſtimate the bleſſings of religion, and who ha a regard for the everlaſting happineſs of the fellow-creatures, will be encouraged by it, promote, with zeal, every plan which tends introduce Chriſtianity among the ſavage natio of the earth, or to remove the hindrances of i introduction. Happy, if through their inſtr mentality, thoſe who now ſit in darkneſs, ſhou be brought, like Naimbanna, to know Gc and themſelves, and to rejoice in hope of h glory.

Let us alſo learn from this ſtory, that God ways are not as our ways. Short-ſighted as w are, we were ready to conclude, that this youn man had been ſent by heaven to be a bleſſing t Africa, and to ſpread the Chriſtian religio among his own countrymen. But God, wh *ſees* and knows all things, determined otherwiſ *He* ſaw it right to take Naimbanna from the ev

ome; thus diſappointing our hopes, but, at ſame time, teaching us to check the diſpo- n we are too apt to indulge, of prying into ſecrets of heaven, and to conduct all our ns and enquiries, under a ſenſe of our own orance, and in a full dependence on the over- ng providence and righteous government of d.

May we not alſo draw a leſſon from the con- t of the old king on this occaſion? It was the wealth, the grandeur, the learning, or arts of England which ſtruck him as deſira- but the religion of England. He ſent his thither, not to make a fortune, not to pro- e an inſight into trade, not to form great nexions, but to learn the chriſtian religion. w many parents are there in this country, ire it is ſo eaſy to attain the means of learn- the chriſtian religion, who takes no pains to ke their children acquainted with it?

But a ſtill more inſtructive leſſon, and one ch applies more generally, may be drawn n the conduct of the black Prince, whoſe y has juſt been told. He comes among us e and ignorant, with no juſt ideas of religion, after having been accuſtomed for twenty- e years to indulge all his paſſions without reſtraint. No ſooner, however, is chriſ- ity placed before him, than he is ſtruck with truth and beauty, and embraces it with a d like ſimplicity. As he views himſelf in *glaſs of ſcripture*, he [illegible] its account.

of human nature to be true from his own e
rience. Humbled under a ſenſe of his ſins
imperfections, trembling under the appre
ſions of the conſequences of them, and ſen
of his inability to help himſelf, he gladly
hold of the hope ſet before him, he believe
promiſes of God to the penitent, and relie
ſalvation on Chriſt alone. Nor were theſe
views unavailing; on the contrary, they
duced ſtriking effects. In conſequence of t
with the help of God's grace, he imbibes
ſpirit of the Goſpel. His prejudices are c
come, his temper is regulated, his paſ
curbed, his very manners are improved b
in ſhort, he ſeemed, to uſe the language of ſ
ture, "to become a new creature." Tell
reader, haſt thou ever experienced in th
this change which Naimbanna underwent?
member that our Saviour has told us, that
cept we be converted, and become as little
dren, we ſhall in no wiſe enter the kingdon
heaven. Has thy heart been turned to fear
to love, and to ſerve the Lord thy God
does thy conſcience witneſs againſt thee,
thou art yet a ſtranger to the peace and joy
well as the obedience of the goſpel?

If living in a chriſtian land, and called
chriſtian name, thou art, nevertheleſs, no c
tian, repent, without delay, I beſeech t
Receive from this time, the goſpel as a
child. Put off that pride which ſtands in
way of thy repentance, and of thy ſalva

Be humble and willing to learn like this Prince Naimbanna. Read like him, the ſacred ſcriptures, with reverence and with prayer to God for his bleſſing. Soon thy days, like his, ſhall be numbered, and if thou, who art born in a Chriſtian land, ſhouldſt leave the world without having ever truly known the powerful influence of Chriſtianity, the very ſtory which thou haſt juſt read ſhall hereafter riſe up in judgment againſt thee.

PARLEY THE PORTER.

AN ALLEGORY.

THERE was once a certain gentleman who had a houſe or caſtle, ſituated in the midſt of a great wilderneſs, but incloſed in a garden. Now, there was a band of robbers in the wilderneſs, who had a great mind to plunder and deſtroy the caſtle, but they had not ſucceeded in their endeavors, becauſe the maſter had given ſtrict orders to "*watch without ceaſing.*" To quicken their vigilence, he uſed to tell them that their care would ſoon have an end; that though the nights they had to watch were dark and ſtormy, yet they were but few; the period of reſiſtance was ſhort, that of reſt eternal.

The robbers, however, attacked the caſtle in various ways. They tried at every avenue; watched to take advantage of every careleſs mo-

ment; looked for an open door, or a neglected window. But though they often made the bolts ſhake, and the windows rattle, they could never greatly hurt the houſe, much leſs get into it. Do you know the reaſon? It was, becauſe the ſervants were never off their guard. They heard the noiſes plain enough, and uſed to be not a little frightened, for they were aware both of the ſtrength and perſeverence of the enemy. But what ſeemed rather odd to ſome of theſe ſervants, the gentleman uſed to tell them, that while they continued to be afraid, they would be ſafe; and it paſſed into a ſort of proverb in that family, "happy is he that feareth always." Some of the ſervants, however, thought this a contradiction.

One day, when the maſter was going from home, he called his ſervants all together, and ſpoke to them as follows: "I will not repeat to you the directions I have ſo often given you; they are all written down in THE BOOK OF LAWS, of which every one of you has a copy. Remember, it is a very ſhort time that you are to remain in this caſtle; you will ſoon remove to my more ſettled habitation, to a more durable houſe, not made with hands. As thoſe houſes are never expoſed to any attack, ſo they never ſtand in need of any repair, for that country is never infeſted by any ſons of violence. Here you are ſervants; there you will be princes. But mark my words, and you will find the ſame truth in the BOOK OF MY LAWS. Whether you

will ever attain to *that* houſe, will depend on the manner in which you defend yourſelves in *this*. A ſtout vigilance for a ſhort time will ſecure you certain happineſs for ever. But every thing depends on your preſent exertions. Don't complain and take advantage of my abſence, and call me a hard maſter, and grumble that you are placed in the midſt of an howling wilderneſs without peace or ſecurity. Say not, that you are expoſed to temptations without any power to reſiſt them. You have ſome difficulties, it is true, but you have many helps and many comforts to make this houſe tolerable, even before you get to the other. Yours is not a hard ſervice, and if it were, "the time is ſhort." You have arms if you will uſe them, and doors if you will bar them, and ſtrength if you will uſe it. I would defy all the attacks of the robbers without, If I could depend on the fidelity of the people within. If the thieves ever get in and deſtroy the houſe, it muſt be by the connivance of one of the family. *For it is a ſtanding law of this caſtle, that mere outward attack can never deſtroy it, if there be no traitor within.* You will ſtand or fall as you obſerve this rule. If you are finally happy, it will be by my grace and favor; if you are ruined, it will be you own fault."

When the gentleman had done ſpeaking, every ſervant repeated his aſſurance of attachment and firm allegiance to his maſter. But among *them* all, not one was ſo vehement and

loud in his profeſſions as old Parley the Porter. Parley, indeed, it was well known, was always talking, which expoſed him to no ſmall danger; for, as he was the foremoſt to promiſe, ſo he was the ſlackeſt to perform. And, to ſpeak the truth, though he was a civil ſpoken fellow, his maſter was more afraid of him, with all his profeſſions, than he was of the reſt who profeſſed leſs. He knew that Parley was vain, credulous, and ſelf ſufficient; and he always apprehended more danger from Parley's impertinence, curioſity, and love of novelty, than even from the ſtronger vices of ſome of his other ſervants. The reſt, indeed, ſeldom got into any ſcrape of which Parley was not the cauſe in ſome ſhape or other.

I am ſorry to be obliged to confeſs, that though Parley was allowed every refreſhment, and all the needful reſt which the nature of his place permitted, yet he thought it very hard to be forced to be ſo conſtantly on duty. "Nothing but watching," ſaid Parley; "I have, to be ſure, many pleaſures, and meat ſufficient, and plenty of chat in virture of my office; and I pick up a good deal of news of the comers and goers by day, but it is hard that at night I muſt watch as narrowly as a houſe dog, and yet let in no company without orders, only becauſe there is ſaid to be a few ſtraggling *robbers* here in the wilderneſs, with whom my maſter does *not* care to let us be acquainted. He pretends *to make* us vigilent through fear of the robbers,

but I ſuſpect it is only to make us mope alone. A merry companion, and a mug of beer, would make the night paſs cheerily." Parley, however, kept all theſe thoughts to himſelf, or uttered them only when no one heard, for talk he muſt. He began to liſten to the nightly whiſtling, of the robbers under the windows with rather leſs alarm than formerly, and was ſometimes ſo tired of watching, that he thought it was even better to run the riſk of being robbed once, than to live always in fear of robbers.

There were certain bounds in which the gentleman allowed his ſervants to walk and divert themſelves at all proper ſeaſons. A pleaſant garden ſurrounded the caſtle, and a thick hedge ſeparated this garden from the wilderneſs which was infeſted by the robbers, in which they were permitted to amuſe themſelves. The maſter adviſed them always to keep within theſe bounds. "While you obſerve this rule," ſaid he, "you will be ſafe and well; and you will conſult your own ſafety, as well as ſhew your love to me, by not venturing even to the extremity of your bounds; he who goes as far as he dares, always ſhews a wiſh to go farther than he ought, and commonly does ſo."

It was remarkable, that the nearer theſe ſervants kept to the caſtle, and the farther from the *hedge*, the more ugly the wilderneſs, appeared. And the nearer they approached the forbidden bounds, their own home appeared more *dull, and the* wilderneſs more delightful. And

this the maſter knew when he gave his orders; for he never either did or ſaid any thing without a good reaſon. And when his ſervants ſometimes deſired an explanation of the reaſon, he uſed to tell them they would underſtand it when they came to *the other houſe:* for it was one of the pleaſures of that houſe, that it would explain all the myſteries of this, and any little obſcurities in the maſter's conduct would be then made quite plain.

Parley was the firſt who promiſed to keep clear of the *hedge*, and yet was often ſeen looking as near it as he durſt. One day he ventured cloſe up to the hedge, put two or three ſtones one on another, and tried to peep over. He ſaw one of the robbers ſtrolling as near as could be on the forbidden ſide. This man's name was Mr. Flatterwell, a ſmooth, civil man, "whoſe words were ſofter than butter, having war in his heart." He made ſeveral low bows to Parley.

Now Parley knew ſo little of the world, that he actually concluded all robbers muſt have an ugly look, which ſhould frighten you at once, and coarſe brutal manners, which would, at firſt ſight, ſhew they were enemies. He thought, like a poor ignorant fellow as he was, that this mild ſpecious perſon could never be one of the band. Flatterwell accoſted Parley with the utmoſt civility, which put him quite off his guard, *for* Parley had no notion that he could be an *enemy* who was ſo ſoft and civil. For an open *foe* he would have been prepared. Parley,

however, after a little diſcourſe, drew this concluſion, that either Mr. Flatterwell could not be one of the gang, or that if he was, the robbers themſelves could not be ſuch monſters as his maſter had deſcribed, and therefore it was a folly to be afraid of them.

Flatterwell began, like a true adept in his art, by lulling all Parley's ſuſpicions aſleep, and inſtead of openly abuſing his maſter, which would have opened Parley's eyes at once, he pretended rather to commend him in a general way, as a perſon who meant well himſelf, but was too apt to ſuſpect others. To this Parley aſſented. The other then ventured to hint by degrees, that though the gentleman might be a good maſter in the main, yet he muſt ſay he was a little ſtrict, and a little ſtingy, and not a little cenſorious. That he was blamed by the *gentlemen in the wilderneſs* for ſhutting his houſe againſt good company, and his ſervants were laughed at by people of ſpirit, for ſubmitting to the gloomy life of the caſtle, and the inſipid pleaſures of the garden, inſtead of ranging in the wilderneſs at large.

"It is true enough," ſaid Parley, who was generally of the opinion of the perſon he was talking with. "My maſter *is* rather harſh and cloſe. But to own the truth, all the barring, and locking, and bolting, is to keep out a ſet of gentlemen, who, he aſſures us, are *robbers*, and who are waiting for an opportunity to deſtroy *us*. *I hope no* offence, Sir, but by your livery

I ſuſpect you, Sir, are one of the gang he is ſo much afraid of."

Fatterwell. Afraid of me? Impoſſible, dear Mr. Parley. You ſee I do not look like an enemy. I am unarmed, what harm can a plain man like me do?

Parley. Why, that is true enough. Yet my maſter ſays, that if we were once to let you into the houſe, we ſhould be ruined ſoul and body.

Flatterwell. I am ſorry, Mr. Parley, to hear ſo ſenſible a man as you are ſo deceived. This is mere prejudice. He knows we are cheerful entertaining people, foes to gloom and ſuperſtition, and therefore he is ſo moroſe he will not let you get acquainted with us.

Parley. Well, he ſays you are a band of thieves, gamblers, murderers, drunkards, and atheiſts.

Flatterwell. Don't believe him, the worſt we ſhould do, perhaps, is, we might drink a friendly glaſs with you, to your maſter's health, or play an innocent game of cards juſt to keep you awake, or ſing a cheerful ſong with the maids: now is there any harm in all this?

Parley. Not the leaſt in the world. And I begin to think there is not a word of truth in all my maſter ſays.

Flatterwell. The more you know us, the more you will like us. But I wiſh there was not this ugly hedge between us: I have a great deal to ſay, and I am afraid of being overheard.

Parley was now juſt going to give a ſpring

over the hedge, but checked himſelf, ſaying, "I dare not come on your ſide, there are people about, and every thing is carried to my maſter. Flatterwell ſaw by this, that his new friend was kept on his own ſide of the hedge by fear rather than by principle, and from that moment he made ſure of him. "Dear Mr. Parley," ſaid he, "if you will allow me the honor of a little converſation with you, I will call under the window of your lodge this evening. I have ſomething to tell you greatly to your advantage. I admire you exceedingly. I long for your friendſhip; our whole brotherhood is ambitious of being known to ſo amiable a perſon." —"O dear," ſaid Parley, "I ſhall be afraid of talking to you at night. It is ſo againſt my maſter's orders. But did you ſay you had ſomething to tell me to my advantage?"

Flatterwell. Yes, I can point out to you how you may by a richer, a merrier, and a happier man. If you will admit me to-night under the window, I will convince you that 'tis prejudice and not wiſdom which makes your maſter bar his door againſt us; I will convince you that the miſchief of a *robber*, as your maſter ſcurrilouſly calls us, is only in the name, that we are your true friends and only mean to promote your happineſs.

"Don't ſay *we*," ſaid Parley, "pray come alone, I would not ſee the reſt of the gang for the world, but I think there can be no great harm *in talking to you* through the bars if you come

alone, but I am determined not to let
Yet I can't ſay but I wiſh to know what
tell me ſo much to my advantage ; ind
is for my good, I ought to know it."

Flatterwell, (Going out, turns back
Mr. Parley, there is one thing I had fc
cannot get over the hedge at night witho
ance. You know there is a ſecret in th
of that hedge ; you in the houſe may g
to us in the wilderneſs of your own acc
we cannot get to your ſide by our own l
You muſt look about to ſee where the
thinneſt, and then ſet to work to clear av
and there a little bough for me, it won't
ſed, and if there is but the ſmalleſt hol
on your ſide, thoſe on ours can get th
otherwiſe we do but labor in vain.
Parley made ſome objection throu
fear of being ſeen. Flatterwell replied, i
ſmalleſt hole from within would b
cient, for he could then work his ov
" Well," ſaid Parley, " I will conſide
To be ſure I ſhall even then be equally
the caſtle, as I ſhall have all the bolts, b
locks between us, ſo it will make but l
ference."

" Certainly not," ſaid Flatterwell, wh
it would make all the difference in the
So they parted with mutual proteſtation
gard. Parley went home charmed with
friend. His eyes were now clearly op
to his maſter's prejudices againſt the *robb*

he was convinced there was more in the name than in the thing. "But," ſaid he, "though Mr. Flatterwell is certainly an agreeable companion, he may not be ſo ſafe an inmate. There can, however, be no harm in talking at a diſtance, and I certainly won't let him in."

Parley, in the courſe of the day, did not forget his promiſe to thin the hedge of ſeparation a little. At firſt he only tore off a handful of leaves, then a little ſprig, then he broke away a bough or two. It was obſervable, the larger the breach became, the worſe he began to think of his maſter, and the better of himſelf. Every peep he took through the broken hedge increaſed his deſire to get out into the wilderneſs, and made the thoughts of the caſtle more irkſome to him.

He was continually repeating to himſelf, "I wonder what Mr. Flatterwell can have to ſay ſo much to my advantage. I ſee he does not wiſh to hurt my maſter, he only wiſhes to ſerve me." As the hour of meeting, however, drew near, the maſter's orders now and then came acroſs Parley's thoughts. So to divert them, he took THE BOOK. He happened to open it at theſe words, "My ſon, if ſinners entice thee, conſent thou not." For a moment his heart failed him. "If this admonition ſhould be ſent on purpoſe?" ſaid he, "but no, 'tis a bugbear. My maſter told me that if I went to the bounds, I ſhould get over the hedge. Now, I went to the utmoſt limits, and did not get over." Here

conſcience puts in, "Yes, but it was becauſe you were watched."—"I am ſure," continued Parley, "one may always ſtop where one will, and this is only a trick of my maſter's to ſpoil ſport; ſo I will even hear what Mr. Flatterwell has to ſay ſo much to my advantage. I am not obliged to follow his counſels, but there can be no harm in hearing them."

Flatterwell prevailed on the reſt of the robbers to make no public attack on the caſtle that night.

"My brethren," ſaid he, "you now and then fail in your ſchemes, becauſe you are for violent beginnings, while my ſoothing, inſinuating meaſures hardly ever miſs. You come bluſtering, and roaring, and frighten people, and ſet them on their guard. You inſpire them with terror of *you*, while my whole ſcheme is to make them think well of *themſelves*, and ill of their maſter. If I once get them to entertain hard thoughts of him, and high thoughts of themſelves, my buſineſs is done, and they fall plump into my ſnares. So let this delicate affair alone to me. Parley is a ſoftly fellow; he muſt not be frightened, but cajoled. He is the very ſort of man to ſucceed with, and worth a hundred of your ſturdy ſenſible fellows. With them we want ſtrong arguments, and ſtrong temptations; but with ſuch fellows as Parley, in whom vanity and ſenſuality are the leading *qualities* (as let me tell you, is the caſe with far the greater part,) flattery, and the promiſe of

pleaſure, will do more than your whole
ay. If you will let me manage, I will
all into the caſtle before midnight."
ght the caſtle was barricadoed as uſual,
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made in the hedge. This overſight
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naſter's ſtanding orders,—to make a
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in ſloth and diverſion, which often
to nearly the ſame.
l was very cheerful within, ſo all was
et without. And before they went to
ne of the ſervants obſerved to the reſt,
hey heard no robbers that night, they
they might ſoon begin to remit ſome-
their diligence in bolting and barring.
this faſtening and locking was very
me, and they hoped the danger was
ty well over. It was rather remarkable
never made theſe ſort of obſervations,
an evening of ſome exceſs, and when
neglected their private buſineſs with
ſter. All, however, except Parley,
etly to bed, and ſeemed to feel uncom-
rity.
crept down to his lodge. He had half
o go to bed too: yet he was not willing
oint Mr. Flatterwell, ſo civil a gentle-
o be ſure, he *might* have bad deſigns,

yet what right had he to ſuſpect any body who made ſuch profeſſions, and who was ſo very civil. Beſides, "it is ſomething for my advantage," added Parley. "I will not open the door, that is certain; but as he is to come alone, he can do me no harm through the bars of the windows; and he will think I am a coward if I don't keep my word; no, I will let him ſee that I am not afraid of my own ſtrength; I will ſhew him I can go *what* length I pleaſe, and ſtop ſhort *when* I pleaſe." Had Flatterwell heard this boaſtful ſpeech, he would have been quite ſure of his man.

About eleven Parley heard the ſignal agreed upon. It was ſo gentle as to cauſe little alarm. So much the worſe. Flatterwell never frightened any one, and therefore ſeldom failed of any one. Parley ſtole ſoftly down, planted himſelf at his little window, opened the caſement, and ſpied his new friend. It was pale ſtar-light. Parley was a little frightened, for he thought he perceived one or two perſons behind Flatterwell; but the other aſſured him that it was only his own ſhadow, which his fears had magnified into a company. "Though I aſſure you," ſaid he, "I have not a friend but what is as harmleſs as myſelf."

They now entered into earneſt diſcourſe, in which Flatterwell ſhewed himſelf a deep politician. He ſkilfully mixed up, in his converſation, a proper proportion of praiſe on the pleaſures of the wilderneſs, of compliments

Parley, of ridicule on his maſter, and of abuſive ſneers on the BOOK in which the maſter's laws were written. Againſt this laſt he had always a particular ſpite, for he conſidered it as the grand inſtrument by which the maſter maintained his ſervants in allegiance, and when they could once be brought to ſneer at the BOOK, there was an end of ſubmiſſion to the maſter. Parley had not penetration enough to ſee his drift. "AS TO THE BOOK, Mr. Flatterwell," ſaid he, "I do not know whether it be true or falſe, I rather neglect than diſbelieve it. I am forced, indeed, to hear it read once a week, but I never look into it myſelf if I can help it."—"Excellent," ſaid Flatterwell to himſelf, "that is juſt the ſame thing. This is ſafe ground for me; for whether a man does not believe in THE BOOK, or does not attend to it, it comes pretty much to the ſame, and I generally get him at laſt."

"Why cannot we be a little nearer, Mr. Parley?" ſaid Flatterwell; "I am afraid of being overheard by ſome of your maſter's ſpies; the window from which you ſpeak is ſo high; I wiſh you would come down to the door."—"Well," ſaid Parley, "I ſee no great harm in that. There is a little wicket in the door through which we can converſe with more eaſe and equal ſafety. The ſame faſtenings will be ſtill between us." So down he went, but not without a degree of fear and trembling.

The little wicket being now opened, and Flat-

terwell ſtanding cloſe on the outſide of the door, they converſed with great eaſe. "Mr. Parley," ſaid Flatterwell, "I ſhould not have preſſed you ſo much to admit me into the caſtle, but out of pure diſintereſted regard to your own happineſs. I ſhall get nothing by it, but I cannot bear to think that a perſon ſo wiſe and amiable ſhould be ſhut up in this gloomy dungeon, under a hard maſter, and a ſlave to the unreaſonable tyranny of his BOOK OF LAWS. If you admit me, you need have no more waking, no more watching." Here Parley involuntarily ſlipped back the bolt of the door. "To convince you of my true love," continued Flatterwell, "I have brought a bottle of the moſt delicious wine that grows in the wilderneſs. You ſhall taſte it, but you muſt put a glaſs through the wicket to receive it, for it is a ſingular property in this wine, that we of the wilderneſs cannot ſucceed in conveying it to you of the caſtle, without you hold out a veſſel to receive it."—"O, here is a glaſs," ſaid Parley, holding out a large goblet, which he always kept ready to be filled by any chance comer. The other immediately poured into the capacious goblet, a large draught of that delicious intoxicating liquor with which the family of the Fatterwells have for near 6000

gained the hearts, and deſtroyed the ſouls
which inhabitants of the caſtle, whenever
cian. been able to prevail on them to hold
tion, it to receive it. This the wiſe maſter
pleaſure well knew would be the caſe, for he

knew what was in men; he knew their propenſity to receive the delicious poiſon of the Flatterwells, and it was for this reaſon that he gave them THE BOOK of his laws, and planted the hedge, and invented the bolts, and doubled the locks.

As ſoon as poor Parley had ſwallowed the fatal draught, it acted like enchantment. He had no ſenſe of fear left. He at once loſt all power of reſiſtance. He deſpiſed his own ſafety, forgot his maſter, loſt all ſight of the houſe in the other country, and reached out for another draught as eagerly as Flatterwell held out the bottle to adminiſter it. "What a fool have I been," ſaid Parley, "to deny myſelf ſo long." "Will you let me in?" ſaid Fatterwell. "Aye, that I will," ſaid the deluded Parley. Though the train was now increaſed to near a hundred robbers, yet ſo intoxicated was Parley, that he did not ſee one of them, except his new friend. Parley eagerly pulled down the bars, drew back the bolts, and forced open the locks, thinking he could never let in his friend ſoon enough. He, had however, juſt preſence of mind to ſay, "My dear friend, I hope you are alone." Flatterwell ſwore he was—Parley opened the door—In ruſhed, not Flatterwell only, but the whole banditti, who always lurk behind in his train. The moment they had got ſure poſſeſſion. Flatterwell changed his ſoft tone, and cried out in a voice of thunder, "Down with the caſtle; kill, burn, and deſtroy."

Rapine, murder, and conflagration, by turns,

took place. Parley was the very firſt whom they attacked. He was overpowered with wounds. As he fell, he cried out, "O my maſter, I die a victim to my unbelief in thee, and to my own vanity and imprudence. O that the guardians of all other caſtles would hear me with my dying breath repeat my maſter's admonition, that all *attacks from without will not deſtroy unleſs there is ſome confederate within.* O that the keepers of all other caſtles would learn, from my ruin, that he who parleys with temptation is already undone. That he who allows himſelf to go to the very bounds, will ſoon jump over the hedge; that he who talks out of the window with the enemy, will ſoon open the door to him; that he who holds out his hand for the cup of ſinful flattery, loſes all power of reſiſting; that when he opens the door to one ſin, all the reſt fly in upon him, and the man periſhes as I now do." Z.

THE HISTORY OF

MARY WOOD,

THE HOUSEMAID.

Or, The Danger of Falſe Excuſes.

MR. HEARTWELL, the worthy clergyman of a country pariſh, was ſitting in the porch of his little parſonage, when he ſaw a figure rather flying than running down a hill near his houſe, the ſwiftneſs of whoſe motion made it

hard to diſcern *what* ſhe was, much leſs could he gueſs *who* ſhe was. She fled directly towards him, and flung herſelf at his feet almoſt breathleſs, with difficulty ſhe pronounced the words, "O, ſir, ſave me! for pity's ſake hide me in your houſe—they will be here in a moment—hide me this inſtant!—indeed I am innocent!" then, without waiting for his anſwer, ſhe jumped up and ruſhed by him into the houſe, the good man ran after her, and catching her hand led her up ſtairs into his bed-room, and putting her into a cloſet within it, told her, no one ſhould come there to hurt her. Then hearing a noiſe he looked out of his window and ſaw ſeveral men and women running almoſt as faſt as the young woman had done before, and his maid Bridget (who had ſeen them ſooner from her own window) running to meet them, and to aſk what was the matter. He had forgotten to bid her be ſilent about the young woman, indeed he did not know that ſhe had ſeen her; but the truth is, ſhe was amuſing herſelf in a very idle manner with looking at the road out of her garret window, and had ſeen with great ſurpriſe the wild behavior of the poor girl, which raiſed her curioſity. This ſhe now hoped to ſatisfy by ſtopping the poſſe that was running by; inſtead of anſwering her queſtions, they aſked if ſhe had ſeen a girl about ſeventeen, that was running from juſtice, paſs that way? What in a linen gown and green petticoat, ſaid ſhe, without a *bonnet*, and her hair and cap flying? "the ſame,

the ſame," they cried; "which way did ſhe go?" —"Why, what do you want to do with her, ſays Bridget; for I ſhould be loth to betray the poor thing to any harm."—"Why you would not conceal a thief, would you?" ſaid they. "She is a thief and has robbed her maſter,"—"Nay if ſhe be a thief, ſhe may rob my maſter too, ſays Bridget, for ſhe has gone up ſtairs with him." Upon this they all turned towards the houſe, and were coming in when Mr. Heartwell met them. He heard the laſt words, and was not a little diſturbed at the idea of having the girl found in his houſe, for as ſhe knelt at his feet he thought he knew her face, and had by degrees recollected that, tho' much grown ſince he ſaw her, ſhe muſt certainly be the daughter of Matthew Wood, an honeſt laborer, who had lived ſome years in his pariſh, and died there three or four years before. The long illneſs before his death had reduced his wife to ſuch poverty, that ſhe and her child would have periſhed had not the good Vicar's charity helped out the ſcantineſs of the pariſh relief. Mr. Heartwell, after having buried the poor man, tried to find a place for the girl and ſome help for her mother, who being in years, and her health much injured by fatigue and grief, in nurſing and loſing her huſband, was quite unable to work. By applying to Lady Worthy, whoſe ſeat was a few miles diſtant, he had the good fortune to get her into *one of* the alms-houſes which that good lady had *built* and endowed; here ſhe was comfortably

ſupported, and her daughter permitted to be with her 'till ſhe could find a ſervice. As by theſe means Goody Wood and her daughter were placed at a diſtance from him, Mr. Heartwell had not ſince ſeen them; but was ſatisfied that under Lady Worthy's protection they would be taken care of.

The people who were now ruſhing into Mr. Heartwell's houſe, ſtopped on ſeeing him; and on his aſking what they wanted there, one of the moſt decent looking men ſtepped forward, and puſhing the reſt a little back, ſaid, "I ax pardon, ſir, for our bouldneſs in coming into your Worſhip's houſe, but we have got a warrant here for a young perſon that we be tould ran in here."—"A warrant," ſaid Mr. Heartwell, "why, what is the matter? What has ſhe done?" ——"Pleaſe you worſhip ſhe's a thief and has robbed her maſter's houſe. We have had ſad doings at our village—Squire Bank's houſe has been robbed too by his gardener and dairy maid, and they are both gone off. This poor girl, I ſuppoſe, learnt their wicked ways (for ſhe would keep company with them) and the ſame night that they made off, 'tis thought ſhe had let them into Farmer Boucher's houſe; and in the morning as ſure as can be, he found his bureau broke open and his money gone."—"But what proof is there that this girl was concerned in the robbery, or that ſhe let in the robbers?" "Why, ſir, ſhe had been telling a mort of lies about *them, and that* made them ſuſpect her. So they

ſearched her box, and as ſure as can be, there they found ſealed up in a paper, ſix ſilver tea ſpoons of the farmer's, with an E and a B upon them as his are marked with. She perteſted they were none of his'n, but were given by a friend to keep for her, but alack a day! there's no believing a word that comes out of her mouth; ſo nobody minded her; and when we ax'd her who this friend was that gave them to her to keep, ſhe was all as red as fire and would not ſpeak. So the farmer left us to take care of her whilſt he went to Juſtice Gallway's for a warrant. We had ſhut her up ſafe as we thought in a chamber, whilſt we eat a bit of dinner and drank a little of neighbour Boucher's ale, but when he came back and we went thither to take her, lo and behold ſhe was not to be found. The window was open, and as it was not very high from the ground, we gueſs ſhe let herſelf down from it. We now ſet off in purſuit of her, all but the farmer, who being pretty fat and purſy was not for running a race. So he gave us the warrant, and a boy telling us as how ſhe took this way, we ran 'till we ſaw a woman running, about half a mile before us, but afterwards we loſt ſight of her; and pleaſe your Worſhip, your maid tells us as how ſhe made into this very houſe."—"It is true," ſaid Mr. Heartwell, "that ſhe is in my houſe, and if you will conſent to let her remain here a day or two, *I will* be anſwerable for her appearance when *called* upon. In the mean time I will endea-

vor to find out the truth; for it would be a ſad thing to ruin ſuch a young creature, by hurrying her to priſon before we were ſure of her guilt. Farmer Boucher is an honeſt humane man, he knows my character, and I dare ſay will oblige me by ſtopping all further proceeding againſt Mary Wood, and leaving her in my care 'till I can talk to her and bring her to declare the truth."—"That's what ſhe is not much uſed to, I am afraid, ſir," ſaid the man, "howſomdever, I will tell neighbor Boucher, what your Worſhip ſays, and you'll be pleaſed to take care that ſhe does not get out of the window."—"Boucher's wife is living, is ſhe not? (ſaid Mr. Heartwell) what does ſhe ſay of the girl? She muſt know more of her character than her maſter can." "Yes, yes! ſhe be living and looking, and a good kind of body ſhe is, but at preſent ſhe is from home and knows nothing of all this buſtle; for ſhe went two days ago to viſit her father at Stoke. She is expected home to night, and then your Worſhip may have the ſpeech of her if you like." They then pulled off their hats and civilly turned back to their village. Mr. Heartwell immediately went up to his priſoner, whom he found ſunk on the ground in his cloſet and half dead with terror; for ſhe had heard a good deal of what had paſſed, and feared every moment that Mr. Heartwell would give her up to be dragged to priſon. She knew ſhe had been detected in ſome falſehoods, that would make *againſt her;* and though ſhe was not guilty of

the robbery, ſhe had enough to reproach herſelf with, to take from her all the comfort and confidence of innocence; ſhe had therefore nothing leſs than the terrors of hanging, or being ſent to Botany Bay, before her eyes.

But we muſt go back, and tell by what deceit poor Mary was firſt brought into trouble.

When firſt Lady Worthy took her up, ſhe got her a place at Mrs. Trueby's a widow lady of great piety and worth, who lived in the neighboring town. She had a little boy about ſix years old, her two maids were growing old in her ſervice; ſhe took this girl to help them. The next day after ſhe came, ſhe bid her own maid ſhew her how to ſweep and duſt the beſt parlor. The maid, after ſhewing her what ſhe was to do, and giving her a great charge not to touch the pier glaſs which ſhe herſelf would clean, gave her a long broom and left her to her ſweeping. The little boy who had not ſeen any thing ſo young and lively in the houſe, took a great fancy to Mary, who was no leſs fond of him; he ſtaid in the room to ſee her ſweep it, and ſhe to amuſe him at the ſame time, gave him an account of the wonders ſhe had ſeen performed in the ſtreets the day before, by a balance-maſter, who poized a long pole on the palm of his hand, and even upon his noſe, with other performances, which, though not very wonderful in their kind, appeared ſo to her, who *I never* ſeen any thing like it. To make lit- *called upon* comprehend what ſhe mean by this

ing, ſhe attempted to poize the long
ı, ſetting the ſmall end on the palm of her
but not ſucceeding, it fell on one ſide, and
unately ſtruck the pier glaſs and broke it.
Mary cried out ſhe was undone, and beg-
dward, if he had any pity, not to ſay ſhe did
Who then?" ſaid he, "you will not ſay it
?" "No indeed, ſaid ſhe, "I will not lay
n any body; only don't you contradict
ſhall ſay." By this time Mrs. Trueby,
eard the ſmaſh of the glaſs, had haſtened
ſtairs and came into the room. 'What
lid I hear crack?" ſaid ſhe—"O Mary!
ecious pier glaſs, the beſt piece of furni-
n my houſe, and a preſent from a dear
who is now no more, quite ſpoilt! I va-
t above ten times its price! Is this your
ardneſs, Mary?" Poor Mary ſtood pale
rembling; but anſwered, "No indeed,
n." "Who did it then?" ſaid ſhe, raiſing
oice, "A great bird, madam, (I don't
whether it was a pigeon) flew in at the
w. I tried to drive it out, and it daſhed
t the glaſs with its bill, and cracked it as
ee." Little Edward who was aſtoniſhed
invention and aſſurance, looked amazed,
ed up his ſhoulders, and could ſcarce help
ng; his mother obſerved it, and ſo did
, who giving him a wink, ſaid, "Maſter
rd knows it is true, for he ſaw it as well as
O fye, Mary," ſaid the boy—"that's too
—*I would* not have told of you, but when

you ſay I know it to be true, you make me liar as well as yourſelf, and my mamma ſays, I tell lies God Almighty will not love me "Wicked girl," ſaid the lady, "would you teac my child to lie? pack up and be gone out of m houſe; and you Edward, I charge you, tell m the truth." Upon this the child related the fac and added—pray mamma forgive her, it was i trying to divert *me*, that ſhe came by the acc dent." "No, my dear," ſaid his mother, "I ca not forgive her; fooliſh and careleſs as it wa and grieved as I am for my favorite glaſs, could have forgiven her my loſs; and thoug I ſpoke haſtily at firſt, I ſhould ſoon have cor ſidered her awkwardneſs and paſſed it over; bu a girl that can ſo readily invent a lie, and try t draw *you* into it, I cannot poſſibly ſuffer to ſta a day in my houſe; if you learn to tell lies, would break my heart." The good lady, how ever, fearing the girl might get into miſchief, a ter much kind exhortation, determined herſe to carry her back to Lady Worthy, aſſuring he that ſhe would not have parted with the girl o account of the accident, had it not been for th daring falſehood with which ſhe attempted t excuſe it. Lady Worthy equally ſhocked, ſen for Goody Wood, and told her what had bee her daugher's behavior; adding, that ſhe had pu it out of *her* power to ſerve her, for ſhe coul never again venture to recommend her. Th poor woman was quite overcome with grief, an did not dare attempt to excuſe Mary's fault

but took her home in an agony of ſorrow, where the girl had the mortification to ſee that ſhe had not only ruined herſelf, but made her mother completely miſerable. And indeed the poor woman became ſo ill, that ſhe began to fear that ſhe ſhould be the cauſe of her death; this affected her very much, and for a time ſhe was truly penitent, and reſolved never again to ſpeak falſely; but ſo ſtrong is cuſtom, and ſo weak was the principle on which ſhe acted, in her mind, that when ſhe ſaw her mother recover, ſhe ſoon returned to her little tricks and falſe excuſes. It was no wonder ſhe did not reform, for ſhe had no fear of offending God. Nobody took any notice of her, and the burden of maintaining her fell heavy on her mother, and kept them both in extreme poverty. At length, a gentlewoman who knew the ſtory, and was concerned that ſo young a creature ſhould be ruined, was prevailed upon, as ſhe had no children, to ſend for her. She aſked the girl why ſhe was diſmiſſed from Mrs. Trueby's, to which ſhe replied, "it was for breaking a pier glaſs." "And was that the only reaſon of her turning you away ſo ſuddenly?" the girl looked ſullen, held down her head, and ſaid, "I believe ſo." "Go," ſaid the lady, "you will not do for me. I ſee you are not cured of your vile fault, and I will not take one whoſe word I can never depend on." So home went Mary with a heavy heart, and after trying to evade her mothers queſtions was at laſt obliged to confeſs what had paſſed; this renewed

all the grief of this poor parent, and Mary wa again in diſgrace, and again promiſed to ſpeal truth for the future, but never begged of Go for his grace, to enable her ſo to do. Mar grew tall and ſtrong, and was a well-lookin good humored girl, and lively, though kep down by poverty and diſgrace. At laſt a far mer's wife, who lived about two miles from he mother's, took her as her ſervant, and was fo ſome time well pleaſed with her. In the ſam village lived a gentleman whoſe name wa Banks; he was gone on a tour, and left his gar dener and dairy-maid to take care of the houſe theſe ſervants, who made very free with thei maſter's property in every way, uſed to call in Mary when ſhe went by on an errand. The gardener gave her fruit, and the dairy maid treated her with cream, and ſometimes a ſylla bub. Theſe calls required excuſes from her for ſtaying on her errands. One day that they ſaw her paſſing by, they told her they were go ing in the evening to the fair, and aſked her to go with them. She replied, ſhe was ſure ſhe could not get leave to go with them that even ing, for they were going to finiſh their great waſh.—"pooh! pooh!" ſaid they, "you *muſt* go—'tis the laſt day of the fair, and there is a tall woman and a dwarf, and I know not wha to be ſeen." Mary's curioſity was ſtrongly tempted, and ſhe ſaid ſhe would try what ſhe could do. So ſhe went to her miſtreſs and tol her ſhe had a meſſage from her mother, to le

ıer know ſhe was very ill, and begged ſhe would
f poſſible, get leave to come to her. Mrs.
Boucher (her miſtreſs) was very good natured,
ınd ſaid ſhe was loth to keep her from her mo-
her on ſuch an occaſion, but did not know how
o ſpare her, they were ſo very buſy. Mary ſaid,
' if ſhe would be kind enough to let her go at
ive o'clock ſhe would work very hard 'till
hen," and to this her miſtreſs conſented. Be-
ore that hour Mary ran up to her garret, dreſt
ierſelf in a minute, and flew to Mr. Banks's
ime enough to join her friends, ſetting out for
he fair. When they had been gone about an
ıour, her mother, who unluckily had ſome bu-
ineſs that way, called to aſk her daughter how
he did; the miſtreſs, who herſelf let her in, was
mazed to ſee her, and the poor woman was
hunderſtruck, when ſhe heard that the girl had
ıretended ſhe was ill and had ſent for her—and
reatly alarmed to think where ſhe could be
one. She went about the village enquiring for
er, and at laſt met a countryman ſhe knew, who
old her ſhe need not fear any harm, for he was
uſt come from the fair, where he ſaw her daugh-
er with a man and woman at a booth chooſing
ibbons; this did not comfort the mother, who
ent back to implore the clemency of Mrs.
Boucher towards her imprudent child. Moved
y her tears, and conſidering the force of curio-
ity and vanity in a girl of ſeventeen, ſhe at laſt
romiſed not to turn her away if ſhe made pro-
er ſubmiſſions, but to try her a little longer.

As Mary was coming home in the evening ſhe met one who told her what a ſearch her mother had been making for her; this threw her into a terror that ſpoilt all the pleaſure ſhe had enjoyed at the fair. She came home half dead with fear and fatigue, and threw herſelf at the feet of her miſtreſs, confeſſing her fault, and making ſolemn promiſes never to repeat it; after ſevere reprimands, her miſtreſs at length forgave her, on condition that ſhe ſhould never again hold any acquaintance with that gardener and dairy-maid, of whom ſhe told her ſhe had heard a bad character: Mary wept and promiſed every thing; and though the cream and the fruit were ſtrong allurements, added to the civil things the gardener uſed to ſay to her, yet for ſome time ſhe forbore her viſits at Mr. Banks's, but by degrees, the acquaintance was ſecretly renewed, which coſt Mary a falſehood every time ſhe was with theſe people, whoſe company her miſtreſs had ſo poſitively forbidden. One day Mrs. Boucher went to pay a viſit of two or three days at her father's, a few miles off. The farmer could not go with her, for he was buſy ſelling his grain, and getting his rent ready for his landlord; and had got the money in the houſe on the Saturday, which he meant to pay away on the Monday.

On Sunday after church he went out; charging Mary to ſtay at home and be careful of the *houſe*: her too friends from Mr. Banks's took *the opportunity* of her being alone, to come and

drink tea with her; they had got notice of the farmer's having ſold his grain, and as they intended to rob their maſter's houſe and go off with the ſpoil the next night, the gardener thought he might as well take the farmer's money with him; he remembered he had once bought ſome dung for his garden of him, and that he ſaw him put the money in a bureau, in a little parlor.

While Mary was getting tea, the gardener puſhed open the parlor door, and ſaid, O here is a clever little cool room, let us remove the things in here. When they had got into that room, he ſaw the bureau, conſidered the lock, and then looking out at the window, he took occaſion, unobſerved by Mary, to examine the faſtenings, and how he could eaſily get in at night. Whilſt he was thus employed, one of the farmer's plougboys paſſing by, obſerved this man looking out at his maſter's window; he wondered at it, becauſe he knew the farmer was not at home.

Mary took care to diſmiſs her gueſts before her maſter's return; and on his aſking her if any one had been there, ſhe replied *nobody*. The next morning when Boucher came down into the little room, he ſaw his bureau broken open, and the caſh that had been in it taken away.

The farmer inquired of all his people, and the ploughboy mentioned his having ſeen Mr. Banks's gardener looking out of the window, and ſaid he had heard that the two ſervants were

gone off that morning, and had robbed Mr. Banks's houſe of plate and whatever they could carry off. This, compared with what the plough-boy had obſerved, and with Mary's having denied that any body had been there, fixed their ſuſpicion on her as having been concerned in the robbery. She was forced to confeſs that Mr. Banks's ſervants were with her in the afternoon to tea, but ſtrongly denied knowing any thing of the robbery; however they opened her box, there they found ſix new ſilver tea-ſpoons marked with the firſt letters of Boucher's name, ſealed up in a paper. The farmer knew his wife had ſix new ones from London not long before, and doubted not theſe were the ſame. The girl's guilt now appeared plain.

But to return to Mr. Heartwell, whom we left entering the cloſet in which Mary was, as ſoon as her purſuers were gone. Though he by no means knew all that we have related of this unhappy girl, he ſaw that appearances were ſtrong againſt her. Yet he was very unwilling to believe the worſt, and immediately raiſed her with kindneſs from the ground. "Mary," ſaid he, "if you will now be perfectly ſincere with me, I will befriend you as much as juſtice will permit. I find the chief cauſe of your being ſo ſtrongly ſuſpected is, that you have departed from the truth; this is always attended with great danger as well as guilt; you have been enough inſtructed in religion to know that deceit is hateful to God; that he has de-

)unced dreadful puniſhment for liars—even the lake that burneth with brimſtone and e;" that he has commanded "every one to ıt away lying, and to ſpeak the truth to his ighbor from his heart; that lying lips are an)omination to the Lord, but truth is his de-ght." For my part, I pity your youth, and I iſh to ſave and ſerve you, but unleſs I can hope) cure you of this fault, I muſt with a grieved art give you up to your wretched fate, for it impoſſible for me to do you any good." Whilſt ſpoke his eyes filled with tears, and poor lary cried without ceaſing. She now tried to eak, but her ſobs prevented her; at laſt, ſhe id, "I ſee, I ſee that I have undone myſelf, that en you, who are ſo good, will never more be-eve me, but give me up to miſery and deſpair; would now moſt truly confeſs to you every ing, but you will not, you cannot believe me! ıd I ſhall juſtly ſuffer for what I have not done, ecauſe I have made myſelf unworthy of belief.) ſir, what can I do? Is there no place for re-entance? no good Chriſtian who will try me nce again? Will you not at leaſt hear me if ou cannot believe me, whilſt I tell you of all ıy ſins, and the ſad diſgraces they have brought pon me?" "I will hear you," ſaid the good old an, "but if you now deceive me, or hide any ing from me, I will never more concern my-lf about you, but muſt leave you to reap the tter fruits of your baſeneſs of heart." Mary now rew *herſelf at his* feet—kiſſed his hands—and

bathed them with her tears. "O ſir," ſhe ſai
'God knows I have no wiſh to deceive or to hi
any thing from you, if I do, I conſent that yo
ſhall give me up forever." She then told what w
have before related. When ſhe came to th
article of the tea-ſpoons, he deſired her to e
plain whoſe they were, and how ſhe came b
them. She told him that on the Sunday eve
ing when Mr. Banks's maid and gardener dran
tea with her, the former on going away took h
aſide, and giving her a little parcel ſealed u
begged of her to put that in her box and keep
for her till ſhe ſent for it; the reaſon of this ſh
would tell her when they met again. She we
away without giving Mary time to aſk anoth
queſtion. She was confuſed when aſked abo
the ſpoons, becauſe ſhe thought ſhe ſhould b
tray her friend, and becauſe ſhe was aſhamed t
confeſs the intimacy ſhe had kept up with he
againſt her miſtreſs's orders and her own prom
ſes. How the ſpoons came to be marked wit
Boucher's letters, E. B. ſhe could not imagine
for the woman's name who gave them to h
was Sarah Fiſher.

Mr. Heartwell kept Mary that night, and to
pains to impreſs on her a deep ſenſe of her
Next day they had a viſit from farmer Boucl
who told them that his wife on her return,
amined her drawer, and found the ſpoons ſaf
ſhe had left them. They were marked
the ſame letters as thoſe found in Mary's
and as the farmer had ſcarce looked at

ıce they came home, he did not obſerve that e others were not exactly like them. As this as the only poſitive proof alledged againſt lary, the farmer now promiſed to give her no rther trouble; though he ſtill knew ſhe had ıtertained the robbers the day before; on this :count he would by no means take her again to his houſe, but paid her the little wages due ı her, and diſmiſſed her from his ſervice. Mr. :eartwell, who was pleaſed to find her account far true, tried to perſuade the Bouchers to let :r ſtay with them a little while at leaſt, as a juſ- ication of her character; but they were ſo diſ- ıſted with her having kept up the acquaintance ith theſe bad people, in defiance of their orders ıd her own promiſes, that they could not ink themſelves ſafe with ſuch a ſervant in the ›uſe. And Mr. Heartwell, with all the com- ıſſion he felt for her, could not venture to preſs em, nor to anſwer for her future conduct. owever, he promiſed that if ſhe kept her pre- nt reſolutions, he would befriend her as much he could. He put ſome proper books into :r hands and took her to her mother, whom ey found almoſt diſtracted by the news which ıd reached her, of her daughter having been ken up for a robbery; the poor woman every ıy grew worſe after this ſhock, and ſome weeks ter, her wretched daughter received her dying rgiveneſs, but could never forgive herſelf for e anguiſh ſhe had cauſed her mother, which e *was perſuaded* had haſtened her end.

Poor Mary had another ſorrow. In th
lage where ſhe had lived with farmer Bou
was a creditable baker, his ſon Thomas was
up to the buſineſs, and was a very honeſt, f
agreeable young man. He had often beſt
kind looks and kind words on Mary
had not ventured to make her an offer,
thought his father would never conſent t
marrying ſo poor a girl. She, on her ſide,
him well enough to wiſh he would ſpeak
A little before the unfortunate affair at B
er's the old baker died, his ſon ſucceeded
ſhop and all his property, and was well eſt
ed. Whilſt poor Mary was nurſing her
mother, this young man had occaſion to c
Mr. Heartwell's, who overheard him in
with his maid Bridget about Mary, and la
the ſad diſgrace that had befallen her, he ac
"I am ſure it has been a great concern t
for I own I liked the young woman; and
that I am my own maſter ſhould have tried t
tain her for my wife, had ſhe preſerved a b
character." Bridget put in a good word fo
and aſſured him that her maſter believed
entirely innocent of the robbery; to this h
plied, "whether ſhe had any knowledge o
wicked intentions of thoſe vile ſervants no
can know, but thus much has been clearly p
ed, that ſhe denied the truth of their ha
been with her, and had broke her ſolemn
miſes to her miſtreſs, by keeping them com
for ſome time, therefore ſhe is no wife fo

I could not be happy unleſs I could make a friend of my wife, and depend on her truth and faithfulneſs. Her pretty face and good humor would be nothing to me, without truth and honeſty. Next to a good conſcience, the beſt thing is a good character. I bleſs God I have never forfeited my own; nor will I ever marry a woman that has loſt her's." Mr. Heartwell was much pleaſed with the young baker's way of thinking, and very ſorry that Mary had loſt ſuch a huſband. As his chief concern was to complete the poor young creatures reformation, he thought nothing would make ſo deep an impreſſion on her mind as this mortifying conſequence of her ill behavior: he reſolved on telling her all that the young man had ſaid. He did ſo; and ſhe took it ſo much to heart that ſhe never after held up her head. Her mother's death, which happened ſoon after, left her without any earthly comfort. What before was liking, was now changed into a ſtrong affection; ſhe ſaw what a happy lot would have been her's had ſhe been as true and honeſt as the man ſhe liked. She loſt all her ſpirits, and her mind was always full of bitter remorſe and ſhame. She thought ſhe deſerved all the miſery ſhe felt, and only prayed that God would accept her ſorrow for her ſin. She made no complaints; but her looks ſhewed that health, as well as peace of mind, had forſaken her.

Her mother's death obliged her to quit the almſhouſe, and ſhe then told Mr. Heartwell

that ſhe was unable to bear the diſgrace ſhe had brought upon herſelf in that neighborhood, and was reſolved to go and get bread in ſome diſtant country, where ſhe was not known. The good man, who felt like a father for every one of his flock when in diſtreſs, tried to ſooth her and to perſude her to ſtay where ſhe was, and to look to her heavenly friend, but he could not prevail. She could not bear the thoughts of living near Thomas, whom ſhe had loſt for ever. So the vicar gave her what he could ſpare to pay her journey, and maintain her 'till ſhe could get an employment; he then gave her a letter to a clergyman who lived about fifty miles off, begging him to get her into ſome honeſt ſervice. She took leave of him with an almoſt broken heart, and grew ſo ill and weak on her journey, that when ſhe carried her letter to the clergyman, he told her ſhe appeared too ill for ſervice. In a few days ſhe grew a little better, told him ſhe thought ſhe could now get her bread if he would have the goodneſs to recommend her: that ſhe cared not how low the place or the wages were if ſhe could but be maintained, and would do all in her power to give ſatisfaction. He ſoon got her into a ſervice, hard labor ſoon haſtened on a decline which her ſorrows had begun, and ſhe ſoon became ſo ill that nothing better could be done for her than to place her in an hoſpital.

Whilſt ſhe was there, a letter from Mr. Heartwell informed her that her vile ſeducers were

taken, tried, and executed. The ſpoons were claimed by Elizabeth Bearcroft, Mr. Banks's houſekeeper. Sarah Fiſher had found them locked up in a cupboard after the reſt of the ſtolen plate was packed up. She put them into her pocket as ſhe was going to farmer Boucher's on the Sunday, but recollecting that perhaps the marks upon them might lead to her detection, in caſe of misfortune, ſhe ſuddenly took it into her head, as ſhe was going away, to leave them with Mary, as before related. Mr. Heartwell had taken the pains to viſit theſe people in priſon after their condemnation, and had got from the woman a confirmation of the poor girl's account. Mary languiſhed ſeveral weeks in the hoſpital, and meekly applied her whole mind to obtain the forgiveneſs of God, through the merits of a Saviour

The good clergyman aſſiſted her in the great work of repentance, and pointed out to her the only true grounds on which ſhe could hope to obtain it.

Thus death, brought on by grief and ſhame at eighteen years of age, was the conſequence of bad company, falſe promiſes, and FALSE EXCUSES.—May all who read this ſtory, learn to walk in the ſtraight paths of truth. The way of duty is the way of ſafety. But "the wicked fleeth when no man purſueth, while the righteous is bold as a lion."

THE HISTORY OF
DILIGENT DICK;
OR,
Truth will out though it be hid in a Well.

A falſe witneſs ſhall not go unpuniſhed, and he who ſpeaketh lies ſhall periſh.

DON'T be frightened, Reader! Although I ſet out with a text, I am not going to preach a ſermon, but to tell a ſtory. On the right ſide of Marſh-moor common, and not more than five hundred yards out of the turnpike road, ſtood a lone cottage, inhabited by one Richard Rogers, a day-laborer, commonly called DILLIGENT DICK. Though poor, he was as much noted for his honeſty as for the care and induſtry with which he had brought up a large family in a very decent manner. About fifteen years ago, in the month of January, there ſuddenly fell a deep ſnow, attended by ſuch a high wind, that many travellers loſt their lives in it. When all on a ſudden, as Rogers and his family were crowding round a handful of fire to catch a laſt heat before they went to bed, they heard a doleful cry of "Help! help! for God's ſake help!"—Up ſtarted Rogers in an inſtant, when clapping the end of a farthing candle into a broken horn lantern, and catching up his ſtaff, out he ſallied, directing his ſteps towards the ſpot from whence

the cries came. In one of the ſand-pits he found a gentleman who had fallen from his horſe, and was nearly buried in the ſnow. Rogers, though with much difficulty, at length dragged him out, and after ſecuring the horſe, conveyed them both home.

The gentleman appeared elderly, and ſeemed almoſt periſhed with cold; for a long time he was quite ſpeechleſs, his jaws appeared locked, and it was only by inward groans they could perceive he had any remains of life in him, ſo benumbed an ſtiffened was he with cold. After they had rubbed his limbs for ſome time before the fire, the gentleman by degrees recovered himſelf, and began to thank Rogers and his wife, whom he ſaw buſied about him, as well as his children. "Sir," ſaid Betty Rogers, although we be poor in pocket, we may nevertheleſs be kind in heart." Hear the ſtranger, after fetching a deep ſigh, ſaid, "if his life were granted him, he hoped it would be in his power to reward them for their kindneſs." Rogers replied, "that what he had done for him, he would have done for his worſt enemy." Here the gentleman groaned heavily, ſaying he had been long ſick himſelf, and that he could not enough admire the healthy looks of Rogers's children.

"Bleſſed be God, ſir," ſaid Rogers, "although my family is numerous, I never paid a ſhilling for doctor's ſtuff in my life, nor do I even know the price of a coffin; if my wealth is ſmall, my wants are few, and though I know I

am a ſinner, and need daily repentance, yet my conſcience is quiet, for I have knowingly done wrong to no man, nor would I forfeit my peace of mind, ſir, to become the richeſt man in Old England. I am not covetous of wealth, ſir, ſince I have ſeen how little comfort they often enjoy who poſſeſs it; the honeſt man, ſir, ſleeps ſoundly on the hardeſt bed, whilſt he who has "made too much haſte to be rich," may lie down on the ſofteſt bed with an aching heart, but ſhall not be able to find reſt." All this while Betty Rogers ſat puffing and blowing the fire with a pair of broken noſed bellows in order to boil her kettle, to make the gentleman a diſh of her coarſe bohea tea, as ſhe had no ſpirits or liquor of any kind, except ſpring water, to offer him: ſhe alſo toaſted a bit of bread, though ſhe had no butter to rub over it; this ſhe hoped the gentleman would excuſe, ſince many of the farmers were ſo extortionate in their price of butter and cheeſe, that ſome of their laborers live, for the greater part of their time, on bread only, or a few potatoes.

Here the gentleman attempted to partake of Betty's tea and toaſt, when all at once he began to tremble all over ſo exceedingly, that he begged ſhe would ſet it down for the preſent, for if he was to attempt to ſwallow it, he was certain it would choak him. "It is but cold comfort to be ſure, ſir," ſaid Rogers, "we have to offer you; but nevertheleſs we muſt hope you will take the will for the deed. I ſuppoſe, ſir, you

are very rich, and yet you now ſee, that all the wealth in the world cannot help a man in certain ſituations. I had a pretty education, ſir, and I remember when I was a boy at ſchool to have read the hiſtory of a great king, who, when harraſſed by the enemy, and being overcome with thirſt, was thankful to a poor ſoldier who brought him a draught of cold water in his helmet, which he drank off greedily, ſaying, that amidſt all his pomp he had never taſted ſuch luxury as that cup of water yielded him. So you ſee, ſir, what ſtrange ups-and-downs there are in life; therefore people of all degrees ſhould be careful to keep pride out of their hearts, ſince the moſt proſperous man to-day, may be thankful for the poor man's aſſiſtance to morrow." "And after all," cried Betty Rogers, "high and low, rich and poor, ſhould pray daily for God's grace, ſince that alone can give peace to their poor ſouls when the hour of affliction cometh. But, bleſs me," cried ſhe, claſping her hands, "what ſhall we do, our laſt inch of candle is burnt out." "Then," ſaid Rogers, "we muſt content ourſelves, my Betty, with paſſing the reſt of the night in the dark." The gentleman ſaid he muſt be content to do as they did. "Many is the dark night, ſir," ſaid Richard, "have I ſat by my dames's bed-ſide when ſhe had been ſick or lying-in, endeavoring to make up to her in kindneſs what I could not provide for her in comforts, when I have not had the leaſt glim-

mering of light, but what came from the twinkling ſtars through our tattered caſement.

"Amidſt all our poverty, ſir, we have ever been the happieſt pair in each other. It is a brave thing, ſir, to be able, by the grace of God, to drive pride out of the cottage, when poverty enters in; for ſin is the father of ſhame. A man, ſir, amidſt the extremeſt poverty, yet may ſtand high in the favor of God, by patience, prayer, and a hearty faith in his Redeemer."

Here the ſtranger appeared under very great diſtreſs both of body and mind; he ſhivered all over as if he had an ague fit upon him, and by a little blaſt, which was juſt then lighed up, they perceived he looked as pale as death; they begged him to lie down on their bed, ſaying, "it was very clean, though it was ill provided with ſheets and blankets." "O my good people." cried the gentleman, "your goodneſs will be the death of me; the kindneſs of your hearts proves to me the unkindneſs of my own: No, go you to bed, and let me ſit here till morning." "That," Rogers ſaid, "they could not do." The gentleman then replied, he ſhould be glad if Rogers would give him a little hiſtory of himſelf and family to beguile the time.

"That I will do moſt readily, ſir," ſaid he, "if *ſo be* it will oblige you in the leaſt.—My name is Rogers, although my neighbors are *pleaſed* to call me DILIGENT DICK. I have *a wife* and ſeven children; I riſe with the lark,

and lie down with the lamb. I never ſpend an idle penny, or an idle moment; though my family is numerous, my children were never a burden to me. That good woman there, ſir," pointing to his wife, "puts her hand to the laboring oar: ſhe brings up our children at home in ſuch a ſober induſtrious manner, that our neighbors, as ſoon as they are capable of earning a penny, are glad to take them off our hands. I am proud to ſay, ſir, they have no little pilfering tricks, as many children have. 'Train up a child in the way he ſhould go,' Is our way, ſir, and I am certain both my wife and I have felt the benefit of the text, for our children are kind and affectionate towards each other, dutiful to us their parents, and obliging and civil to their employers. Ah, ſir, the richeſt man in England is not happier than I am, when I return home of an evening, wearied by the heat and labor of the day, to be received with looks of kindneſs by my wife, as ſhe is preparing our frugal ſupper, whilſt two or three of my little babies climb my knees to fondle me round the neck." Again the traveller groaned piteouſly; but Rogers went on. "I was born to a pretty fortune, ſir; but by the villainy of my father's brother I loſt my inheritance. My uncle, Charles Rogers, through the indulgence of his mother, proved to be a very malicious child, and as he grew up to man's eſtate, the faults of the child became hardened vices in the man, inſomuch that his wicked behavior broke his mother's

heart. My own dear mother, ſir, like the parents of Samuel, taught me betimes to fear the Lord; yet my grandfather was ſo much offended at my father's marrying her, that he made his will, and cut him off with a ſhilling. He and my poor mother died within a twelvemonth of each other, and left me pennyleſs by the time all their debts were paid. I was then about twelve years of age, and my Betty's father kindly took me to live with him. He ſoon received a meſſage from my grandfather, with a preſent of twenty guineas to pay for my board, ſaying, he was very ill, and that he would ſend for me when he was better. The next news I heard of him was that he was dead; and though he had promiſed to make a will in my favor, yet none was to be found, although one of his old ſervants declared he had ſigned a great ſheet of parchment, which a lawyer had been writing by my grandfather's bed ſide. Every body now judged my uncle Charles very hardly, as having made away with this laſt will, becauſe he brought forward the old one, wherein my grandfather had left his whole property to him. Some kind friends of my father wiſhing to ſee juſtice done by me, commenced an action againſt both him and the lawyer, who was known to be a rogue, and ready to do any dirty work for money.

"The trial was brought on at the next aſſizes, when my uncle employed ſuch arts in ſecuring the witneſſes, that a verdict was given againſt

After ſome months, however, my uncle me twenty guineas, that I might be put rentice to a carpenter; but deſired he might er be troubled about me again. Accord- y I was bound out; but my maſter proved of thoſe negligent tradeſmen who loved his better than his work: by neglecting his bu- ſs, his buſineſs began to neglect him. He ke at length for a conſiderable ſum of mo- , and was thrown into priſon, where he died after of the jail diſtemper; ſo at the end he third year of my apprenticeſhip, I was e more left to ſeek for bread. I returned n to my Betty's father, who got me em- ment under his maſter. I was about one twenty when I married, and then I and my followed my maſter's ſon into this country, had an eſtate left him and with him I have ked ever ſince, and with truth I can ſay, I never received an unkind word from him, he never ſaw me drunk, not even at ſheep- ring or at harveſt-home. My Betty's pious kneſs, ſir, has ſweetened all my toil, whilſt dutiful behavior of my children has ful- d every wiſh of my heart. Whether my l uncle be dead or living I know not; but as it may, I do not envy him his ill gotten th, and I can only pray that he may re- him of his ſins, before ſickneſs brings him death-bed; for it is a horrible thing, ſir, to the conſcience racked with deſpair when *ody is afflicted* with pain."

"Look, Richard," cried Betty Rog "you are talking on, and on, whilſt I am the poor gentleman is going into a fit." gentleman at that inſtant gave a deep groan, would have fallen from his chair if Rogers not caught him in his arms; his wife ſna ing up the little mug of tea, which ſhe kept warm in the aſhes, ſhe put it to the ſt ger's lips, begging him to take a ſip, as was ſure it would do him good; whilſt huſband, on the other hand, begged him eat a bit of the toaſt. The gentleman cc but juſt make ſhift to ſay, "My good pe you are too kind to me." "Not at all, ſaid Rogers, "we do no more for you, we would for our worſt enemy." "O Gc cried the traveller, "what will become of My ſight fails me, my fleſh trembles, and joints ach; I freeze and burn at the ſame ment."

Poor dear gentleman!" ſaid Betty Rog wiping her eyes, "I am afraid he is going li headed; do pray, ſir, drink a drop more the tea," "and eat a bit of the toaſt alſo," ſwered Richard. "I dare not taſte it, good friends," replied the gentleman, "fo feel as if it would choak me were I to atte it; but tell me, I pray, is there not ſomewh a text of Scripture which ſays, 'If thine ene hunger, feed him; if he thirſt, give him dri for, in ſo doing, thou ſhalt heap coals of on his head?'—O Rogers, Rogers, thou

ſay indeed thou art heaping coals of fire on my head, when thou art told I am thy wicked uncle Charles!"

Here Roger and his wife had nearly ſwooned away with aſtoniſhment. "Then I am heartily glad to ſee you, uncle," cried Rogers, "and if you have already done me wrong I forgive you with all my ſoul, as I hope to be forgiven myſelf." Here Mr. Rogers's grief appeared ſo great, he ſeemed almoſt beſide himſelf. "But do not be ſurpriſed," cried he, as ſoon as he could ſpeak, "to ſee me here; it is not by accident; this is the ſecond attempt I have made, Rogers, to viſit thy humble dwelling; but more of that hereafter." In about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Rogers, after ſhedding bitter tears, ſpoke as follows:

"My neighbors, Richard, have long believed me to be a very happy man, ſeeing that I poſſeſſed an abundance of the good things of this world, but what man ever yet was happy, who carried ſecret guilt in his boſom? Thy grandfather, on his death-bed, became duly ſenſible of his unforgiving ſpirit towards thy poor father, for no other crime had he committed than having married a woman who brought him no money; he therefore reſolved that the laſt buſineſs of his life ſhould be doing an act of juſtice towards thee, his only ſon; accordingly he ſent for his attorney, made a new will, bequeathing thee that property which he would have given thy *father had he* been living; he alſo deſired

much to ſee thee, which I took eſpecial care
prevent, fearing thy youth and innocence wou
win upon his love. After his deceaſe, by t
advice, and with the aſſiſtance of his rogue
an attorney, we burnt my father's laſt will, a
produced that which he had made many yea
before, wherein he had cut thy father off with
ſhilling. The deed was no ſooner done, than
felt, as it were, all the torments of hell ragi
in my ſoul, it was done at the very moment h
people were laying my aged father's body in t
coffin." Here Mr. Rogers grew ſo faint he cou
not go on.

"Merciful Heaven," cried Richard, wi
hands and eyes upliſted, "how covetouſne
hardens the heart of man! what a ſafe-guard h
my poverty been to me! riches might have e
ſnared my ſoul too." As ſoon as Mr. Roge
could ſpeak he went on. "Thou haſt ju
mentioned, Richard, the trial that was broug
forward after my father's deceaſe, reſpecting h
will, when the attorney to whom I was to pa
five hundred pounds for the villainous part h
had acted, ſwore he had never made a ſecon
will for my father, and I ſwore to the ſame e
fect; yes, Richard, I ſwore upon the Ho
Bible—that Bible which pronounces a dead
curſe on him who ſwears falſly; yea, I called o
that eternal God to witneſs a lie, before whc
I muſt ſhortly be judged for it, and now m
grey hairs are brought to the brink of the grav
I begin to feel, that the ſting of death is ſ

very miſerable has been my life, and very terrible no doubt will be my death. Being now in poſſeſſion of a clear 400l. a year, I began to fancy all things would go proſperouſly and ſwimmingly on; I bought, and I ſold, and no man's traffick ſeemed to turn to better account; but no ſucceſs in life, Richard could blunt the ſting of guilt within me; when I lay me down to reſt at night, I feared to truſt myſelf to ſleep, leſt I ſhould betray my ſecret; and my very dreams became ſo diſturbed, that the ſervants would often hear my ſcreams at the other end of the houſe. One night I dreamt I was going to be executed for deſtroying a will; and the next I fancied I was going to be tranſported for perjury. All my neighbors believed me to be a happy man, only becauſe they ſaw me a proſperous one. My covetous deſires were never ſatisfied, and whilſt I went on heaping up guinea upon guinea, my mind was hourly afflicted with the dread of poverty. My wife all of a ſudden grew melancholy, and by an accident ſhe fell into the pond and was drowned; when my ſon came of age I ſettled him on the eſtate, which my father in his will had left to thee; he was a diſſolute young man, and coming home one night very much intoxicated with liquor, he fell acroſs the bed with a lighted candle in his hand, which inſtantly ſet fire to the curtains, and he periſhed in the flames; one of my daughters turned out very vicious, and the other died of a broken heart from the cruel

uſage of her huſband. Beſides all theſe trials, I had another very ſevere one from the attorney, who was always racking me for money, and telling me he would turn King's evidence, and impeach me, if ever I refuſed him. At length, without a moment given him for repentance, he was ſuddenly carried off by a paralytic ſtroke. My ſpirits began to revive after his death, as my crime now was known only to myſelf; but peace can never dwell in the guilty boſom. I left off going to church, for there my condemnation ſtared me full in the face. The Ten Commandments were written in golden letters on each ſide of the Altar; then my own wicked conſcience would whiſper me, how many of thoſe ſacred commands I have broken, I had taken the holy name of God in vain, I had prophaned the Sabbath, I had been undutiful to my parents, I HAD BORNE FALSE WITNESS AGAINST MY NEIGHBOR." At length, however, ſo grievouſly burdened was my conſcience, that I reſolved occaſionally to attend church, hoping it would be a kind of ſpunge to rub out ſome of my ſins. One ſunday I remember our parſon told us in his ſermon there can be no real repentdnce for ſin, without forſaking it; adding moreover, that if any of his congregation had defrauded his neighbor of aught, he entreated them, if ever they hoped their ſouls would find mercy in the day of grace, that they ſhould make reſtitution, before death ſhould cut them

off from the land of the living, ſince there was no repentance in the grave.

Theſe words ſo worked upon my mind, that I fell ſick, and during my illneſs, I called on Heaven to witneſs, that if life were granted me, I would reſtore to thee what I had ſo unjuſtly kept from thee; but as my health returned, ſo did my good reſolutions vaniſh away again; I cheated myſelf with the thought that I might yet enjoy life many years; thus I went on till the reſtleſs working of my conſcience almoſt overpowered me, and having enquired out the place of thy abode, mounted my horſe and ſet out, with the reſolution to diſcover the whole hiſtory of my villainy to thee; but when I came within ſight of thy cottage, I found my principles were not ſtrong enough to bring me to confeſs myſelf a rogue before thee; I turned my horſe about, and went home again. I next took to hard drinking to ſtifle reflection, but all would not do, for ſtill the gnawings of a guilty conſcience devoured me; as my health declined, the ſtronger the fear of death came upon me. Again I reſolved once more to go in ſearch of thee, and earneſtly did I pray to God to aſſiſt my endeavors, and the nearer I approached to thy little dwelling, the more was my courage ſtrengthened to proceed. The ſudden fall of ſnow coming on was the cauſe of my being benighted, and miſſing my way I fell into the pit; but ah, Richard, it ſeems as if heaven had appointed thee to preſerve my life in this world,

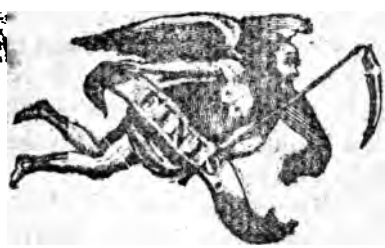
and my ſoul from deſtruction in the next, by pointing out to me the only path in which a penitent ſinner can tread with ſafety. It is not for mortal man, Richard, to tell what agony of mind I have endured this night: thy kindneſs and that of thy wife nearly overcame me, and I the leſs feared to make a diſcovery of myſelf to thee, when I found every action of thy daily life was governed by the principles of religion: I know Chriſtianity alone can teach men heartily to forgive their enemies.

"O Rogers! Rogers! how bleſt is thy condition, when compared with mine: if thou art poor, thou art honeſt; in addition to a quiet conſcience, thou haſt a healthful and happy family ſmiling around thee. I abound in wealth it is true; but my health is gone, I have loſt my reſt, and I carry in my boſom the ſharp goadings of a wounded ſpirit which I am unable to bear."

Here Mr. Rogers finiſhed his truly melancholy hiſtory, at which both Rogers and his wife ſhed abundance of tears, and at the ſame time they did all in their power to comfort him. The next day Rogers attended his uncle home, when he ſent for the clergyman of his Pariſh, who was a very experienced Chriſtian; Rogers made a full confeſſion of his guilt to him, hoping he would give him his beſt advice how to fit and prepare himſelf for another world. *Mr.* Rogers lived but a few weeks after this, and *died* full of horror at the ſins of his paſt life,

id earneſtly imploring mercy from the Saviour
ſinners.

How miſterious are the ways of Providence,
ho in an inſtant can bring the moſt ſecret plots
light! and how does the eye of God purſue
; "if we ſay peradventure the darkneſs ſhall
ver us, then ſhall our night be turned into
y; the darkneſs and light to him are both
ke."



THE

Entertaining, Moral & Religious

REPOSITORY;

CONTAINING

MANY SEPARATE PERFORMANCES,

ALL OF WHICH

ARE WRITTEN IN A SIMPLE YET PLEASING

STILE, AND ARE EMINENTLY

CALCULATED FOR THE

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF THE

Youth of both Sexes.

Published by a Society in GREAT BRITAIN, instituted for the beneficent purpose of aiding the intention of HIS MAJESTY, as expressed in his royal proclamation for the suppression of vice and immorality.

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1801.

THE CARPENTER;

OR,

THE DANGER OF EVIL COMPANY.

THERE was a young West-country man,
A Carpenter by trade,
A skilful wheelwright too was he,
And few such waggons made.

No man a tighter barn could build
Throughout his native town:
Thro' many a village round was he
The best of workmen known.

His father left him what he had,
In sooth it was enough;
His shining pewter, pots of brass,
And all his household stuff.

A little cottage too he had,
For ease and comfort plann'd;
And that he might not lack for aught,
An acre of good land.

A pleasant orchard too there was
Before his cottage door;
Of cider and of corn likewise
He had a little store.

Active

Active and healthy, stout and young,
No business wanted he;
Now tell me reader if you can,
What man more blest could be?

To make his comfort quite complete,
He had a faithful wife;
Frugal and neat and good was she,
The blessing of his life.

Where is the lord, or where the squire,
Had greater cause to praise
The goodness of that bounteous hand,
Which blest his prosp'rous days?

Each night when he returned from work,
His wife so meek and mild,
His little supper gladly dress'd,
While he caress'd his child.

One blooming babe was all he had,
His only darling dear,
The object of their equal love,
The solace of their care.

O what could ruin such a life,
And spoil so fair a lot?
O what could change so kind a heart,
All goodness quite forgot?

With grief the cause I must relate,
The dismal cause reveal;
'Twas EVIL COMPANY and DRINK,
The source of every ill.

A Cooper

A Cooper came to live hard by,
Who did his fancy please;
An idle rambling man was he,
Who oft had cross'd the seas.

This man could tell a merry tale,
And sing a merry song;
And those who heard him sing or talk,
Ne'er thought the ev'ning long.

But vain and vicious was the song,
And wicked was the tale;
And every pause he always fill'd,
With cider, gin, or ale.

Our Carpenter delighted much
To hear the Cooper talk;
And with him to the alehouse oft
Would take his evening walk.

At first he did not care to drink,
But only lik'd the fun;
But soon he from the Cooper learn'd
The same sad course to run.

He said the Cooper's company,
Was all for which he car'd;
But soon he drank as much as he,
To swear like him soon dar'd.

His hammer now neglected lay,
For work he little car'd;
Half finish'd wheels and broken tools
Were strew'd about his yard.

To get him to attend his work
No prayers could now prevail;
His hatchet and his plane forgot,
He never drove a nail.

His cheerful ev'nings now no more
With peace and plenty smil'd;
No more he sought his pleasing wife,
Nor hugg'd his smiling child.

For not his drunken nights alone
Were with the Cooper past;
His days were at the Angel spent,
And still he stay'd the last.

No handsome Sunday suit was left,
Nor decent Holland shirt;
No nosegay mark'd the Sabbath-day,
But all was rags and dirt.

No more his church he did frequent,
A symptom ever sad;
Where once the Sunday is mispent,
The week-days must be bad.

The cottage mortgag'd for its worth,
The favorite orchard sold;
He soon began to feel th' effects
Of hunger and of cold.

The pewter dishes, one by one,
Where pawn'd, till none was left;
And wife and babe at home remained
Of every help bereft.

By chance he call'd at home one night,
And in a surely mood,
He bade his weeping wife to get
Immediately some food.

His empty cupboard well he knew
Must needs be bare of bread;
No rasher on the rack he saw,
Whence could he then be fed;

His* wife a piteous sigh did heave,
And then before him laid
A basket cover'd with a cloth,
But not a word she said.

Then to her husband gave a knife,
With many a silent tear;
In haste he tore the cover off,
And saw his child lie there.

"There lies thy babe, the mother said,
Oppress'd with famine sore;
O kill us both—'twere kinder far,
We could not suffer more."

The Carpenter, struck to the heart,
Fell on his knees straightway;
He wrung his hands—confess'd his sins,
And did both weep and pray.

From the same hour the Cooper more
He never would behold;
Nor would he to the alehouse go
Had it been pav'd with gold.

* See Berquin's Gardener.

His wife forgave him all the past,
And sooth'd his sorrowing mind.
And much he griev'd that e'er he wrong'd
The worthiest of her kind.

By lab'ring hard, and working late,
By industry and pains,
His cottage was at length redeem'd,
And sav'd were all his gains.

His Sundays now at church were spent,
His home was his delight;
The following verse himself he made,
And read it every night.

The drunkard murders child and wife,
Nor matters it a pin,
Whether he stabs them with his knife,
Or starves them with his gin. Z.

THE GIN-SHOP;

OR A

PEEP INTO A PRISON.

LOOK thro' the land from north to south,
And look from east to west;
And see what is to Englishmen,
Of life the deadliest pest.

It is not want, tho' that is bad,
Nor war, tho' that is worse:
But Britons brave endure, alas!
A self-tormenting curse.

Go where you will throughout the realm
You'll find the reigning sin,
In cities, villages, and towns;
—The monster's name is GIN.

The prince of darkness never sent
To man a deadlier foe;
'My name is Legion,' it may say,
The source of every woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive
The labourer of his wealth;
That is not all, it murders too
His honest name and health.

We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true;
But, drunkards, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is self-impos'd,
Like every other sin;
The taxes altogether lay
No weight so great as GIN.

The state compels no man to drink,
Compels no man to game;
'Tis GIN and gambling sink him down
To rags, and want, and shame.

The kindest husband, chang'd by GIN,
Is fo a tyrant known;
The tenderest heart that nature made,
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes
Are poorly cloth'd and fed:
Because the craving GIN-SHOP takes
The childrens' daily bread.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,
Thro' many a London street;
And see the cause of penury
In hundreds we shall meet.

We shall not need to travel far—
Behold that great man's door;
He well discerns that idle crew
From the deserving poor.

He will relieve with liberal hand
The child of honest Thrift;
But where long scores at GIN-SHOPS stand
He will with-hold his gift.

Behold that shivering female there,
Who plies her woeful trade!
'Tis ten to one you'll find that GIN,
That hopeless wretch has made.

Look down those steps, and view below
Yon cellar under ground;
There every want and every woe,
And every sin is found.

Those little wretches trembling the
With hunger and with cold,
Were by their parents' love of GIN,
To sin and misery sold.

Blest be those friends* to human kind
Who take these wretches up,
Ere they have drunk the bitter dregs
Of their sad parents' cup.

Look thro' that prison's iron bar,
Look thro' that dismal grate;
And learn what dire misfortune brought
So terrible a fate.

The debtor and the felon too,
Tho' differing much in sin;
'oo oft you'll find were thither brought
By all-destroying GIN.

et Heaven forbid I should confound
Calamity with guilt!
name the debtor's lesser fault,
With blood of brother spilt.

prison dire misfortune oft
The guiltless debtor brings;
oft'ner far it will be found
rom GIN the misery springs.

the pale manufact'rer there,
ow lank and lean he lies!
haggard is his sickly cheek!
)w dim his hollow eyes!

* The Philanthropic Society.

He pl[illegible] the loom with good success,
His wages still were high;
Twice what the village lab'rer gains,
His master did supply.

No book debts kept him from his cash,
All paid as soon as due;
His wages on the Saturday
To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains suffic'd,
On wife and children spent!
But all must for his pleasures go:
All to the GIN-SHOP went.

See that apprentice, young in years,
But hackney'd long in sin;
What made him rob his master's till?
Alas! 'twas love of GIN.

That serving-man—I knew him once
So jaunty, spruce, and smart!
Why did he steal, then pawn the plate?
'Twas GIN ensnar'd his heart.

But hark! what dismal sound was that?
'Tis Saint Sepulchre's bell,
It tolls, alas for human guilt!
Some malefactor's knell.

O! woeful sound! O? what could cause,
Such punishment and sin?
Hark! hear his words, he owns the cause
BAD COMPANY, and GIN!

And when the future lot is fix'd,
Of darkness, fire, and chains,
How can the drunkard hope to 'scape
Those everlasting pains?

For if the murd'rer's doom'd to woe,
As holy-writ declares,
The drunkard with SELF-murderers
That dreadful portion shares. Z

THE

EXECUTION

OF

WILD ROBERT.

BEING

A WARNING TO ALL PARENTS.

WILD ROBERT was a graceless youth,
And bold in every sin;
In early life with petty thefts
His course he did begin.

But those who deal in lesser sins,
In great will soon offend;
And petty thefts not check'd betimes,
In murder soon may end.

And [redacted] like any beast of prey,
Wild Robert shrunk from view,
Save when at eve on Bagshot heath
He met his harden'd crew.

With this fierce crew Wild Robert there
On plunder set his mind;
And watch'd and prowl'd the live-long nigh
To rob and slay mankind.

But God, whose vengeance never sleeps,
Tho' he delays the blow,
Can in a single moment lay
the prosperous villain low.

One night, a fatal night indeed!
Within a neighb'ring wood,
A harmless passenger he robb'd,
And dy'd his hands in blood.

The direful deed perform'd, he went
To shew his golden spoils,
When vengeful justice, unawares,
Surpris'd him in her toils.

Wild Robert seiz'd, at once was known,
(No crape had hid his face)
Imprison'd, try'd, condemn'd to die!
Soon run was Robert's race!

Since short the time the laws allow
To murderers doom'd to die,
How earnest shou'd the suppliant wretch
To Heaven for mercy cry!

But he, alas! no mercy sought,
Tho' summon'd to his fate;
The cart drew near the gallows tree,
Where throng'd spectators wait.

Slow as he pass'd no pious tongue
Pour'd forth a pitying pray'r;
Abhorrence all who saw him felt,
He, horror and despair.

And now the dismal death-bell toll'd,
The fatal chord was hung,
While sudden, deep, and dreadful shrieks,
Burst forth amidst the throng.

Hark! 'tis his mother's voice he hears!
Deep horror shakes his frame;
'Tis rage and fury fills his breast,
Not pity, love, or shame.

"One moment hold!" the mother cries,
"His life one moment spare!
"One kiss, my miserable child,
"My Robert once so dear!"

"Hence, cruel mother, hence," he said,
"Oh! deaf to nature's cry;
"Your's is the fault I liv'd abhorr'd,
"And unlamented die.

"You gave me life, but with it gave
"What made that life a curse;
"My sins uncurb'd, my mind untaught,
"Soon grew from bad to worse.

"I thought

" I thought that if I 'scap'd the stroke
" Of man's avenging rod,
" All wou'd be well, and I might mock
" The vengeful pow'r of God.

" My hands no honest trade were taught,
" My tongue no pious pray'r,
" Uncheck'd I learnt to break the laws,
" To pilfer, lie, and swear.

" The Sabbath bell, that toll'd to church,
" to me unheeded rung;
" God's holy name and word I curs'd
" With my blaspheming tongue.

" No mercy now your ruin'd child
" Of heaven can dare implore,
" I mock'd at grace, and now I fear
" My day of grace is o'er.

" Blame not the law which dooms yourson
" Compar'd with you 'tis mild;
" 'Tis you have sentenc'd me to death,
" To hell have doom'd your child."

He spoke and fixing fast the cord,
Resign'd his guilty breath;
Down at his feet his mother fell,
By conscience struck with death.

Ye parents taught by this sad tale,
Avoid the path she trod;
And teach your sons in early years
The fear and love of God.

So shall their days, tho' doom'd to toil,
With peace and hope be blest;
And Heav'n, when life's short task is o'er,
Receive their souls to rest.

THE HORSE-RACE;

OR THE

PLEASURES OF THE COURSE.

THE horses run, the chaises fly,
What noise in every place?
Pray come, my friend, and let us see
The pleasures of a Race.

What numbers now are trudging on!
Observe how quick their pace!
On foot, on horse, in chaise and coach,
All hastening to the Race.

Remark how many huts and booths,
In every part we trace;
For selling brandy, beer, and gin,
To those who see the Race.

What numbers spend their money here,
And health and soul embrace;
And rob their families of bread,
To spend it at the Race.

That gentleman, so richly dress'd,
Whose well fed horse now neighs;
His fortune spends to train and fit
His nags, to win the Race.

Those farmers' wives, and daughters ga
Who canter, trot, and pace;
Have rais'd their butter, eggs, and chee
To dress, and see the Race.

That poor old wretch, who sprawling li
And makes such odd grimace:
She in a barrow carries fruit,
To revel, fair, and Race:

But by ill luck, a one-horse chair,
Which went a swinging pace;
This poor old woman overtook,
As she went to the Race.

The driver saw she try'd in vain,
Her barrow to re-place;
So her and barrow overset,
And press'd towards the Race.

New apples, nuts, and pears lay strew'
A scramble then took place,
Between the idle girls and boys,
Who came to see the Race.

What boy who runs along so fast,
His master disobeys;
All work and duty quite forgot,
So he can see the Race.

That mother who should be at home,
Her idle turn betrays;
With two young infants in her arms,
She goes to see the Race.

The people now to yonder stands,
All flock to get a place;
And all impatient are to see,
This long-expected Race.

The horses start, the sport begins,
And all with rapture gaze;
The jockies in their party-dress,
With joy begin the Race.

Each panting horse with labour strives,
The others to outpace:
The knowing-ones begin to bet,
And wager on the Race.

But how it rains, how black the clouds,
The heavens shower down apace;
All run and scamper, wet to skin,
Who came to see the Race.

What means that crash? what mean those screams?
That bustle and amaze?
I fear yon crowded stand* is fall'n,
The largest at the Race.

Alas! 'tis so, Confusion dire
Appears in every face;
And all lament, and join to wish,
They ne'er had seen the Race.

* This really happened lately at Lansdown Races.

Now

Now broken limbs, and bruises sad,
Are seen throughout the place;
And numbers from the stand are dragg'd,
But not to see the Race.

Amidst the hurry which ensues,
A pick-pocket conveys
A farmer's watch and purse away,
Who came to see the Race.

Now as they all go dripping home,
What rapture to retrace,
Their time, and health, and money lost,
Such joys attend a Race.

How many a harmless child is brought
To mis'ry and disgrace,
Because the parents drink and game,
And go to every Race.

Then since our time is but a span,
Our life so short a space;
'Tis better lead a sober life,
While here we run our Race.

When will our cheerful days roll on,
In sweet content and peace;
And better blessings wait us still,
Whene'er—WE END OUR RACE.

THE

BAD BARGAIN;

OR THE

WORLD SET UP TO SALE.

I.

THE devil, as the Scriptures shew,
Tempts sinful mortals high and low;
And always acting well his part,
He suits his bribes to every heart:
See there the prince of darkness stands,
With baits for souls in both his hands.

II.

To one he offers empires whole,
And gives a sceptre for a soul;
To one he freely gives in barter
A peerage, or a star and garter;
To one he pays polite attention,
And begs him just to take a pension.

III.

Some are so fir'd with love of fame,
He bribes them by an empty name;
For fame they toil, they preach, they write,
Give alms, or sally forth and fight;
Prefer man's praise to God's salvation,
And sell their souls for reputation.

IV.

But the great gift, the mighty bribe
Which Satan pours amid the tribe,
Which thousands seize with eager haste,
And all desire at least to taste,
Is—plodding reader,—what d'ye think?
Alas,—'tis money—money—chink.

V.

Round the wide world the tempter flies,
Presents to view the glittering prize;
See how he goes from shore to shore,
And how the nations all adore:
Souls flock by thousands to be sold,
Smit with the love of filthy gold.

VI.

See at yon needy tradesman's shop,
The universal tempter stop;
'Wouldst thou' he cries 'increase thy treasures,
Use lighter weights, and scantier measures,
Thus shalt thou thrive;' the trader's willing,
And sells his soul to get a shilling.

VII.

Next Satan to a farmer hies,
'I scorn to cheat,' the farmer cries;
Yet his whole heart on wealth was bent,
And so the devil was content;
Now markets rise, and riches roll,
And Satan quite secures his soul.

Mark

VIII.

: next yon cheerful youth so jolly,
nd of laughter and of folly,
ates a stingy, griping fellow,
ets each day a little mellow:
tan too he sells his soul
rter for a flowing bowl.

IX.

Satan tries each different state,
mighty bribes he tempts the great,
oor with equal force he plies,
vins them with an humbler prize;
gentle arts for young beginners
fouler sins for older sinners.

X.

o he cheats our mortal eyes,
atan father is of lies;
usand swindling tricks he plays us,
promises, but never pays us;
we, poor fools, are strangely caught,
ind we've sold our souls for nought.

XI.

ft, with quite a juggler's art,
ds the profer'd gift depart;
pleasure sets before our face,
claps a trouble in it's place;
some huge loss instead of gain,
conjures rapture into pain.

Be

XII.

Be wise then, oh, ye worldly tribe,
Nor sell your conscience for a bribe;
When Satan tempts you to begin,
Resist him, and refuse to sin:
Bad is their bargain on the whole,
Who gain the world and lose a soul.

THE

HONEST MILLER

OF GLOCESTERSHIRE.

A TRUE BALLAD.

OF all the callings and the trades
Which in our land abound,
The miller's is as useful sure
As can on earth be found.

The Lord or 'Squire of high degree
Is needful to the state,
Because he lets the land he owns
In farms both small and great.

The farmer he manures the land,
Or else what corn could grow?
The ploughman cuts the furrow deep,
Ere he begins to sow.

d tho' no wealth he has, except
he labour of his hands;
honest industry's as good
As houses or as lands.

e thresher he is useful too
o all who like to eat;
less he winnow'd well the corn,
he chaff wou'd spoil the wheat.

vain the 'Squire's and Farmer's care,
And vain the Thresher's toil;
d vain wou'd be the ploughman's pains
Who harrows up the soil;

vain without the miller's aid,
he sowing and the dressing;
en sure an honest miller he
Must be a public blessing.

d such a miller now I make
he subject of my song,
ich tho' it shall be very true,
Shall not be very long.

is miller lives in Glo'stershire,
shall not tell his name;
those who seek the praise of God,
Desire no other fame.

last hard winter—who forgets
he frost of ninety-five?
en was all dismal scarce and dear,
And *no poor* man could thrive.

Then husbandry long time stood still,
And work was at a stand:
To make the matter worse, the mills
Were froze throughout the land.

Fast by a living stream it was
Our miller's lot to dwell,
Which flow'd amain when others froze,
Nor never stopp'd the mill.

The clamorous people came from far
This favour'd mill to find;
Both rich and poor our miller sought,
For none but he could grind.

His neighhours cry'd, 'Now miller seize
The time to heap up store,
Since thou of young and helpless babes
Hast got full half a score.'

For folks, when tempted to grow rich
By means not ever nice;
Oft make their num'rous babes a plea
To sanctify the vice.

Our miller scorn'd such counsel base,
And when he ground the grain,
With stedfast hand refus'd to touch
Beyond his lawful gain.

'When God afflicts the land,' said he,
Shall I afflict it more?
And watch for times of public woe
To wrong both rich and poor?

'Thank

'Thankful to that Almighty pow'r
Who makes my river flow.
I'll use the means he gives to sooth
A hungry neighbour's woe.

'My river flows when others freeze,
But 'tis at his command;
For rich and poor I'll grind alike,
No bribe shall stain my hand.'

So all the country who had corn
Here found their wants redress'd;
May every village in the land
Be with such millers blest!

Z.

THE

ROGUISH MILLER;

OR

NOTHING GOT BY CHEATING.

A TRUE BALLAD.

A MILLER there was, and he liv'd at his Mill,
Which was built on a stream at the foot of a hill.
He cheated all day and he drank all the night,
For cheating and drinking was all his delight;
While his moments in tippling unheeded did roll,
This still was his saying—be sure to take toll.

Whoever

Whoever sent corn to be ground at his Mill,
He spoilt it, he chang'd it, he pilfer'd it still;
In villainy thus a long course he did run,
For he fancy'd that cheating was very good fun.
He car'd not what came of his body or soul,
While this was his saying—I'll always take toll.

If you sent a full sack of good corn to his Mill,
A sack of bad flour he sent you back still,
For he fancy'd that when he the wheat had once ground,
The difference wou'd not be easily found:
Now to change good for bad was as if he had stole,
And he not only chang'd—but always took toll.

The neighbours oft sent him their money to pay,
But he always refus'd it and sent it away;
Had he taken the money he'd have got but his due,
But the payment that's lawful for him would not do;
What was honestly his he despis'd on the whole,
Because he got more from—the taking of toll.

One day when a Farmer had sent a good sack
Of his corn to be ground, and then sent for it back;
He call'd to his man and demanded straightway,
If for this he had taken the toll on that day.
The man straight declar'd, that tho' nought he had stole,
Yet that he had taken—the full of the toll.

He then call'd his maid, and he ask'd her good lack,
If toll she had taken from that very sack;
She declar'd that she had, but he fond of pelf,
Said, for fear that you shou'd not, I'll take it myself;

So

So rashly he ventur'd the loss of his soul,
And mended his practice—by thrice taking toll.

At length he grew bolder and bolder in sin,
And cheating he deeper and deeper got in;
Of Satan, alas! he was quite at the beck,
Where he first took a pound he at length took a peck.
No church he frequented to pray for his soul,
Who wou'd might go thither—so he could take toll.

The Farmer, the Squire, the Parson likewise
Agreed to observe him with still keener eyes;
But the Justice he cheated to such a degree,
That no longer with patience his frauds cou'd he see;
So he sent him to jail by the Law's just controul,
And a MITTIMUS paid him—for taking of toll.

Come all honest Millers whoever you be,
And listen to counsel that's given by me;
Be content, like fair tradesmen, with moderate gains,
And look for a lawful reward of your pains;
If 'tis paid you in money be pleas'd on the whole,
And if you take any—take moderate toll.

O! seek not each way to defraud that you can,
Nor cheat in the flour, nor cheat in the bran;
Be honest, and all men will flock to your Mill,
And tho' others want custom, your's ne'er will stand still.
And when to your MAKER you give up your soul,
You'll rejoice that you always—took moderate toll.

Z.

PATIENT JOE;

OR THE

NEWCASTLE COLLIER.

HAVE you heard of a Collier of honest renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcastle town?
His name it was Joseph— you better may know
If I tell you he always was call'd Patient JOE.

Whatever betided he thought it was right,
And Providence still he kept ever in sight;
To those who love God, let things turn as they wou'd
He was certain that all work'd together for good.

He prais'd his Creator whatever befel;
How thankful was Joseph when matters went well?
How sincere were his carols of praise for good health,
And how grateful for any increase in his wealth!

In trouble he bow'd him to God's holy will;
How contented was Joseph when matters went ill!
When rich and when poor he alike understood
That all things together were working for good.

If the land was afflicted with war, he declar'd
'Twas a needful correction for sins which he shar'd;
And when merciful Heaven bid slaughter to cease,
How thankful was Joe for the blessings of peace!

When

'hen taxes ran high, and'provisions were dear,
ill Joseph declar'd he had nothing to fear;
was but a trial he well understood,
om him, who made all work together for good.

ho' his wife was but sickly, his gettings but small,
mind so submissive prepar'd him for all;
e liv'd on his gains were they greater or less,
nd the Giver he ceas'd not each moment to bless.

'hen another child came he receiv'd him with joy,
nd Providence bless'd who had sent him a boy;
ut when the child dy'd—said poor Joe I'm content,
)r God had a right to recal what he lent.

was Joseph's ill-fortune to work in a pit
'ith some who believ'd that profaneness was wit;
'hen disasters befel him much pleasure they shew'd,
nd laugh'd and said—' Joseph, will this work for good ?"

ut ever when these wou'd profanely advance
hat *this* happen'd by luck, and *that* happen'd by chance,
ill Joseph insisted no chance cou'd be found,
ot a sparrow by accident falls to the ground.

mong his companions who work'd in the pit,
nd made him the butt of their profligate wit,
'as idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and who gam'd,
'ho mock'd at his Bible, and was not asham'd.

ne day at the pit his old comrades he found,
id they chatted, preparing to go under ground;

Tim

Tim Jenkins, as usual, was turning to jest
Joes notion—that all things which happen'd were best.

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His provision for dinner of bacon and bread,
A dog on the watch seiz'd the bread and the meat,
And off with his prey ran with footsteps so fleet.

Now to see the delight that Tim Jenkins expres!
'Is the loss of thy dinner too, Joe, for the best?'
'No doubt on't,' said Joe, 'but as I must eat,
'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat.'

So saying he follow'd the dog along round,
While Tim laughing and swearing, went down under ground;
Poor Joe soon return'd, tho' his bacon was lost,
For the dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

When Joseph came back, he expected a sneer,
But the face of each Collier spoke horror and fear;
What a narrow escape hast thou had, they all said,
The pit is fall'n in, and Tim Jenkins is dead!

How sincere was the gratitude Joseph express'd!
How warm the compassion which glow'd in his breast!
Thus events great and small, if aright understood,
Will be found to be working together for good.

'When my meat,' Joseph cry'd, 'was just now stol'n away,
And I had no prospect of eating to-day,
How coul'd it appear to a short-sighted sinner,
That my life woul'd be sav'd by the loss of my dinner?"

Z.

THE

THE

Middle Way's the best.

THERE is one Truth in life
(It holds in ev'ry Station)
Which I've often told my wife,
And now I'll tell the nation.
This truth if none did hate Sir;
'Twould set the land at rest;
Tis—whether in Church or State, Sir,
That the *middle* way's the best.

Now some are stiff Dissenters,
And some are Churchmen strong;
Thus each to differ ventures,
But each is a little wrong:
And thus they part asunder
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

And some they get so Royal,
They're thought in Kingly pay:
And some are so disloyal,
They frighten us ev'ry day.
And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

The People, some have told us,
Have quite a voice divine:
While other's come and scold us,
And say we're a herd of swine;
And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

With some the present rage is,
To pull down King and Peer:
While some will raise no wages,
Tho' bread is ever so dear.
And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

Some do so push the War Sir,
I'm sure it ne'er would cease;
While others all fighting abhor Sir,
Till they're ready to fight for peace.
And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

In church too I declare Sir,
Where most we should be mild,
It makes a Christian stare Sir,
To see how we run wild.

]

For here (tho' I would mind sir
True zeal be not repress'd),
I'm sure we often find Sir,
That the *middle* way's the best.

Thus some so boast of Reason,
That Faith is quite decry'd;
While others commit High Treason,
Through laying all reason aside.
And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

Then one disdains all Charity,
And draws his Creed so tight!
While some, without disparity,
Say *every* Creed is right.
And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

Some urge Predestination,
Till they make me quite sit still;
Some, hot with indignation,
Are all for mere Free-will.
And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

Then

Then one so moral solely,
Religion's out of view;
And one is all so holy,
He can't be moral too.
And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

Some get so warm and zealous,
Each Fancy seems, "a Call,"
And some so stiff and jealous,
They shew no zeal at all.
And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

Some think they see futurity,
Turn Prophets and foretell!
Some groping in obscurity,
Foresee not heaven and hell.
And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

Some soar after spirituality,
With mild unmeaning flight;
Some rest in mere morality,
And know no Christian light.

And thus *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder
For the *middle* way's the best.

One thinks our faith a Bubble,
Doubts all but what he sees;
And one, to save all trouble,
Believes just what you please.
And so *they* part asunder,
As far as East and West:
I say they *both* do blunder,
For the *middle* way's the best.

And thus, by soothing Rhymes sir,
For fear the truth should grate,
I've published all our Crimes sir,
In Church as well as State:
So now, from this December,
I trust the Land will rest;
And Britains' sons remember,
That the *middle* way's the best.

THE

HACKNEY COACHMAN;

OR

THE WAY TO GET A GOOD FARE.

To the tune of 'I wish I was a Fisherman,' &c.

I AM a bold coachman and drive a good Hack,
With a coat of five capes that quite covers my back;
And my wife keeps a sausage-shop not many miles
From the narrowest alley in all Broad St. Giles.

Tho' poor, we are honest, and very content,
We pay as we go for meat, drink, and for rent;
To work all the week I am able and willing,
I never get drunk, and I waste not a shilling.

What tho' at a tavern my gentleman tarries,
Why the coachman grows richer than he whom he carries;
And I'd rather (said I) since it saves me from sin,
Be the Driver without than the Toper within.

For the dram-shop I hate, and the dram-drinking friend,
Yet I'm not quite so good but I wish I may mend;
I repent of my sins, since we are all deprav'd,
For a coachman, I hold, has a soul to be sav'd.

When a riotous multitude fills up a street,
And the greater part know not, boys, wherefore they meet;
If I see there is mischief I never go there,
Let others get tipsy, so I get my fare.

Now

ow to church if I take some good lady to pray,
grieves me full sore to be kept quite away;
I step thro' the door-way, for here 'tis the sin,
) loiter without, when one might enter in.

ıen my glasses are whole, and my coach is so neat,
ım always the first to be call'd in the street;
ıd I'm known by the name ('tis a name rather rare)
f the Coachman that never asks more than his fare.

ıo' my beasts should be dull, yet I don't use them ill;
ıo' they stumble I swear not, nor cut them up hill;
ır I firmly believe there's no charm in an oath
ıat can make a Nag trot, when to walk he is loth

nd tho' I'm a Coachman, I'll freely confess
beg of my Maker my labours to bless;
praise him each morning, and pray every night,
nd 'tis this makes my heart feel so cheerful and light.

'hen I drive to a Fun'ral I care not for drink,
hat is not the moment to guzzle, but think;
nd I wish I cou'd add, both of Coachman and Master,
hat both of us strove to amend a bit faster:

Z.

THE

MARKET WOMAN,

OR

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

A TRUE TALE.

A FARMER's Wife to market went
On every Market Day;
She carried butter, pork and eggs,
The Farmer carried hay.

Throughout the Parish where she liv'd
For fraud she was renown'd;
And oft her Butter scarcely weigh'd
Twelve Ounces to the pound.

In making Cheese her practice still
Was very much the same;
She sold it for the very best,
But stole away the cream.

She lik'd to flaunt in gowns so gay,
And laces fine and thin:
And what is worst than all the rest,
She lik'd a little gin.

She knew not where to get the Cash
To pay for all she bought;
So robb'd her butter and her cheese,
Which was a wicked thought.

She seldom went to Parish Church
Except to shew her dress;
But spent the Sunday afternoon
In Sin and Idleness.

This is a rule you'll always find
Full nine times out of ten;
That those who don't their MAKER serve
Will not be just to Men.

Now who but she at every Fair,
Both near and far away?
The Squire's own lady was not half
So flaunting and so gay.

At every revel, every dance
For many miles around,
At every sound of fiddle heard
She constantly was found.

O! Shame to female modesty
That ever wife or Maid,
Shou'd to an Ale-house dancing go,
Where oft they are betray'd!

Her only thought was to contrive
That money might not fail,
For this her Pork was fed on grains,
Her eggs were always stale.

Her husband was an honest Man
And did not know her tricks;
For tho' he felt that he grew poor,
The blame he would not fix.

The neighbours ceas'd to buy her goods,
So she to market went;
And if she brought some money home
Her husband was content.

The people of the town remark'd
Her butter still grew less;
And to the Market Bailiff went,
The evil to redress.

Next Market day the Bailiff came
And walk'd his usual round;
And soon his watchful eye he fix'd
Upon her slender pound.

With terror equal to her guilt,
She mark'd his watchful eyes;
And saw him now prepar'd to weigh
Her pound much under size.

What's to be done?—Within her purse
A hoarded crown piece lay;
She plung'd it in the butter deep,
Unseen——then bid him weigh!

He found the butter heavier far
Than he at first believ'd;
And said, "In truth the Woman's just,
And I have been deceiv'd."

A Farmer's wife who saw her take
The crown piece from her purse;
Resolv'd to bring her now to shame,
And make the matter worse.

She told the Bailiff what she saw,
Who search'd the butter trait;
And there he found the silver piece
Which made such heavy weight.

Now brought at length to public shame
This Market dame did cry,
" I find that HONESTY AT LAST
IS TRUEST POLICY."

Now from this day the Market she
No more to enter dar'd;
For none to buy her cheating goods,
From that day ever car'd.

Her husband would not live with one
Of such an evil name;
For tho' not rich he valued much
A Farmer's honest fame.

May all who read good warning take!
May every Farmer's Wife,
Live sober, keep an honest name,
And lead a spotless life!

O never think to keep your fame
By foll'wing sinful pleasures;
Nor hope to gain an honest name
By lawless weights and measures.

Z.

THE

THE

PLOW-BOY'S DREAM.

I AM a Plow-boy stout and strong,
As ever drove a team;
And three years since a-sleep in bed
I had a dreadful dream:

And, as that dream has done me good,
I've got it up in rhyme:
That other boys may read and sing
My dream, when they have time.

Methought I drove my master's team,
With Dobbin, Ball, and Star:
Before a stiff and handy plough,
As all my master's are:

But found the ground was bak'd so hard,
And more like brick than clay,
I could not cut my furrow clean,
Nor would my beasts obey.

The more I whipt, and lash'd, and swore,
The less my cattle stirr'd;
Dobbin laid down, and Ball, and Star,
They kick'd and snorted hard:

When lo! above me a bright youth
Did seem to hang in air,
With purple wings and golden wand,
As angels painted are.

'Give over, cruel wretch,' he cry'd,
'Nor thus thy beasts abuse;
Think, if the ground was not too hard,
Would they their work refuse?

Besides, I heard thee curse and swear,
As if dumb beasts could know
What all thy oaths and curses meant,
Or better for them go.

But tho' they know not, there is One,
Who knows thy sins full well,
And what shall be thy after doom,
Another shall thee tell.'

No more he said, but light as air
He vanish'd from my sight;
And with him went the sun's bright beams,
And all was dark midnight.

The thunder roar'd from under ground,
The earth it seem'd to gape;
Blue flames broke forth, and in those flames
A dire gigantic shape.

'Soon shall I call thee mine,' it cry'd,
With voice so dread and deep,
That quiv'ring like an aspen leaf
I waken'd from my sleep.

And tho' I found it but a dream,
It left upon my mind,
That dread of sin, that fear of GOD,
Which all should wish to find;

For since that hour I've never dar'd
To use my cattle ill,
And ever fear'd to curse and swear,
And hope to do so still.

Now ponder well, ye Plow-boys all,
The dream that I have told;
And if it works such change in you,
'Tis worth its weight in gold;

For should you think it falfe or true,
It matters not one pin,
If you but deeds of mercy shew,
And keep your souls from sin.

THE

GRAVESTONE;

BEING AN ACCOUNT

(Supposed to be written on a Gravestone),

: a Wife who buried both her Children on one Day, and who, from that time, became a very devout Christian.

WITH A SUITABLE

ldress to Those who may be Attending a Funeral.

HERE rests in peace a christian wife
Safe from the cares and ills of life;
ıught by kind Heaven's afflicting rod,
e well had learnt her way to GOD.
ıce a gay girl, she trod the green,
ıe foremost in the festive scene;
was then she follow'd all her will,
ıd wedded William of the hill:
› heart had he for prayer and praise;
› thought of GOD's most holy ways,
worldly gains he lov'd to speak,
worldly cares he spent his week:
:n Sunday pass'd unheeded by,
ıd both forgot that they must die.

While

While thus by Satan quite beguil'd,
The God of Mercy smote her child;
Bereft of one sweet infant dear,
She shed the mother's mournful tear;
A second next she tried to save,
Then bore the second to the grave;
Both on one day the parent led
To silent mansions of the dead.
There, while she wept her childrens' fate,
She learnt to feel her mortal state;
Stood pondering all her errors past,
As if that day had been her last.
And as she held the mournful bier,
Dropt for herself a secret tear.
Once she believ'd her sins were few,
But this one moment clear'd her view;
Then first she felt a Saviour's need,
A sinner in thought, word, and deed!
Of her own worth she ceas'd to dream,
For Christ's redemption was her theme.
Henceforth her ways were order'd right,
She "walk'd by faith, and not by sight;"
She read God's word, believ'd it true,
And strove to practice what she knew.

Her husband saw the mighty change,
And thought at first her humour strange;
Deem'd his own worldly ways the best—
But soon his error stood confest.
Ceas'd is the noise, the jarring strife,
For now how humble is the wife!

He proudly feels each cross event,
While she, poor sinner, is content;
No more she has her stubborn will,
Returns him daily good for ill:
And though her love is still the same,
She loves him with a purer flame.
Oft would she pray the God of grace
His lofty spirit to abase;
Upward his grovelling thoughts to raise,
And teach him humble prayer and praise.
Heaven heard her voice—the youth so gay,
The thoughtless sinner learnt to pray:
Sad sickness too, with pain and smart,
Was sent to soften all his heart.

She follow'd next her husband's bier,
She wip'd his last repenting tear;
She heard him mourn his former pride;
She heard him thank her when he died.
Here, then, in hope of endless life,
Rest both the husband and the wife:
Here too, the babes, whom God hath given,
And such, we trust, shall enter heaven.

ADDRESS

TO PERSONS ATTENDING A FUNERAL.

YE mourners who in silent gloom
Bear your dear kindred to the tomb,
Grudge not when christians go to rest,
They sleep in JESUS and are blest.
Call then to mind their faith, their love,
Their meekness for the realms above;

And if to heaven a saint is fled,
O mourn the living, not the dead:
Weep o'er the thousands that remain
Deep sunk in sin, or rack'd with pain;
Mourn your own crimes and wicked ways,
And learn to number all your days:
Gain wisdom from this mournful stone,
And make this christian's case your own.

KING DIONYSIUS
AND
SQUIRE DAMOCLES;
A NEW SONG ON AN OLD STORY.

Proper to be sung at all Feasts and Merry Makings.

THERE was a heathen man, sir,
Belonging to a king;
And still it was his plan, sir,
To covet every thing.

And if you don't believe me,
I'll name him if you please,
For let me not deceive ye,
'Twas one Squire Damocles.

He thought that jolly living
Must every joy afford,
And knew of no misgiving,
While round the festive board.

He

'e wanted to be great, sir,
And feed on fare delicious;
nd have his feasts in state, sir,
Just like King Dionysius.

he king, to cure his longing,
Prepar'd a feast so fine,
'hat all the court were thronging
To see the courtier dine.

nd there to tempt his eye, sir,
Was fish, and flesh, and fowl;
nd when he was a-dry, sir,
He had a brimming bowl.

lor did the king forbid him
From drinking all he could;
'he monarch never chid him,
But fill'd him with his food.

), then, to see the pleasure
Squire Damocles exprest!
'was joy beyond all measure;
Was ever man so blest?

Vith greedy eyes the Squire
Devour'd each costly dainty;
'ou'd think he did aspire
To eat as much as twenty.

ut just as he prepar'd, sir,
Of bliss to take his swing;
), how the man was scar'd, sir,
By this so cruel king!

When

When he to eat intended,
Lo! just above his head,
He spied a sword suspended
All by a single thread.

How did it change the feasting
To wormwood and to gall,
To think, while he was tasting,
The pointed sword might fall.

Then in a moment's time, sir,
He loath'd the luscious feast;
And dreaded as a crime, sir,
The brimming bowl to taste.

Now, if you're for applying
The story I have told;
I think there's no denying
'Tis worth it's weight in gold.

Ye gay, who view this stranger,
And pity his sad case;
And think there was great danger
In such a fearful place;

Come let this awful truth
In all your minds be stor'd;
To each intemperate youth
Death is that pointed sword.

And tho' you see no reason
To check your mirth at all;
In some sad drunken season
The sword on you may fall.

learn, while at your ease
You drink down draughts delicious;
think of Damocles,
And old king Dionysius,

Z:

THE

GOOD MILITIA-MAN;

OR THE

MAN THAT IS WORTH A HOST.

BEING A NEW SONG,

By HONEST DAN the Plow-boy, turned Soldier.

I WAS a plough-boy tall, sir,
My name was honest Dan;
But at my country's call, sir,
I've turn'd Militia Man.

So on our little green, sir,
Away from all the mire,
I daily now am seen, sir,
To cock, present, and fire.

In regimentals bright, sir,
Of scarlet I do shine,
With hair tied up so tight, sir;
And whiten'd all so fine.

Of maidens not a few, sir,
Come crouding round the green;
And so do parents too, sir;
The children push between.

There like a soldier, prime, sir,
I march both quick and slow;
I stamp my foot in time, sir,
And then kick up my toe.

Mean while with sound so grand, sir,
They beat the rum—drum—drum;
Till all our valiant band, sir,
Do wish the French would come.

But stop—methinks 'tis wrong, sir,
To talk this swelling stuff;
For no true Soldier's song, sir,
Should deal in empty puff.

I'll give you then a spice, sir,
(Oh! now you'll like my plan,)
Of sound and good advice, sir,
For each Militia Man.

First, then, be sound at heart, sir,
Be loyal, says my song;
And nobly act your part, sir,
To right your country's wrong.

Yet let no Soldier hold, sir,
He merely need be stout,
And blunt, and brave, and bold, sir,
And mad to fight it out.

Your Soldier of true stamp, sir,
Is not like brutish cattle;
And he'll be good in camp, sir,
As well as good in battle.

Unlike the looser herd, sir,
Each vice he'll try to crush;
Nor will he speak a word, sir,
To make a maiden blush.

Nor will he shew his spunk, sir,
By turning jolly fellow;
He never will be drunk, sir,
No, no—nor yet be mellow.

He counts it quite a shame, sir,
To hear a soldier swear;
'Tis what King George would blame, sir,
No doubt if he was there.

Nor does he laugh and grin, sir,
At these as petty things;
Your swearing is a sin, sir,
Against the King of Kings.

For be it understood, sir,
He says with honest Dan,
"The Soldier can't be good, sir,
While wicked is the man."

Now should some saucy tongue, sir,
Here stop me for a toast,
I'll give the man I've sung, sir,
"The man that's worth a host."

Z.

THE

LADY AND THE PYE,

OR

KNOW THYSELF.

A WORTHY Squire of sober life,
Had a conceited boasting wife;
Of *him* she daily made complaint:
Herself she thought a very saint.
She lov'd to load mankind with blame,
And on their errors build her fame
Her favourite subject of dispute
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.
"Had I been Eve," she often cried,
"Man had not fall'n nor woman died:
I still had kept the orders given,
Nor for an apple lost my heaven;
To gratify my curious mind
I ne'er had ruin'd all mankind;
Nor from a vain desire to know,
Entail'd on all my race such woe."
The Squire reply'd, "I fear 'tis true,
The same ill spirit lives in you;
Tempted alike, I dare believe,
You would have disobey'd like Eve."
The lady storm'd and still deny'd
Both curiosity and pride.

The

The Squire some future day at dinner,
Resolv'd to try this boastful sinner;
He griev'd such vanity possest her,
And thus in serious terms address'd her:
"Madam, the usual splendid feast
With which our wedding day is grac'd,
With you I must not share to-day,
For business summons me away.
Of all the dainties I've prepar'd,
I beg not any may be spar'd;
Indulge in every costly dish;
Enjoy, 'tis what I really wish;
Only observe one prohibition,
Nor think it a severe condition;
On one small dish which cover'd stands,
You must not dare to lay your hands;
Go—disobey not on your life,
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."

The treat was serv'd, the Squire was gone,
The murm'ring lady din'd alone;
She saw whate'er could grace a feast,
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;
But while she rang'd from this to that,
From ven'son haunch to turtle fat;
On one small dish she chanc'd to light,
By a deep cover hid from sight:
"O! here it is—yet not for me!
I must not taste, nay, dare not see;
Why place it there? or why forbid
That I so much as lift the lid?

Prohibited

Prohibited of this to eat,
I care not for the sumptuous treat;
I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,
To know what's there I merely wish.
I'll look—O no, I lose for ever,
If I'm betray'd my husband's favour.
I own I think it vastly hard,
Nay, tyranny, to be debarr'd,
John you may go—the wine's decanted,
I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."
Now left alone, she waits no longer,
Temptation presses more and stronger.
" I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
For though I peep, I will not touch;
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover
One glance will tell and then 'tis over.
My husband's absent, so is John,
My peeping never can be known."
Trembling, she yielded to her wish,
And rais'd the cover from the dish:
She starts—for lo! an open pye
From which six living sparrows fly.
She calls, she screams, with wild surprise,
" Haste John and catch these birds," she cries;
John hears not, but to crown her shame,
In at her call her husband came.
Sternly he frown'd as thus he spoke,
" Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke!
Self-ign'rance led you to believe
You did not share the sin of Eve,
Like her's, how blest was your condition!
How small my gentle prohibition!

Yet you, tho' fed with every dainty,
Sat pining in the midst of plenty:
This dish, that singled from the rest,
Of your obedience was the test;
Your mind, unbroke by self-denial,
Could not sustain this slender trial.
Humility from hence be taught,
Learn candour to another's fault:
Go know, like Eve, from this sad dinner,
You're both a vain and curious sinner."

Z.

ROBERT AND RICHARD;

OR THE

GHOST OF POOR MOLLY.

WHO WAS DROWNED IN RICHARD'S MILL-POND.

To the Tune of Collin's Mulberry Tree.

QUOTH Richard to Bob, "let things go as they will,
Of pleasure and fun I will still have my fill;
In frolic and mirth I see nothing amis,
And tho' I get tipsy, *what harm is in this?*

"For e'en Solomon says, and I vow he says true,
"Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth."
"I am glad (answered Bob) you're of Solomon's creed,
But I beg, if you quote him, you'll please to proceed;

"For

" For God (as the wise man continues to sing)
Thy soul into judgment for all this will bring.
Thus a man may get plung'd in a woeful abyss,
By chusing to say, *Pray what harm is in this?*"

" Come, come (says gay Richard), don't grudge me a cup;
I'm resolv'd, while I'm able, I'll still keep it up;
Let old greybeards deny that in frolics there's bliss,
I'll game, love, and drink—*and what harm is in this?*"

Says Robert, " I grant if you live for to-day,
You may game, love, and drink, and may frolic away;
But then, my dear Dick, I again must contend,
That the WiseMan has bid us—*remember the end.*"

Says Richard, " when sickness or peevish old age
Shall advance to dismiss me from life's merry stage,
Repentance just then, boy, may not be amiss,
But while young I'll be jolly, *what harm is in this?*"

They parted; and Richard his pastimes begun,
'Twas Richard the Jovial, the soul of all fun;
Each dancing bout, drinking bout, Dick would attend,
And he sung and he swore, *nor once thought of the end.*

Young Molly he courted, the pride of the plain,
He promis'd her marriage, but promis'd in vain;
She trusted his vows, but she soon was undone,
And when she fell weeping he thought it good fun.

Thus scorn'd by her Richard sad Molly run wild,
And roam'd through the woods with her destitute child;

'Till poor Molly and Molly's poor baby were found,
One evening in Richard's own mill-pond both drown'd.

Then his conscience grew troubled by night and by day,
But its clamour he drown'd in more drink and more play;
Still Robert exhorted, and like a true friend,
He warn'd him, he pray'd him, *to think on the end.*

Now disturb'd in his dreams poor Molly each night
With her babe stood before him; how sad was the sight!
O how ghastly she look'd as she bade him attend,
And so awfully told him, "*Remember the end.*"

She talk'd of the woes and unquenchable fire
Which await the gay sinner, the drunkard, and liar;
How he ruin'd more maidens she bade him beware,
Then she wept, and she groan'd, and she vanish'd in air.

Now beggar'd by gaming, distemper'd by drink,
Death star'd in his face, yet he dar'd not to think;
Despairing of mercy, despising all truth,
He dy'd of old age in the prime of his youth.

On his tombstone good Robert these verses engrav'd,
Which he hoped some gay fellow might read and be sav'd:

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies a poor youth who call'd sinning his bliss,
And was ruin'd by saying, *what harm is in this?*
Let each passer-by to his error attend,
And learn of poor Dick to Remember the end.

THE

PLUM-CAKES;

OR THE

FARMER AND HIS THREE SONS.

A FARMER who some wealth possest,
With three fine boys was also blest;
The lads were healthy, stout, and young,
And neither wanted sense nor tongue.
Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys,
Lov'd tops and marbles, sport and toys,
The father scouted that false plan,
That money only makes the man;
But, to the best of his discerning,
Was bent on giving them good learning:
He was a man of observation,
No scholar, yet had penetration;
So with due care, a school he sought,
Where his young sons might well be taught.
Quoth he, "I know not which rehearses
Most properly his themes or verses,
Yet I can do a father's part,
And school the temper, mind and heart;
The natural bent of each I'll know,
And trifles best that bent may show."

'Twas

'Twas just before the closing year,
When Christmas holidays were near,
The farmer call'd to see his boys,
And ask'd how each his time employs.
Quoth Will, "there's father, boys, without,
He's brought us something good no doubt."
The father sees their merry faces,
With joy beholds them, and embraces.
"Come boys, of home you'll have your fill,"
"Yes, Christmas now is near," says Will,
"'Tis just twelve days—these notches see,
"My notches with the days agree."
"Well (said the sire), again I'll come,
And gladly fetch my brave boys home.
You two the dappled mare shall ride,
Jack mount the pony by his side;
Mean time, my lads, I've brought you here
No small provision of good cheer."
Then from his pocket strait he takes
A vast profusion of plum cakes;
He counts them out, a plenteous store,
No boy shall have or less or more;
Twelve cakes he gives to each dear son,
When each expected only one;
And then, with many a kind expression,
He leaves them to their own discretion;
Resolv'd to mark the use each made
Of what he to their hands convey'd.

The twelve days past he comes once more,
And brings the horses to the door;

The boys with rapture see appear
The poney and the dappled mare;
Each moment now an hour they count,
And slash their whips and long to mount.
As with the boys his ride he takes,
He asks the history of the cakes.

Says Will, "dear father, life is short,
So I resolv'd to make quick sport;
The cakes were all so nice and sweet,
I thought I'd have one jolly treat,
Why should I balk, said I, my taste?
I'll make at once a hearty feast.
So, snugly by myself I fed,
When every boy was gone to-bed;
I gorg'd them all, both paste and plum,
And did not waste a single crumb;
Indeed they made me, to my sorrow,
As sick as death upon the morrow;
This made me mourn my rich repast,
And wish I had not fed so fast."

Quoth Jack, "I was not such a dunce,
To eat my quontum up at once:
And tho' the boys all long'd to clutch 'em,
I would not let a creature touch 'em;
Nor tho' the whole were in my power,
Would I myself one cake devour;
Thanks to the use of keys and locks,
They're all now snug within my box;
The mischief is, by hoarding long,
They're grown so mouldy and so strong,

I find

I find they won't be fit to eat,
And I have lost my father's treat."

" Well Tom," the anxious parent cries,
How did you manage?" Tom replies,
" I shunn'd each wide extreme to take,
To glut my maw, or hoard my cake;
I thought each day its wants would have,
And appetite again might crave;
Twelve school-days still my notches counted,
To twelve my father's cakes amounted;
So every day I took out one,
But never ate my cake alone;
With every needy boy I shar'd,
And more than half I always spar'd.
One ev'ry day 'twixt self and friend,
Has brought my dozen to an end;
My last remaining cake to-day
I would not touch, but gave away;
A boy was sick, and scarce could eat,
To him it prov'd a welcome treat:
Jack call'd me spendthrift, not to save,
Will dubb'd me fool because I gave;
But when our last day came I smil'd,
For Will's were gone, and Jack's were spoil'd;
Not hoarding much, nor eating fast,
I serv'd a needy friend at last."
These tales the Father's thoughts employ;
By these (said he) I know each boy:
Yet Jack, who hoarded what he had,
The world will call a frugal lad;

And selfish gormandising Will,
Will meet with friends and favourers still;
While moderate Tom, so wise and cool,
The mad and vain will deem a fool;
But I, his sober plan approve,
And Tom has gain'd his father's love."

APPLICATION.

So when our day of life is past,
And all are fairly judg'd at last,
The Miser and the Sensual find
How each misused the gifts assign'd;
While he who wisely spends and gives,
To the true ends of living lives;
'Tis self-denying moderation
Gains the GREAT FATHER's approbation.

Z.

THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT;

OR THE

GRAND RECKONING.

CHRISTIANS! profit by the warning
Which the word of God supplies;
Think upon that awful morning,
When the quick and dead shall rise.

La.

Lo! each country, every nation,
All the globe we now behold,
(Wrapt in dreadful conflagration)
Smoke and fire at once enfold!

See the works of art so curious,
Lofty cities, temples, towers!
See the raging flame so furious,
All the mighty mass devours!

You who doat on earthly treasures,
What dismay will seize your frame,
When the sum of all your pleasures
Crackles in the general flame?

Lo! the multitudes surrounding,
Whom the grave no more can keep;
Hark! the awful trumpet sounding!
Death has broke his leaden sleep.

All that in the tomb now slumber,
How at once they burst their chain!
See they rise, how vast their number!
All that liv'd shall live again.

Great and small together meeting,
Lo! the sea gives up her dead!
Then the sea itself retreating,
Lo! the heavens and earth are fled!

See the LORD of life descending,
Hear the dread ARCHANGEL's voice;
See the dead on CHRIST attending;
How the saints of God rejoice!

Myriads

Myriads at that voice shall gather,
" Take the kingdom long prepar'd,
" Come, ye blessed of my FATHER,
" Share my crown, my cross you shar'd."

O how different that dread sentence,
Which confirms the *sinner's* doom!
" You who died without repentance,
" Come to judgment, sinners come."

O! to these what wild despairing,
What astonishment of heart,
Agony past human bearing,
Will that dreadful call impart!

You who now profanely cherish
Unbelief and impious pride;
Unbelievers, see and perish,
CHRIST for you in vain has died.

You who to the world dissemble,
While you practice deeds of night,
Hypocrites, behold and tremble,
All these deeds are brought to light.

You, who each conviction stifling,
Waste your time, that sacred store,
Hear the Angel, cease your trifling,
" Time," he cries, " shall be no more."

Lost in ease, or drown'd in pleasure,
" We've no time to think," you cry,
But howe'er you waste the treasure,
You must all find time to die,

You, who now this warning slighting,
Think that day not worth your care;
I who now these lines am writing,
You and I must both appear.

O that you, these lines perusing,
May be wak'd to swift repentance;
O that I, no moment losing,
May prepare to meet my sentence?

Z.

HERE AND THERE;

OR

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

Being suitable Thoughts for a New-Year.

HERE bliss is short, imperfect, insincere,
But total, absolute, and perfect *there*.
Here time's a moment, short our happiest state,
There infinite duration is our date.
Here Satan tempts, and troubles ev'n the best,
There Satan's power extends not to the blest.
In a weak sinful body *here* I dwell,
But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.
Here my best thoughts are stain'd with guilt and fear,
But love and pardon shall be perfect *there*.
Here my best duties are defil'd with sin,
There all is ease without, and peace within.

Here feeble faith supplies my only light,
There faith and hope are swallow'd up in sight.
Here love of self my fairest works destroys,
There love of God shall perfect all my joys.
Here things, as in a glass, are darkly shown,
There I shall know as clearly as I'm known,
Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below,
There freshest palm's on roots immortal grow.
Here wants or cares perplex my anxious mind,
But spirits *there* a calm fruition find.
Here disappointments my best schemes destroy,
There those that sow'd in tears shall reap in joy.
Here vanity is stamp'd on all below,
Pefection there on every good shall grow.
Here my fond heart is fasten'd on some friend,
Whose kindness *may*, whose life *must* have an end;
But *there* no failure can I ever prove,
God cannot disappoint, for God is love.
Here Christ for sinners suffer'd, groan'd, and bled,
But *there* he reigns the great triumphant head;
Here mock'd and scourg'd, he wore a crown of
thorns,
A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.
Here error clouds the will, and dims the sight,
There all is knowledge, purity, and light.
Here so imperfect is this mortal state,
If blest myself I mourn some other's fate,
At every human woe I *here* repine,
The joy of every saint shall *there* be mine,
Here if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart,
But *there* that broken reed and I shall part.
Here on no promis'd good can I depend,
But *there* the Rock of Ages is my friend.
Here if some sudden joy delight inspire,
The dread to lose it damps the rising fire;
But *there* whatever good the soul employ,
The thought that 'tis eternal, crowns the joy.

'Tis

URN THE CARPET;

OR THE

TWO WEAVERS.

IN A

Dialogue between Dick and John.

S at their work two Weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
y touch'd upon the price of meat,
igh a Weaver scarce could eat.

'hat with my brats and sickly wife,'
pth Dick, 'I'm almost tir'd of life;
ard my work, so poor my fare,
more than mortal man can bear.

ow glorious is the rich man's state,
house so fine, his wealth so great,
aven is unjust you must agree,
y all to him? why none to me?

spite of what the Scripture teaches,
pite of all the Parson preaches,
s world (indeed I've thought so long)
ul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

'here'er I look, howe'er I range,
all confus'd, and hard, and strange;
good are troubled and oppress'd,
d all the wicked are the bless'd.'

Quoth

Quoth John, 'our ign'rance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

'Seest thou that Carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass it makes one stare.

'A stranger, ign'rant of the trade,
Wou'd say, 'no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder.'

Quoth Dick, 'my work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout,
Why, man, that *Carpet's inside out.*'

Says John, 'thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a Carpet inside out.

'As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

'No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

'But

'But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright;
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

'What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear:
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the *Carpet shall be turn'd,*'

'Thou'rt right,' quoth Dick, 'no more I'll grumble;
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own Carpet sets me right.'

Z.

DAN AND JANE;

OR

FAITH AND WORKS.

A TALE.

GOOD Dan and Jane were man and wife,
And liv'd a loving kind of life;
One point, however, they disputed,
And each by turns his mate confuted,
'Twas faith and works—this knotty question
They found not easy of digestion.
While Dan for faith alone contended,
Jane equally good works defended.

'They are not Christians sure, but Turks,
Who build on faith, and scoff at works.'
Quoth Jane—While eager Dan reply'd,
'By none but heathens faith's deny'd.'
'I'll tell you wife,' at length quoth Dan,
'A story of a right good man.
A patriarch sage, of ancient days,
A man of faith, whom all must praise.
In his own country he possess'd
Whate'er can make a wise man blest;
His was the flock, the field, the spring,
In short, a little rural king.
Yet, pleas'd he quits this native land,
By faith in the Divine command:
God bade him go, and he, content,
Went forth, not knowing where he went.
He trusted in the promise made,
And, undisputing strait obeyed.
The heavenly word he did not doubt,
But prov'd his faith by going out.'

Jane answer'd with some little pride—
'I've an example on my side;
And tho' my tale be somewhat longer,
I trust you'll find it vastly stronger.
I'll tell you Daniel, of a man,
The holiest since the world began,
Who now God's favour is receiving,
For prompt *obeying*, not *believing*.
One only son this man possest,
In whom his righteous age was blest;

An

And more to mark the grace of Heaven,
This son by miracle was given;
And from this child the word Divine
Had promis'd an illustrious line.
When lo! at once a voice he hears,
Which sounds like thunder in his ears;
God says—Go sacrifice thy son!
—This moment, Lord, it shall be done.
He goes, and instantly prepares
To slay this child of many prayers.
Now here you see the grand expedience,
Of *works*, of actual sound *obedience*.
This was not *faith*, but act and deed,
The Lord commands—the child shall bleed,
Thus Abraham *acted*,' Jenny cried;
'Thus Abraham *trusted*,' Dan replied.
'Abraham?' quoth Jane, 'why that's my man,
'No, Abraham's him I mean,' says Dan.
'He stands a monument of *faith*;—
'No, 'tis for *works*, the Scripture saith.'
''Tis for his faith that I defend him:'
''Tis for obedience I commend him.'

Thus he—thus she—both warmly feel,
And lose their temper in their zeal;
Too quick each other's choice to blame,
They did not see each meant the same.
'At length, good wife,' said honest Dan,
'We're talking of the self-same man.
The works you praise I own indeed,
Grow from that faith for which I plead;

And

And Abraham, whom for faith I quote,
For works deserves especial note:
'Tis not enough of faith to *talk*,
A man of God, with God must walk:
Our doctrines are at last the same,
They only differ in the name.
The faith I fight for is the root,
The works you value are the fruit.
How shall you know my creed's sincere,
Unless in works my faith appear?
How shall I know a tree's alive,
Unless I see it bear and thrive?
Your works not growing on my root,
Wou'd prove they were not genuine fruit.
If faith produce no works, I see,
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow,
No separate life they e'er can know:
They're soul and body, hand and heart,
What God hath join'd, let no one part.'

THE

OLD MAN, HIS CHILDREN,

AND THE

BUNDLE OF STICKS.

A FABLE.

A GOOD Old Man, no matter where,
Whether in York or Lancashire,
Or on a hill or in a dale,
It cannot much concern the tale;
Had children very much like others,
Compos'd of sisters and of brothers,
In life he had not much to give,
Save his example how to live;
His luck was what his neighbours had,
For some were good and some were bad;
When of their father death bereft e'm,
His good advice was all he left e'm.
This good Old Man who long had lain,
Afflicted with disease and pain;
With difficulty drew his breath,
And felt the sure approach of death,
He still had liv'd an honest life,
Kind to his neighbour and his wife;
His practice good, his faith was sound,
He built his hope on Scripture ground;

And knowing life hangs on a breath,
He alway's liv'd prepar'd for death.
He trusted God, nor fear'd to die,
May it be thus with you and I!
Nor let us hope to die content,
Unless our life be wisely spent.
He call'd his children round his bed,
And with a feeble voice he said:
" Alas! alas! my children dear,
" I well perceive my end is near;
" I suffer much, but kiss the rod,
" And bow me to the will of GOD.
" Yet ere from you I'm quite remov'd,
" From you whom always I have lov'd;
" I wish to give you all my blessing,
" And leave you with a useful Lesson;
" That when I've left this world of care,
" Each may his testimony bear,
" How much my latest thoughts inclin'd
" To prove me tender, good, and kind;
" Observe that faggot on the ground,
" With twisted hazel firmly bound:
The children turn'd their eyes that way,
And view'd the faggot as it lay;
But wonder'd what their father meant;
Who thus expounded his intent,
" I wish that all of you would take it,
" And try if any one can break it."
Obedient to the good Old Man,
They all to try their strength began;

Now boy, now girl, now he, now she,
Apply'd the faggot to their knee;
They tugg'd and strain'd, and try'd again,
But still they tugg'd and try'd in vain;
In vain their strength and skill exerted,
The faggot ev'ry effort thwarted.
And when their labour vain they found,
They threw the faggot on the ground.
Again the good Old Man proceeded,
To give th' instuction which they needed;
" Untwist," says he, " the hazel bind,
" And let the faggot be disjoin'd."
Then stick by stick, and twig by twig,
The little children and the big,
Foll'wing the words their father spoke,
Each sprig and spray they quickly broke:
" There father!" all began to cry,
" I've broken mine! and I, and I."
" Replied the Sire, " 'twas my intent,
" My family to represent;
" While you are join'd in friendship's thong,
" My dearest children, you'll be strong;
" But if by quarrel and dispute,
" You undermine affection's root,
" And thus the strength'ning cord divide,
" Then will my children ill betide;
" E'en beasts of prey in bands unite,
" And kindly for each other fight;
" And shall not Christian children be,
" Join'd in sweet links of amity?

" If

" If separate, you'll each be weak,
" Each like a single stick will break;
" But if you're firm, and true and hearty,
" The world and all its spite can't part ye."

The father having clos'd his lesson,
Proceeded to pronounce his blessing:
Embrac'd them all, then pray'd and sigh'd,
Look'd up, then drop'd his head—and dy'd.

And thus my countrymen, shou'd you,
And I, and all, be firm and true;
If Christian faith and love combine us,
And sweet affection's cords intwine us;
We need encourage no dejection,
Secure in the DIVINE PROTECTION.
In prosperous days we'll bless our GOD,
And when he smites we'll kiss the rod.

THE

SORROWS OF YAMBA;

OR THE

Negro Woman's Lamentation.

To the Tune of 'Hosier's Ghost.'

IN St Lucie's distant isle,
Still with Afric's love I burn;
Parted many a thousand mile,
Never, never to return.

Come,

Come, kind death! and give me rest;
Yamba has no friend but thee;
Thou canst ease my throbbing breast;
Thou canst set the prisoner free.

Down my cheeks the tears are dripping,
Broken is my heart with grief;
Mangled my poor flesh with whipping,
Come, kind death! and bring relief.

Born on Afric's golden coast,
Once I was as blest as you;
Parents tender I could boast,
Husband dear, and children too.

Whity man he came from far,
Sailing o'er the briny flood;
Who, with help of British Tar,
Buys up human flesh and blood.

With the baby at my breast
(Other two were sleeping by)
In my hut I sat at rest,
With no thought of danger nigh.

From the bush at even-tide,
Rush'd the fierce man-stealing crew;
Seiz'd the children by my side,
Seiz'd the wretched Yamba too.

Then for love of filthy gold,
Straight they bore me to the sea,
Cramm'd me down a Slave-ship's hold,
Where were hundreds stow'd like me.

Naked

Naked on the platform lying,
Now we cross the tumbling wave;
Shrieking, sickening, fainting, dying;
Deed of shame for Britons brave.

At the savage Captain's beck,
Now, like brutes, they make us prance
Smack the cat about the deck,
And in scorn they bid us dance.

Nauseous horse-beans they bring nigh,
Sick and sad we cannot eat;
Cat must cure the sulks, they cry,
Down their throats we'll force the mea

I, in groaning pass'd the night,
And did roll my aching head;
At the break of morning light,
My poor child was cold and dead.

Happy, happy, there she lies;
Thou shalt feel the lash no more;
Thus full many a Negro dies,
Ere we reach the destin'd shore.

Thee, sweet infant, none shall sell;
Thou hast gain'd a wat'ry grave;
Clean escap'd the tyrants fell,
While thy mother lives a slave.

Driven like cattle to a fair,
See, they sell us, young and old;
Child from mother too they tear,
All for love of filthy gold.

was sold to Massa hard;
Some have massas kind and good;
And again my back was scarr'd,
Bad and stinted was my food.

Poor and wounded, faint and sick,
All expos'd to burning sky,
Massa bids me grass to pick,
And I now am near to die.

What, and if to death he send me,
Savage murder tho' it be,
British laws shall ne'er befriend me,
They protect not slaves like me.

Mourning thus my wretched state
(Ne'er may I forget the day)
Once in dusk of evening late,
Far from home I dar'd to stray.

Dar'd, alas, with impious haste,
Tow'rds the roaring sea to fly:
Death itself I long'd to taste,
Long'd to cast me in and die.

There I met upon the Strand,
English Missionary good;
He had Bible book in hand,
Which poor me no understood.

Led by pity from afar,
He had left his native ground;
Thus, if some inflict a scar,
Others fly to cure the wound.

Strait

Strait he pull'd me from the shore,
Bid me no self-murder do;
Talk'd of state when life is o'er,
All from Bible good and true.

Then he led me to his cot,
Sooth'd and pitied all my woe;
Told me 'twas the Christian's lot,
Much to suffer here below.

Told me then of God's dear Son,
(Strange and wond'rous is the story)
What sad wrong to him was done,
Tho' he was the Lord of Glory.

Told, me too, like one who knew him,
(Can such love as this be true?)
How he died for them that slew him,
Died for wretched Yamba too.

Freely he his mercy proffer'd,
And to Sinners he was sent!
E'en to Massa pardon's offer'd;
O, if Massa would repent!

Wicked deed full many a time,
Sinful Yamba too hath done;
But she wails to God her crime,
But she trusts his only Son.

O, ye slaves whom Massas beat,
Ye are stain'd with guilt within;
As ye hope for mercy sweet,
So forgive your Massas' sin.

And with grief when sinking low,
Mark the Road that Yamba trod;
Think how all her pain and woe
Brought the Captive home to God.

Now let Yamba, too, adore
Gracious Heaven's mysterious plan;
Now I'll count my mercies o'er,
Flowing thro' the guilt of man.

Now I'll bless my cruel capture,
(Hence I've known a Saviour's name
Till my grief is turn'd to rapture,
And I half forget the blame.

But tho' here a Convert rare,
Thanks her God for Grace divine;
Let not man the glory share;
Sinner, still the guilt is thine.

Here an injured Slave forgives,
There a host for vengeance cry;
Here a single Yamba lives,
There a thousand droop and die.

Duly now baptiz'd am I,
By good Missionary man,
Lord, my nature purify,
As no outward water can!

All my former thoughts abhorr'd,
Teach me now to pray and praise;
Joy and glory in my Lord,
Trust and serve him all my days.

Worn, indeed, with grief and pain,
Death I now will welcome in:
O, the heavenly price to gain!
O, to 'scape the power of Sin!

True of heart, and meek, and lowly,
Pure and blameless let me grow!
Holy may I be, for holy,
Is the place to which I go.

But, tho' death this hour may find me,
Still with Afric's love I burn;
(There I've left a spouse behind me)
Still to native land I turn.

And when Yamba sinks in death,
This my latest prayer shall be,
While I yield my parting breath,
O, that Afric might be free.

Cease, ye British sons of murder!
Cease from forging Afric's chain;
Mock your Saviour's name no further,
Cease your savage lust of gain.

Ye that boast "*Ye rule the waves,*"
Bid no slave-ship soil the sea;
Ye, that "*never will be slaves,*"
Bid poor Afric's land be free.

Where ye gave to war its birth,
Where your traders fix'd their den,
There go publish "*Peace on Earth,*"
Go, proclaim "good-will to men."

Where ye once have carried slaughter,
Vice, and slavery, and sin;
Seiz'd on Husband, Wife, and Daughter,
Let the gospel enter in.

Thus, where Yamba's native home,
Humble hut of rushes stood;
Oh, if there should chance to roam,
Some dear Missionary good;

Thou in Afric's distant land,
Still shall see the man I love;
Join him to the Christian band,
Guide his soul to realms above.

There no fiend again shall sever
Those whom God hath join'd and blest:
There they dwell with him for ever,
There "*the weary are at rest.*"

THE

TRUE HEROES;

OR THE

NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

YOU who love a tale of glory,
Listen to the song I sing;
Heroes of the Christian story,
Are the heroes whom I bring.

Warriors

Warriors of the world, avaunt!
Other heroes me engage;
'Tis not such as you I want,
Saints and Martyrs grace my page.

Warriors who the world subdue,
Were but vain and selfish elves;
While my heroes good and true,
Greater far, subdu'd themselves.

Fearful Christian! hear with wonder,
Of the Saints of whom I tell;
Some were burnt, some sawn asunder,
Some by fire or torture fell.

Some to savage beasts were hurl'd,
Some surviv'd the lion's den;
Was a persecuting world,
Worthy of these wond'rous men?

Some in fiery furnace thrown,
Yet escap'd, unsing'd their hair;
There Almighty pow'r was shown,
For the son of God was there.

Now we crown with deathless fame,
Those who scorn'd and hated fell;
Worldings fear contempt and shame,
Christians fear but sin and hell.

How the shower of stones descended,
Holy Stephen on thy head!
While thy tongue the truth defended,
How the glorious Martyr bled?

See his fierce reviler Saul,
How he rails with impious breath,
Then observe converted Paul,
Oft in perils, oft in death.

Twas that God whose sovereign power,
Did the lion's fury swage,
Could again in one short hour,
Still the persecutor's rage.

Ev'n a woman—women hear,
Read in Maccabees the story,
Conquer'd nature, love and fear,
To obtain a crown of glory.

Seven stout sons she saw expire,
(How the mother's soul was pain'd,)
Some by sword, and some by fire,
How the Martyr was sustain'd.

Even in death's acutest anguish,
Each the tyrant still defy'd;
Each she saw in torture languish,
Last of all the mother dy'd.

Martyrs who were thus arrested,
In their short but bright career,
By their blood the truth attested,
Prov'd their faith and love sincere.

Tho' their lot was hard and lowly,
Tho' they perish'd at the stake;
Now they live with God in glory,
Since they suffer'd for his sake.

Fierce and unbelieving foes,
But their bodies could destroy;
Short tho' bitter were their woes,
Everlasting is their joy.

A

HYMN OF PRAISE

FOR THE

ABUNDANT HARVEST OF 1796.

AFTER A YEAR OF SCARCITY.

GREAT God! when Famine threaten'd late
To scourge our guilty land,
O did we learn from that dark fate
To dread thy mighty hand?

Did then our sins to mem'ry rise?
Or own'd we God was just?
Or rais'd we penitential cries?
Or bow'd we in the dust?

Did we forsake one evil path,
Was any sin abhorr'd?
Or did we deprecate thy wrath,
And turn us to the Lord?

is true we fail'd not to *repine*,
But did we too *repent?*
r own the chastisement divine
In awful judgment sent?

ho' the bright chain of peace is broke,
And war with ruthless sword
npeoples nations at a stroke,
Yet who regards the Lord?

ut GOD, who in his strict decrees
Remembers mercy still,
an, in a moment, if he please,
Our hearts with comfort fill.

e mark'd our angry spirits rise,
Domestic hate increase;
nd for a time withheld supplies,
To teach us love and peace.

e, when he brings his children low,
Has blessings still in store;
nd when he strikes the heaviest blow
He does but love us more.

ow FROST, and FLOOD, and BLIGHT no more
Our golden harvests spoil;
ee what an unexampled store
Rewards the Reaper's toil!

s when the promis'd harvest fail'd
In Canaan's fruitful land;
he envious Patriarchs were assail'd
By famine's pressing hand!

The

The angry brothers then forgot
Each fierce and jarring feud;
United by their adverse lot,
They lov'd as brothers shou'd.

So here, from Heaven's correcting hand
Tho' famine fail'd to move;
Let Plenty now throughout the land,
Rekindle peace and love.

Like the rich fool, let us not say,
Soul! thou hast goods in store!
But shake the overplus away,
To feed the aged poor.

Let rich and poor, on whom are now
Such bounteous crops bestow'd,
Raise many a pure and holy vow
In gratitude to God!

And while his gracious name we praise
For bread so kindly given;
Let us beseech him all our days,
To give the bread of heav'n.

In that blest Prayer our Lord did frame,
Of all our prayers the guide,
We ask that "hollow'd be his name,"
And then our wants supplied.

For grace he bids us first implore,
Next, that we may be fed;
We say "Thy will be done," before
We ask "our daily bread."

DAME ANDREWS.

A BALLAD.

NEAR Lechlade Town, in Glo'stershire,
Upon the banks of Thame,
There liv'd an honest worthy pair,
And Andrews was their name.

Tho' but a labourer was he,
And children they had four:
Content and comfort they enjoy'd,
Want came not near their door.

For all his earnings John brought home,
He ne'er to alehouse went;
And Mary manag'd what he brought:
Right frugally they spent.

The cottage look'd in order still,
The children clean and tight:
And John still found some wholesome fare,
When he came home at night.

The children early taught to spin
Added their little gains;
And though their earnings were but small,
They amply paid the pains.

For every little matter helps
When carefully 'tis us'd:
And whatsoever Mary got,
It never was abus'd.

Industriously

Industriously she pass'd the week,
No idleness she knew:
But to the Sabbath's holy rest,
She paid the reverence due.

Her children to the Sunday school
Were always early sent:
Herself and husband to the Church,
Most regularly went.

This parish had a Minister,
Who was a shepherd true:
He mark'd the conduct of his flock,
And all the good he knew.

His favour frequently was shewn
To Andrews and his wife;
For well he knew that they did lead
An honest pious life.

Their Sunday's dinner oft he gave;
But, what they valued more,
He fed their souls with heav'nly food,
From Scripture's sacred store.

He gave them many pious books,
To teach the way to God;
And often would direct their steps
To tread that holy road.

Long time this worthy pastor liv'd
By all the parish bless'd;
At length his heav'nly Master call'd
Him to his holy rest.

His weeping servants round the bed,
All stood with list'ning ear,
To catch their Master's dying words,
And Mary, she was there.

No heart more pierc'd with grief than hers,
Her sighs to Heav'n ascend;
"When I lose you, my Master dear,
"I lose my only friend:

"If wants arise who is there now
"That will those wants remove?
"Or who will teach me how to seek
"Assistance from above?"

The dying man just spoke these words,
While all his words attend:
"Trust thou in God,—who trusts in him
"Will never want a friend."

His words sunk deep in Mary's heart,
Much comfort they did give:
Resolv'd these words she'd ne'er forget,
So long as she did live.

Some years roll'd on, and things went well,
At length mishaps arose;
Poor John fell sick, and could not work,
Nor were these all their woes;

But Mary too was grown so lame,
She could not turn her wheel:
Sad, sad, it is when old and sick
Want's heavy hand to feel.

'Tis

'Tis true the parish would relieve,
The workhouse would them take;'
But much she mourn'd her house to quit,
Her long-lov'd home forsake.

With aching heart she reach'd from shelf
Her only loaf of bread:
And while the tears roll'd down her cheeks
With frequent sobs she said;

"My Master, now a saint in Heav'n,
"Bade me, when near his end,
"To trust in God, and then he said,
"I ne'er should want a friend.

"In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
"Thou canst my woes remove,
"Or grant me grace to bear them still
"With patience, for Thy love."

Just then she heard one at the door
Who tried to move the pin;
She thought some friendly neighbour call'd,
And rose to let her in.

A friendly Neighbour sure it was!
Such as the poor man found,
Who having fallen the thieves among,
Lay dying on the ground.

Good Dame, said she, I'm lately come
Within this town to live;
And such a character of you
Do all the parish give,

That I an offer to you make
My School-mistress to be;
To teach poor children and for this,
You shall be paid by me.

Your own you have so well brought up,
I safely can you trust;
You'll teach them God to fear and love,
To be both good and just.

With thankful heart Dame Andrews heard,
This welcome offer made;
And soon the litttle folk were sent,
And duly she was paid.

To God her daily thanks she gave,
And all the children taught,
In Him to put their trust; and told
The Mercies he had wrought.

THE

STORY OF SINFUL SALLY.

TOLD BY HERSELF.

SHEWING

How from being SALLY of the GREEN she was first led to become SINFUL SALLY, and afterwards DRUNKEN SAL, and how at last she came to a most melancholy, and almost hopeless, End; being therein a Warning to all young Women both in Town and Country.

COME each maiden lend an ear,
Country lass and London belle!
Come and drop a mournful tear
O'er the tale that I shall tell.

I that ask your tender pity,
Ruin'd now and all forlorn,
Once, like you, was young and pretty,
And as cheerful as the morn.

In yon distant cottage sitting,
Far away from London town,
Once you might have seen me knitting
In my simple kersey gown.

Where the little lambkins leap,
Where the meadows look so gay,
Where the drooping willows weep,
Simple Sally used to stray.

Then

Then I tasted many a blessing,
Then I had an honest fame;
Father, mother, me caressing,
Smil'd, and thought me free from blame.

Then amid my friends so dear,
Life it speeded fast away;
O, it moves a tender tear,
To bethink me of the day.

From the villages surrounding,
Ere I well had reach'd eighteen,
Came the modest youths abounding,
All to Sally of the Green.

Courting days were thus beginning,
And I soon had prov'd a wife;
O! if I had kept from sinning,
Now how blest had been my life.

Come each maiden lend an ear,
Country lass and London belle!
Come ye now and deign to hear
How poor Sinful Sally fell.

Where the hill begins inclining,
Half a furlong from the road,
O'er the village white and shining,
Stands Sir William's great abode.

Near his meadow I was tripping,
Vainly wishing to be seen,
When Sir William met me skipping,
And he spoke me on the Green.

Bid me quit my cloak of scarlet,
Blam'd my simple kersey gown;
Ey'd me then, so like a varlet,
Such as live in London town.

With his presents I was loaded,
And bedeck'd in ribbons gay;
Thus my ruin was foreboded,
O, how crafty was his way.

Vanish'd now from cottage lowly,
My poor parents' hearts I break;
Enter on a state unholy,
Turn a mistress to a rake.

Now no more by morning light
Up to God my voice I raise;
Now no shadows of the night
Call my thoughts to prayer and pr

Hark! a well known sound I hear,
'Tis the Church's Sunday bell;
No; I dread to venture near;
No, I'm now the child of hell.

Now I lay my Bible by,
Chuse that impious book so new,
Love the bold blaspheming lie,
And that filthy novel too.

Next to London town I pass,
(Sinful Sally is my name)
There to gain a front of brass,
And to glory in my shame.

Powder'd well, and puff'd, and painted,
Rivals all I there outshine:
With skin so white and heart so tainted,
Rolling in my chariot fine.

In the Park I glitter daily,
Then I dress me for the play,
Then to masquerade so gaily,
See me, see me tear away.

When I meet some meaner lass,
Then I toss with proud disdain;
Laugh and giggle as I pass,
Seeming not to know a pain.

Still at every hour of leisure
Something whispers me within,
'O! I hate this life of pleasure,
For it is a life of sin.'

Thus amidst my peals of laughter
Horror seizes oft my frame;
Pleasure now—Damnation after,
And a never-dying flame.

'Save me, save me, Lord,' I cry,
'Save my soul from Satan's chain,
Now I see salvation nigh,
Now I turn to sin again.

Is it then some true repentance
That I feel for evil done?
No; 'tis horror of my sentence,
'Tis the pangs of hell begun.

By a thousand ills o'ertaken,
See me now quite sinking down;
Till so lost and so forsaken,
Sal is cast upon the town.

At the dusk of evening grey
Forth I step from secret cell;
Roaming like a beast of prey,
Or some hateful imp of hell.

Ah! how many youths so bloomin
By my wanton looks I've won;
Then by vices all consuming
Left them ruin'd and undone.

Thus the cruel spider stretches
Wide his web for every fly;
Then each victim that he catches
Strait he poisons till he die.

Now more by conscience troubled,
Deep I plunge in every sin;
True; my sorrows are redoubled,
But I drown them all in gin.

See me next with front so daring
Band of ruffian rogues among;
Fighting, cheating, drinking, swearing,
And the vilest of the throng.

Mark that youngest of the thieves;
Taught by Sal he ventures further;
What he filches Sal receives,
'Tis for Sal he does the murther.

See me then attend my victim
To the fatal gallows tree;
Pleas'd to think how I have nick'd him,
Made him swing while I am free.

Jack I laughing see depart,
While with Dick I drink and sing;
Soon again I'll fill the cart,
Make this present lover swing.

But while thus with guilt surprising,
Sal pursues her bold career,
See God's dreadful wrath arising,
And the day of vengeance near!

Fierce disease my body seizes,
Racking pain afflicts my bones;
Dread of death my spirit freezes,
Deep and doleful are my groans.

Here with face so shrunk and spotted
On the clay-cold ground I lie;
See how all my flesh is rotted,
Stop, O stranger, see me die!

Conscience, as my breath's departing,
Plunges too his arrow deep,
With redoubled fury starting
Like some giant from his sleep

In this pit of ruin lying,
Once again before I die,
Fainting, trembling, weeping, sighing,
Lord, to thee I'll lift mine eye.

Thou

Thou canst save the vilest harlot,
Grace, I've heard, is free and full:
Sins that once were "red as scarlet,"
Thou canst make as "white as wool."

Saviour, whom I pierc'd so often,
Deeper still my guilt imprint!
Let thy mighty Spirit soften
This my harden'd heart of flint.

Vain, alas! is all my groaning,
For I fear the die is cast;
True, thy blood is all-atoning,
But my day of grace is past.

Saviour! hear me or I perish!
None who *lives* is quite undone;
Still a ray of hope I'll cherish,
'Till Eternity's begun.

CARE AND GENEROSITY.

By Mr. Smart.

OLD Care, with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his part,
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That av'rice could not sigh for more:
Ten thousand flocks his shepherds told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crouded granaries groan;

In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain;
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free,
Her name was Generosity.
'Twas her's the largess to bestow,
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide;
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew:
There sickness laid her aching head,
And there distress could find a bed:
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffused she blessings round the land;
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And num'rous was the accepting throng
At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before.
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When lo! to comfort her came Care,
And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,

All

All will be well;—you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Though I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the generous part.
The bridal came—great was the feast,
And great the joy that was express'd:
The bride, in nine moons, brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth;
Her face was mixt of care and glee,
They named her Œconomy;
And stil'd her fair Discretion's queen,
The mistress of the gloden mean.
Now Generosity confin'd,
Is perfect easy in her mind;
She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from Care.

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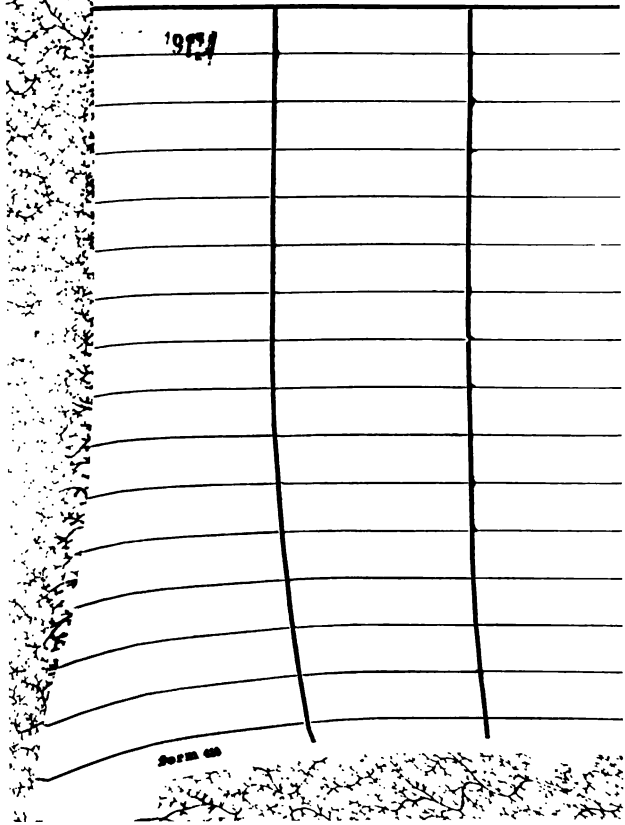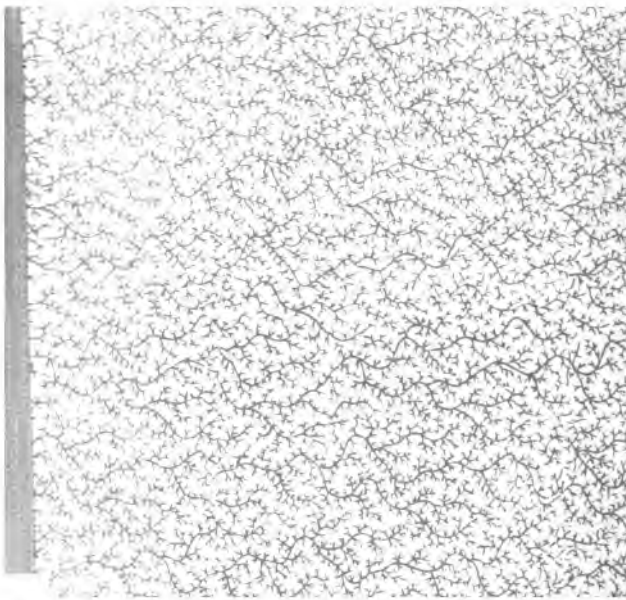
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